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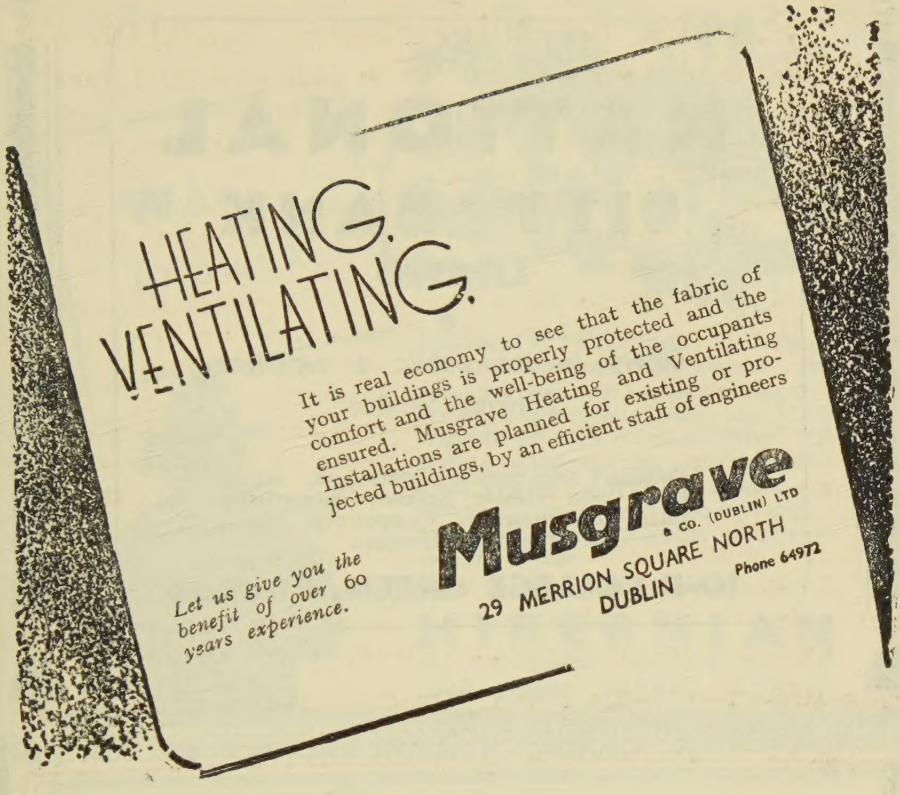
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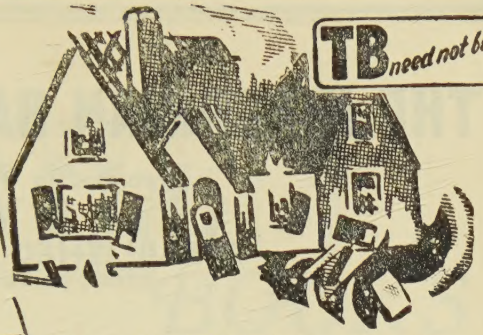

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PART III*

(v) 1890–1906

the last year of Parnell's ascendancy, Davitt was playing a prominent part in the working-class movement in Britain. He offered his services nediator in a great strike of the Liverpool dockers; the offer was pted, and his arbitration succeeded in ending the strike to the satis- on of both sides. The year 1889–90 saw the beginning of a militant in British labour politics, and Davitt was quick to sense the change. September 1890 he launched out as proprietor and editor of a weekly spaper, the *Labour World*, with its headquarters in London. The editorial gives the keynote of the paper:—

t is quite evident that we are on the eve of a new departure in politics. The ions of the trades union congress, the progress of the 'new unionism', the dis- faction which is all but universal, proclaim this. If our politicians are not more onsive to the claims of those without whose exertions they could not even live, nust tell them candidly that they are likely to give place to those who will respond. What does the new progressive labour movement demand? Its claim may aps be summed up under three heads: (1) it asks for the better and more ocratic organisation of labour; (2) it demands that to the community, not e landlord, shall accrue that immense annual increment which is due to general stry and enterprise; and (3) it calls for an extension of state and municipal rol and ownership of such monopolies as can be managed by public bodies in public interest.

cumstances and his own temperament were against Davitt in this ture: the grinding routine of a newspaper office was uncongenial to ; new demands were made on his energies by the Parnell split; the tone of the paper was too far in advance of its time. The *Labour rld* expired after eight months, but it deserves a place in the history of king-class journalism.

The immediate importance of the *Labour World* was that it gave vitt a platform from which to express his views during the bitter is of the Parnell divorce. When the 'split' became irretrievable, vitt flung himself with characteristic ardour into the struggle against nell, and after Parnell's death (6 Oct. 1891) he took what was for him very disagreeable course of entering the parliamentary arena. sionately convinced that the Parnellites were disruptive factionists, he sented to contest Waterford against their leader, John Redmond,

*Part II appeared in the last issue (September 1946).

in the bye-election of December 1891. Defeated at Waterford, he stood for North Meath in the general election of July 1892 and was returned. He had not long been a member of parliament before he had to undergo the ironical experience of being unseated in consequence of an election petition which alleged—with good reason—that undue clerical influence had been used on his behalf. He was returned unopposed for North-east Cork in February 1893 and was thus enabled to take part in the parliamentary battle for Gladstone's second home-rule bill. The speech on the bill, which he welcomed as in principle a ' pact of peace ' between England and Ireland, made a deep impression on the house, and especially on Gladstone himself.

Davitt's second term in parliament was not much longer than his first, for he was obliged to withdraw, in June 1893, after being declared bankrupt as a result of the Meath election petition. With his instinctive distaste for parliament thus fortified by experience, he resumed his former policy of leaving the parliamentary field to others and applying himself to extra-parliamentary activity. The chief secretary for Ireland during the Liberal regime of 1892–5, John Morley, admired Davitt and took him into his confidence ; and one result was that Davitt secured the nomination of nationalists as J.P.s.—' Davitt magistrates ' they were called. This is a good example of Davitt's lack of the high doctrinaire attitude of the classic Fenians. The magisterial office being unsalaried, Davitt held that it could be accepted by a nationalist without any breach of principle, and that it ought to be so accepted as a means of counteracting the notorious anti-nationalist bias of the existing magistracy. At the same time he was engaged in constant efforts on behalf of evicted tenants and in seeking to heal dissension and bring about unity of purpose within the National Federation, the organisation of the majority party founded in opposition to the Parnellite National League.

Towards the end of 1894, he felt that the political situation was sufficiently promising to justify him in going on a lecturing tour to Australia and New Zealand for his own benefit. He spent the greater part of 1895 on this tour ; and in the book, *Life and progress in Australasia*, which he published three years later, he gives an appreciative account of the young and vigorous communities that he encountered. News of the general election of August 1895 produced an immediate alteration in his plans : he devoted the remainder of his tour largely to a campaign for funds for the National Federation, and earned some £2,000 for the party. Once again he yielded to the persuasion of his friends and consented to stand as a parliamentary candidate. He was returned unopposed for East Kerry and South Mayo, and sat as M.P. for the latter constituency till October 1899. During this third term in parliament, he did valuable work as a member of the committee on the prisons bill of 1898, and used his influence to secure important reforms in prison administration. In this connection

e revisited Dartmoor, armed with an official authorisation to inspect the ison which had engulfed nearly seven years of his earlier life.

The centenary of the '98 rebellion was marked in Ireland by an attempt close the divided ranks of the nationalists. The United Irish League, unded by William O'Brien, followed the example of the Land League in upling a land-agitation to a home-rule programme. It was only a shadow the Land League; but to Davitt, alone of the older leaders, it seemed point the way to the redirection of national energies into productive annels, and so to the ending of the wasting strife of factions. With avitt strongly supporting it, the United Irish League took root, and in 900 was accepted as the official organisation of a reunited party, with hn Redmond as its sessional chairman and Davitt as president of its rectory. In the general election of 1900, Davitt worked hard for the arty, though he now absolutely refused to stand as a candidate himself.

He had withdrawn from parliament on 25 October 1899 in indignant otest against the Boer war :—

> It is a war for the meanest and most mercenary of aims which ever prompted nquest or aggression . . . . 'Thou shalt not commit murder', 'Thou shalt not eal' are as obligatory upon cabinets as upon citizens . . . . I would not purchase erty for Ireland at the price of giving one vote against the liberty of the republics South Africa.

1900 Davitt went to South Africa as a correspondent for American wspapers, interviewed all the leading personalities on the Boer side, d sent out reports that caused British imperialists to foam with rage. ut the hour was past when a British government cared to lay hands on avitt. His observations and impressions of the war were published in ook-form two years later under the title *The Boer fight for freedom*.

A new outlet for Davitt's unbounded sympathies arose in 1903, when was commissioned by the Hearst newspapers of America to investigate anti-Semitic outbreak at Kishineff, in the Russian province of Bessarabia. he choice testified to his international reputation as a journalist. His nclusions, after a visit to Kishineff, were summarised in letters to the ew York *American*, and were afterwards set out at greater length in the ook *Within the Pale : the true story of anti-Semitic persecutions in Russia* 903). What Davitt saw at Kishineff touched his deepest compassion d impelled him to examine the Jewish problem. The result was that he came 'a convinced believer in the remedy of Zionism'. A year later, hen a priest in Limerick preached an anti-Semitic sermon, Davitt nounced the action as a disgrace to the name of Ireland.

The revolutionary crisis that arose in Russia in 1904 brought Davitt ck again as a reporter. He visited Tolstoy at his home at Yasnia on June 1904, and had a long conversation with him about the Irish question. avitt appealed to Tolstoy, as one who had the ear of the reading world, 'say a word for Ireland's right to rule herself'. To which Tolstoy swered :—

I am very old now, and not fit for much more work, but I will not forget your appeal. The cause you have advocated is a just one, and it must triumph.

In the general election of 1906, which swept the Liberals back to power after more than ten years of political exile, Davitt campaigned in Britain on behalf of the rising labour party. He spoke on the platforms of such men as Will Thorne, John Burns, and Keir Hardie, urging the identity of interests between Irish nationalists and the British workers. 'I have always based my hopes for home rule, since I joined the constitutional movement, upon the support of the English working classes. They have not benefited by the misgovernment of Ireland.' Ramsay MacDonald expressed the views of many labour leaders when he wrote to Davitt: 'Thank you very much for your congratulations for a victory to the decisiveness of which your speeches materially contributed' (29 Jan. 1906).

The last few months of Davitt's life were occupied by fierce controversy, on the one hand with an exponent of Sinn Fein, who charged him with being 'far removed from Irish Ireland', and on the other with the bishop of Limerick and the archbishop of Dublin who condemned the support he had given, in the recent election, to the principle of state-controlled undenominational education, with separate religious instruction by the clergy of each denomination. On these issues he displayed all his old fighting qualities and his immense moral courage. The fight over the education question was still in progress when Davitt was struck down by the illness which led to his death on 31 May 1906.

* * * *

Davitt's place in Irish history depends primarily on his achievement in conceiving, organising, and directing the Land League. The League was short-lived, but its consequences were immense. It evoked a new spirit in the Irish peasantry and taught them how to combine effectively to win justice. The prestige of landlordism thereby sustained a fatal blow, and the way was opened for the rise of modern Irish democracy. The tradition of the Land League remained long after the League itself had been wound up. The land war brought home to British statesmen of both parties the fact that landlordism as it existed in Ireland was no longer defensible. Gladstone's land act of 1881 began a process of effective state intervention in the interests of the tenants that, by the method of state-aided land purchase, has abolished landlordism in the old sense and transformed Ireland into a country of peasant proprietors. It is fitting that Davitt's last and most important book, *The fall of feudalism in Ireland* (1904), is a history of the Land League revolution. It is a closely-written and powerful work of 750 pages, and, both for the information it contains and the views it expresses, is one of our most illuminating books in the history of nineteenth-century Ireland. With many faults, due partly to hasty composition, it none the less shows real historical insight and a remarkable degree of detachment.

The abiding interest of Davitt's life lies as much in his personality and ideas as in his achievement. He was in the fullest sense of the term a man of the people, and his far-spreading sympathies flowered from deep roots in the soil. He never lost the common touch, though he was a man of refined tastes and of strict, in some ways austere, conduct. He hated cruelty and injustice with a *saeva indignatio* like that of Swift, but he had no gift for personal hatred. He was a true democrat, because he believed in the common man and, within the nation, in the rule of the majority. He emphatically did not hold that the majority is always right; but, as one who often led minority movements, he held that the minority should submit to the majority while doing its utmost to win acceptance for its own views. He was a fighter all his life; and, though he never condemned the sword of the flesh in a just cause, the sword of the spirit was his principal weapon. No Irish leader has ever shown greater moral courage, nor has fought for his principles more selflessly and steadfastly than Davitt.

Though he suffered much and bore many scars of battle, his soul, like Wolfe Tone's, was free from personal bitterness. Though easily roused to anger, he was quick to forgive. He was warm-hearted, good-humoured, and, among his personal friends, ever jovial. His truthfulness, his scrupulousness, and his fastidious sense of honour were such as are rarely seen in men so deeply engaged in political struggle. He was self-reliant almost to the point of fanaticism. He was indebted to no man for money, but earned his livelihood by his own exertions—mainly by journalism and lecturing. He was in his element on the public platform: his tall, lean figure, large expressive eyes, jet-black hair and beard, and the ascetic lines of his face combined with his deep, resonant voice, his clear-cut enunciation and his transparent sincerity to make him immensely impressive as a speaker. He had the gift of being able to hold the attention of an audience out of sympathy with the views he was propounding. The full measure of his power to move men is not to be judged from his books, though these make up a remarkable achievement for one who lived so crowded a life.

Davitt's weakness as a political leader lay in his diffidence, his modesty, his rooted disinclination to force opinions down the throats of others, his capacity to appreciate his opponent's point of view. Davitt could never have lead the Irish party as Parnell led it between 1880 and 1890, and he had no illusions whatever on the point. He was apt to subordinate his own judgment to that of others more vocal but less well qualified to judge than himself. This intense desire to be of service to his fellow-men predisposed him to work for objectives that seemed possible of attainment even though they fell far short of his ideals. Thus, on the crucial issue of the land, he put enormous energy into the fight for peasant proprietorship even though he believed, with increasing conviction,

in the importance of nationalisation. There, as on other issues, he set himself to educate opinion, though the prospect of ever seeing his ideal realised was remote indeed.

Though he encountered many disappointments and defeats, Davitt was fundamentally an optimist. He held that optimism was an Irish characteristic and that the Irish genius was unfavourable to any philosophy which raised the question whether life was worth living—'a poor, if not contemptible, philosophy at the best'. It never occurred to him to doubt that he must fight the good fight. And perhaps there is nothing more extraordinary about him than this : that he fought neither for money nor for power. There was in him something of the crusading spirit at its best.

Davitt's nationalism was all of a piece with his life and character. He thought it worth while to work hard for home rule, yet he never abandoned his Fenian ideal of an independent Irish republic. On his death-bed, he was explicit that he did not recant his connection with Fenianism and its objects. But there was nothing exclusive or intolerant about Davitt's nationalism. He was a nationalist in the liberal tradition of Irish nationalism. Shortly before his death, he wrote :—

> Ireland belongs to its people, catholic and protestant alike, and not to any one faith ; and the catholic laymen of our country will never forget that it is to the Swifts and the Molyneuxes, the Lucases and the Grattans, the Floods and Fitzgeralds, the Emmets and Tones, the Davises, Butts and Parnells, that Ireland owes the inspiration of its vital forces, as much as to the struggles and self-sacrifice of our Celtic common people.

Finally, it must be stressed that Davitt's nationalism was complemented by an internationalism. The rights that he claimed for Ireland he claimed for all nations, and his devotion to Ireland did not blind him either to Irish deficiencies or to the virtues of other nations. He had a mind that could lift him above national limitations and give him a vision of the oneness of mankind.

Perhaps the spirit of this great Irishman is best conveyed by a passage in his will, written a few months before his death :—

> Should I die in Ireland, I would wish to be buried at Straide, co. Mayo, without any funeral demonstration.
>
> To all my friends I leave kind thoughts ; to my enemies the fullest possible forgiveness ; and to Ireland the undying prayer for the absolute freedom and independence which it was my life's ambition to try and obtain for her.

T. W. Moody

VIENNA AND THE UNITED NATIONS

BY CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS, M.P.

THE destruction of the Hapsburg Empire in the War of 1914–1918 was perhaps inevitable. The Allies have sometimes been blamed for destroying it, and it is indeed true that Woodrow Wilson had a certain responsibility for the sealing of its final doom in that, at the moment of German defeat, he added to his original Fourteen Points the additional condition of absolute independence for the nations of the Hapsburg Empire. Nevertheless it is probably true that, whatever Allied leaders had said, the Empire must have fallen to pieces as the penalty of defeat in war. It could hardly be suggested that, in the years after 1918, the Allies should have gone to war to compel the Czechs or the Croats to submit once more to the rule of Vienna—and, short of that, it is difficult to see how the Empire could have been recreated.

Still the destruction, if inevitable, was nevertheless, as Europe soon learnt, a misfortune. The lesson soon became evident that that part of the world was inhabited by a complex conglomeration of peoples. However much the formulae of nationality and self-determination may have been formulae of progress in other parts of the world, in south-eastern Europe the attempt to draw frontiers on lines of nationality set up a series of insoluble conflicts. Peace could only be kept there by the authority of super-national authority. The Hapsburg monarchy, with all its faults, was such an authority. The accident of tradition made it, in spite of the intermittent rebellions against it, at least more readily acceptable than any new and consciously created authority. The world soon came to learn to its cost the truth of Metternich's saying that, if the Hapsburg Empire was destroyed, it would be necessary to recreate it—and the recreation also soon proved to be as obviously difficult as it was obviously necessary. The solution of political independence, combined with something in the nature of an economic federation, was the obvious solution; but the secession states were in no mind to listen to any such solution, and with high tariff barriers against her the position of Austria was an impossible one.

Austria has no tradition of an isolated separate independence such as was imposed upon her by the Peace Treaties. She has through all her history been a part of a larger unit—whether it be of the Hapsburg or the German Empire—and as such alone can she live. Barred out from South-Eastern Europe, it was the natural thing for the Austrians to turn their eyes to their fellow Germans of the north and to think of union with them. Whatever the division of Austrian opinion on the later question

of union with Nazi Germany, no one in Austria was, in the atmosphere of 1919, opposed to union with Germany as such—with the democratic Weimar Germany. The Austrian Reichstag passed a unanimous vote in favour of such a union. But it was the Allies—and particularly the French—who forbad it. Clemenceau argued that, if an Anschluss was permitted, then Germany would emerge from defeat in war with an increase in strength—an absurd and intolerable conclusion.

So Austria was thrown back upon herself and independence. But how so could her problems, economic and political, be solved? As is known, they were not solved in the years between the wars. The Austrian unit was in itself not viable. Throughout the 1920's the country scratched out a miserable existence on League of Nations loans. In the 1930's, under Dolfuss and Schuschnigg, it attempted to meet its obligations; but it was only able to do so by imposing a policy of violent deflation at home, which necessitated violent repression and caused calamitous internal differences. The whole poor and divided country, as we know, fell in the end an easy and inglorious prey to the Nazis.

Now, with the coming of a second peace, the independence of Austria has been restored. But we have this sad warning before us that merely to proclaim Austria's independence is to solve no problem. Is there a hope that we shall this time avoid the blunders which played so large a part in bringing the world to its catastrophe? The first year of post-war history gives no cause for complacency.

The Allies agreed to recreate the independence of Austria, but once again, as a quarter of a century ago, there is the question whether Austria can be made economically viable. There can be no question now of her joining Germany, for there is not a Germany for her to join. Whatever the abstract arguments for a Danubian Confederation, a union with Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia and Yugo-Slavia in present circumstances would mean inclusion within the Russian bloc; and the elections have shown, in Austria as elsewhere, that popular opinion is irrevocably opposed to Communism. On the other hand the practical alternative to a Danubian Confederation is—for the moment at any rate—Allied occupation, and Allied occupation means that this little country, already too small and insufficient, is divided into four even littler countries. Vienna in normal times receives her food, as far as it is not imported, from Upper Austria. Upper Austria is to-day in the Russian zone and the Russians send no food to Vienna. The situation is an impossible one. The Austrians naturally do not like foreign occupation, but they would sooner be occupied by the Four Powers than be occupied by the Russians alone. Indeed, down in Carinthia at any rate, the people fear that even a total abandonment of occupation would bring them no peace. For, they think, if the Allies were to march out, the Yugoslavs would at once march in, and, though no one can foretell what will be the turns of future Yugoslav

foreign policy, it is at least easy to understand Austrian apprehension at the prospect of being left defenceless against so undependable and curious a neighbour.

The old joke of the years between the wars used to tell us that the German situation was serious but not hopeless, while the Austrian situation was hopeless but not serious. But it is serious—serious for us as well as for the Austrians. We have to face the inconvenient fact that in our own lifetime two world wars and a world slump have all started from Austrian beginnings. What happens in Austria does, whether we like it or not, matter most inconveniently to the rest of the world. Vienna is the cross-roads of Europe—the city where both north and south and east and west come together. She is not the capital of a petty little Ruritanian republic with no independent roots in history. She is of her nature a cosmopolitan city, the capital of a world empire—or she is nothing. That being so, if it is not possible to recreate for her a Hapsburg or a Holy Roman Empire that she may rule it, the only practical policy is to make her the capital of the world.

Either the United Nations Organisation is going to meet with success, or it is not. Let us consider impartially its prospects and its conditions of success. It must have a local habitation. At present its capital is in the United States, but its headquarters cannot remain permanently there, if it is going to make a serious pretence of fulfilling the functions which it promises. The world's danger is clearly that it split into two blocs—an American bloc and a Russian bloc—and the success of the United Nations depends on the prevention of that split. That being so, however desirable it may be in the present disorganised state of the world to have temporary headquarters in the comparative stability of the United States, U.N.O., if it is to be taken seriously, cannot have her permanent headquarters there. These headquarters must be somewhere in the no-man's land between Russian Europe and Western Europe. Where else but in Vienna? Geneva has been suggested, and indeed negotiations are now going on with the Swiss Government. But Switzerland is not a happy home for such an organisation. In the first place it is not tactful to evoke too insistently the memories of the old League of Nations. In the second place Switzerland has an obstinate tradition of neutrality, which she is unwilling to abandon. She is unwilling that any military or punitive plans be operated from her territory. But U.N.O., we are so often being told, is to be a League with teeth in it. It is to differ from the old League in that it is to have power to enforce its decisions. How then can it have a capital where, by definition, no decisions or plans to use force can be drawn up? It is an absurdity. There is no city so well suited as Vienna to be the European capital of U.N.O. Rome alone is her superior as a world capital, and Rome is clearly not available for this purpose because it is the capital of a greater internationl organisation than U.N.O. can ever be. Architecturally and artistically

Paris is her only rival for such a rôle, and her claims are better than those of Paris because she is no longer the capital of a great country. Such dignity would, as it were, go begging if Austria was simply left to herself.

Only one argument has been advanced against Vienna's claims and that is that she is too unsafe—too near, as it were, to the firing line. And this, when one comes to think it out, is not a very good argument. It is essential, if Europe is to survive, that Vienna should not fall permanently under the Russian influence. She is of Europe and Europe cannot afford to lose her. The case is as desperate as it was when Sobieski came down to rescue her from the Turks. She must live and, if her dedication to the cause of the United Nations will serve to strengthen the determination of the Western nations to keep her free, so much the better. And, if on the other hand the Russians because of such a dedication treat her with more respect, so much the better again. Or, if such hopes are too optimistic, at least their failure would show us where we are. It is, alas, all too possible that Europe will find herself irrevocably divided into two blocs. Who can dispute the abstract proposition that it would be much better should the nations remain united? But who can doubt that it may well prove that they are unable to do so? The United Nations may fail, and Austria may again become a battle-ground. But this is no argument against Vienna as the United Nations' capital. For, if Austria does become a battle-ground, then the United Nations have failed. No harm will be done if Vienna's position emphasises and reminds us of their failure. It will awake us from unreality. One of the greatest dangers in the United Nations is that, as with the League of Nations, men and women should continue to repeat their loyalty to it as an incantation at a time when it has ceased to fulfil its real function. But, if it should meet with better fortune than that, if its life should prove to be a reality, it is around Vienna that it should be built.

According to the Marxian thesis the collapse of capitalism is inevitable. It must collapse through its inherent contradictions. The Communist would not admit that he is causing disturbance in the disintegrating capitalist country. He would argue rather that this disturbance is in any event inevitable. Non-communist countries are doomed to disintegration. The only question is whether they shall collapse into chaos or whether they shall be guided forward to their next logical stage—the communist stage. So it was beyond question the Russian expectation that, with the end of the war, the countries of Western Europe would fall into chaos out of which they would only emerge into communism. It has beyond question been, and still is, the Russian policy to keep Western Europe as disturbed and unsettled as possible, thinking to find in disturbance the breeding-ground of communism. But it is, of course, the absurdity of the Marxian argument that it gives no reason at all why communism should be the next stage in historical evolution. All the argument in Marx is

against his conclusions. He gives some reasons of a tolerable acuteness to show that capitalism is but a passing phase, but he gives no reason at all to believe that communism will be the phase that succeeds to it. Very much to the contrary. In so far as it is true that the history of the past has been a history of men rising up and expelling an old governing-class in the name of the people and then establishing themselves as a new governing class in its place, in so far is it reasonable to expect that the future will be as the past and that, just as the capitalists, using this general rhetoric of benevolence, extruded the feudal lords to establish their own tyranny so the communists will extrude the capitalists to establish themselves in their turn as masters. That is what, on Marxian principles, it was reasonable to expect to happen and that is what, in point of fact, has happened. Marx really shows not that class is evil but that class is inevitable.

But, just because Marx offered nothing but this very dreary prospect, therefore the nations of Western Europe, when they passed beyond their capitalist phase, turned not to socialism or communism but to a new solution which offered an escape from this new tyranny. Whenever any country of Western Europe has had an opportunity of expressing a free opinion in the year since the war ended, it has always taken that opportunity in order to express, by an overwhelming majority, its detestation of communism. Austria, Hungary, Greece, Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Denmark, the British and American zones of Germany—all have the same tale to tell. The elections in those countries have not found people in a conservative frame of mind. There has been no passion to return to communism. The phrase which describes those elections as victories for the Right has been often something of a misnomer. The parties have received majorities which have been very different—for better or for worse—from the conservative or clerical parties of the nineteenth century. They have been as ready as the communists themselves to consider radical economic solutions. In some ways they have been more ready and less stereotyped than the communists. But they have differed from the communists and, to a less extent, from the socialists in their repudiation of economic determinism. The main line between the Continental parties is not concerned with the economic problem as such so much as with the demand that economic and political problems be solved within a framework which recognises the values of truth and justice as absolute. The world is in revolt against the intolerable doctrines of politiques d'abord, and this revolt has built up in Western Europe a solid bloc which confronts the Russian bloc of economic determinists.

Ideologically it is an enormous comfort that Europe should have emerged from her tribulations possessed of the strength thus to reassert the primacy of the spiritual values. We have emerged from a political and an economic into a spiritual age. That is most encouraging. But it

raises its immediate difficulties. It does mean that Europe is divided clearly into two and that there is no third choice before us except either war or an uneasy *modus vivendi*. War may perhaps come, but these are not problems which can well be solved by war. War, wherever the victory might fall, would be more likely to degrade the spiritual than to convert the material. As Mr. Roy Campbell has well said, in war we must become that which we fight, and the victories in war go commonly not to one side or to the other but to some *tertius gaudens*. Therefore for that, as for many other reasons, war is to be avoided if it can possibly be avoided. But clearly in such circumstances as must exist it can only be avoided at a price. The price of its avoidance is that we recognise Europe's division, turn a blind eye to many happenings that we much dislike—sometimes, as in the case of Archbishop Stepinac, to happenings which we very much dislike—on the other side of the 'iron curtain' and content ourselves with preventing its extension into the free world of the West.

Even such a policy of "live and let live" it is not easy to carry out, as has been found. There are frontier problems, as at Trieste. There are questions where we have inherited commitments from the past towards groups in countries now behind the iron curtain—as, for instance, to see that there are free elections in Poland. At the best it is not magnificent, but at least it is not the war. And there is hope that, if only the uneasy equilibrium is preserved for a time, then eventually the Russians themselves will realise that their own revolution is not in the least moving from capitalism to communism but much more towards something of the nature of the managerial state; that there are inequalities both of income and of power under this pseudo-communism of Russia far greater than were ever tolerated under capitalism; that *laissez-faire* capitalism is in any event passing away in the West and that it is madness to threaten the whole fabric of the world for a conflict that is meaningless and upon issues that are already dead. The world will pass on to new issues, whatever they may be.

However it is the obvious condition even of the uneasy *modus vivendi* that the iron curtain should not advance. We can tolerate what has happened. We can in a measure accept the line of Stettin-Trieste as a *fait accompli*, but we cannot afford to tolerate further advance. The military balance is already too delicate. We cannot risk its upset any more than we could risk its upset by Hitler, nor is it to be tolerated that populations that have known the full freedom of the Roman thing should be submitted and sacrificed to this lower rule. It is for that reason that Austria is once again the key to the future. Except for the disputes about the Italo-Yugoslav frontier, elsewhere the frontier between east and west is definite. Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Yugo-Slavia are behind the iron curtain. The rest is beyond it. It is only the future of the German countries that is uncertain. Now, so far as

Germany herself is concerned, the zones of the occupying Powers are of course settled. By the Potsdam agreement all Germany was to be administered as an economic unit. It is true that as yet there is little sign of this happening, and very few people will be surprised if in the outcome the differences of the ex-Allies result in a permanent division of Germany—a result in itself in some ways less unfortunate than many of the other results of these divisions. In any event it is generally agreed that the time for a reconstitution of an independent Germany has not yet come. The peace treaty with Germany is still in the very distant future, and he would be a very optimistic prophet who would be prepared to stake much money on such a treaty ever being signed. By general agreement the Austrian Peace Treaty is to come first—a long way first. Austria, therefore, is the test case.

Now the pattern of Austrian opinion is very much the same as that in other Western countries. In Austria as elsewhere the Russian soldier proved himself the most efficient of all anti-communist propagandists. The Russians, in the closing days of the war, burst into Austria and signalised their invasion by an orgy of looting on such a scale as to degrade their activities from the level of an atrocity to that of a farce. Whatever Austrian sympathies there may have been for Communism were destroyed, and in the subsequent election the Communists were hopelessly defeated. The seats were divided between the Socialists and the People's Party with the People's Party in the majority.

That is the situation to-day. The People's Party is a party of that pattern which is winning victories in every country of Europe to-day—a party of the same pattern as the Christian Democrats in Italy or the M.R.P. in France, a party predominantly Catholic in composition and philosophy but not in its membership and careful not to sport a Catholic name, a party by no means wedded to *laissez-faire* capitalism but resolutely opposed to economic determinism and defiantly asserting the supremacy of the moral values.

Now the accidents of occupation put Austria into a very perilous position. Vienna is in the east of the little country and therefore the Russian zone of occupation rings all round Vienna. Vienna itself is under quadripartite control, but Vienna is entirely encircled by Russian territory. If there should be some breach between East and West as a result of which the fiction of joint occupation was abandoned and each Power left to hold what it held, Vienna would be in Russian hands and the independence of Austria as a western country could not survive. Now, if Austria could not survive as a western country, she could not survive at all. For it has been Russian policy to strip her area of its industrial equipment. The Russians have sought to interpret the clause which gives them a right to confiscate all Germany property in Austria in such a way as to give them the right to take anything that they want. Instead of

interpreting this phrase, as was intended, to mean all property that was German before the Anschluss, they say: "After the Anschluss every Austrian was a German. Therefore all Austrian property was German property and we can take whatever we see fit to take." By a curious paradox the Russians have tried to veto the Austrian Government's nationalisation of certain key industries on the ground that the State is proposing to take private property which the Russians have the right to confiscate.

As I say, elsewhere the line has been drawn. Of every other independent country we can say either that she is within the Russian sphere or she is outside the Russian sphere. Austria alone is half and half, and yet Austria is most clearly not large enough to be half and half. It is doubtful if she is large enough to be one country. It is certain that she is not large enough to be two or even four. She must go one way or the other. If the Russians withdraw, Austria becomes a free western country. But on the other hand, if the Russians remain in the east and the Allies withdraw from the west, then Russia advances into the heart of Europe, establishes herself on the Brenner and obtains direct contact with her Yugoslav ally. Therefore we cannot afford to abandon Austria; but, if the Russians wish to preserve their share in it and their access to it, it is open to them to do so by accepting Vienna as the capital of the United Nations.

It is notorious that Vienna has always been and must always be a problem to the little Austrian Republic. This Republic of eight million peoples has neither room nor need for a gigantic capital containing a quarter of the people in the whole country. Nor is the problem merely one of quantity. Austria is a nationalistic state. But Vienna is a cosmopolitan city. Her historic past as the capital of south-eastern Europe, her geographical position as the meeting-house both of east and west have combined to give her a population as mixed as that of any city in Europe. Paris and Rome alone can vie with her. It was this cosmopolitan nature which caused the fiercely nationalistic Adolf Hitler to turn from Vienna with loathing, to flee to the supposedly purer lands of the north and at last, on his return to Vienna, to attempt to Germanise her. But such a solution was not in Vienna's destiny. The attempt to impose it failed. The world is, we have now come to see, a unity. It must rise above nationalism; and, if it is to do so, it needs the cultures and the cities which have housed a mixed population and learned the lessons of tolerance in doing so. A nationalistic age came to laugh at the old Austrian Empire because it was an Empire of half a dozen races—to condemn it as a ramshackle Empire because of its mixtures. But Lord Acton, writing in an earlier and a kinder and a wiser age, saw that it was the especial glory and the especial justification of the Austrian Empire that it was polyglot. A mixture of races, he argued, was the one possible excuse for an Empire Where there were clear-cut racial divisions, no Empire was needed.

One could have small states, with their frontiers running along nationalistic lines. In the Macedonia of South-Eastern Europe such a solution was not possible.

Now this problem of mixture, at any rate acute, has been made a thousand times more acute in modern times by the sad tragedy of the displaced persons. There are to-day wandering over the face of Europe millions of men and women who, for one political accident or another, cannot return to the land of their birth. They have no place to go to. The problem is on a scale colossally greater than Europe has ever before known in all her sad history. With her geographical position and with her traditions it is natural that a high proportion of these men and women should drift into Austria. Austria is the first land to which one comes if one flies southward from Germany and the first land to which one comes if one wanders westwards from the countries of the Russian influence. If little Austria is to be left alone and unaided, it is natural enough that the Austrian Government does not greatly welcome this unregulated influx. Food for the natives alone is all too scarce. The Austrians, looking forward to the day when the Allies shall have left, fear their jealous neighbours and feel that they cannot afford these problems of internal division which will so easily give their neighbours excuses for interfering with them. These fears are reasonable. But, if the Austrians could be reassured by being told that Vienna would be the United Nations capital and that by consequence, without any interference with internal Austrian self-government, Austria would automatically have an international guarantee of her independence, then it is reasonable to expect that the Austrians would accept a more liberal policy and would allow Vienna once more to perform her cosmopolitan destiny.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN

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IN the many recent tributes to the leaders of Young Ireland, the gigantic achievements and the character of Daniel O'Connell have been too frequently disparaged and even maligned. But not even O'Connell's memory has suffered so much from misrepresentation and distorted views as has the memory of William Smith O'Brien. O'Connell himself, in his last sad years when he was growing aware of the rapid decline of his own mental powers and of the loss of his former dominating influence, had acclaimed Smith O'Brien as the heaven-sent leader of his people. O'Brien entered the Repeal Association, as its most outstanding convert, at the darkest moment of the agitation—after the failure of the Clontarf meeting in 1843. The Young Irelanders, who were then almost all very young men in their twenties, shared in the general enthusiasm and gratitude with which his accession was welcomed, as a public-spirited landowner who had spent some fifteen years in Parliament and had devoted himself to the relief of distress in Ireland. Before long he threw in his lot with theirs, when the inevitable split followed between the young men and the old guard, who would tolerate no criticism of O'Connell's wavering leadership and his refusal to alienate the Whigs. They accepted O'Brien at once as their leader; and while they followed him with affectionate devotion, he displayed a most remarkable energy and resourcefulness in the desperate period which they had to live through.

The facts are beyond dispute for anyone who investigates the first-hand records of the time. But the immense services of Smith O'Brien have been almost completely overlooked, perhaps inevitably, in the subsequent writing of Irish history. He had become the captain of a ship in such distress that nothing could have saved it from utter disaster. No more thankless task could have been imposed upon any man, and he accepted it from sheer generosity and devotion to his people. But the tragedy of the famine years which culminated in the despairing episode of 1848 was a subject which none of his contemporaries had the heart to write about in detail at the time; and the darkness that descended after O'Connell's death, and during the great exodus which followed the famine, has almost obliterated the memory of O'Brien's gallant example. At best he is remembered as a public-spirited Protestant landowner, who braved all risks in protest against the misgovernment of Ireland during those years and was sentenced to death as the acknowledged leader of the abortive rising of 1848—but sent to Tasmania instead as a convict, by an act of "clemency". His name has become identified almost exclusively with the pathetic fiasco of the Ballingarry rising. The popular verdict

on his career finds expression in the faint praise of Arthur Griffith's description, in his edition[1] of Mitchel's *Jail Journal*: " noble and fearless in character, Smith O'Brien was the most unfitted man in Ireland to lead an insurrection."

Yet from Mitchel's *Jail Journal* itself there emerges a picture of Smith O'Brien, both as his companion in exile in Tasmania and as his former leader in the Young Ireland movement, which makes Griffith's phrase seem inadequate and ungracious. The tributes to O'Brien's character which are contained in many passages of the *Jail Journal* should have ensured him a more sympathetic appreciation than this brief paragraph, which evades further comment by speaking highly of O'Brien's father as a staunch opponent of the Act of Union. Notwithstanding all the divergence of views between his own " root and branch revolutionism " and O'Brien's " moderation," Mitchel's references to him in the *Jail Journal* express more than mere admiration. After receiving his first letter from O'Brien as a convict in Tasmania, when he still refused to give the parole that others had given, Mitchel writes[2]:

> It is miserable to think of that proud soul, striving gallantly to stand—though set in a frame gradually weakening and sinking—still to stand ' like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved '—holding at bay a Comptroller General and his whole pack of hell-dogs. They evidently mean to break his spirit and force him, by mere dread of so hideous a death, to accept their ' comparative liberty'. Knox [John Martin] and I do heartily wish he would yield the point. This confinement is as rigorous as mine was at Bermuda ; and I believe he is more sensitive than I. We have sadly smoked the pipe of deliberation over this affair (sitting in the bush at sunset, upon a prostrate gum tree) and find no solution. Yield, or bend, he will not—endure the torture long, he cannot. He will die there.[3]

And again, when they first met as convicts, after nearly four years separation :

> It is sad to look upon this noblest of Irishmen, thrust in here among the off-scourings of England's gaols, with his home desolated, and his hopes ruined, and his defeated life falling into the sere and yellow leaf. He is fifty years of age, yet has all the high and intense pleasure of youth in these majestic hills and woods, softened indeed by sorrow and haunted by the ghosts of buried hopes. He is a rare and noble sight to see : a man who cannot be crushed, bowed, or broken ; who can stand firm on his own feet against all the tumult and tempest of this ruffianly world, with his bold brow fronting the sun like any other Titan, son of Coelus and Terra ; anchored immovably upon his own brave heart within ; his clear eye and soul open as ever to all the melodies and splendours of earth and heaven, and calmly waiting for the Angel Death.

It was doubtless true that Smith O'Brien, even possessing such qualities, was " unfitted to lead an insurrection". But no insurrection in Ireland at the end of three years appalling famine and pestilence and mass emigra-

[1] Footnote, p. 445.
[2] P. 241.
[3] *ibid.*, pp. 266-7.

tion, could conceivably have succeeded under any leadership. Ballingarry was a last gesture of desperation, and even Mitchel himself in his *Jail Journal* writes striking passages which vindicate O'Brien's part in it. Mitchel was still on board the convict ship *Dromedary* when the first brief newspaper reports reached him of what had happened in that first week of October 1848. " I cannot well judge of this affair here," he wrote[1] at once in his diary on October 24, " but in so far as I can learn anything about it and understand it, O'Brien has been driven into doing the very thing that ought not to have been done—what Lord Clarendon will thank him heartily for doing. An insurrection, indeed, has been too long deferred ; yet, in the present condition of the island, no rising must *begin* in the country. Dublin streets for that . . . What glee in Dublin Castle and in the bloodthirsty dens of Downing Street at this excuse for ' vigour ' ! And of course all the world thinks Irish resistance is effectually crushed, and that Ireland's capacity for resistance was *tested* at this cursed Ballingarry."

Just three years after the rising, when they met as convicts and were at last able to converse freely together, Mitchel recorded again[2] in his diary his impressions of what O'Brien told him :—

> We wandered several hours talking of '48. He gave me a more minute account than I had before heard of his own movements in Tipperary ; and attributed his failure, in great part, to the behaviour (what shall I call it ?—the cowardice, the treachery, or the mere priestliness) of the priests. Priests hovered round him everywhere ; and on two or three occasions, when the people seemed to be gathering in force, *they* came whispering round, and melted off the crowd like a silent thaw. He described to me old grey-haired men coming up to him with tears streaming down their faces, telling him they would follow him so gladly to the world's end—that they had long been praying for that day—and God knows it was not life they valued : but *there* was his Reverence, and he said that if they shed blood they would lose their immortal souls ; and what could they do ? God help them, where could they turn ? and on their knees they entreated him to forgive them for deserting him. So they slunk home to take care of their paltry old souls and wait for the sheriff's bailiff to hunt them into the poor-house. On the whole, O'Brien accepts defeat—takes desertion or backwardness of the people and the verdict of the Clonmel jury, such as it was, for a final pronouncement against armed resistance ; and therefore regards the cause as lost utterly and the history of Ireland, as a nation, closed and sealed forever. So do not I. He is well aware that he would be released upon making ever so trifling a submission ; and distinct intimations to that effect have reached him indirectly through members of his own family. He is too proud for this ; and cannot endure the thought of begging pardon ; yet, with his views of the meaning and moral of his failure, why not ?

In repudiating the conviction of utter failure, which Smith O'Brien shared with almost all his contemporaries, John Mitchel occupied an almost unique position. O'Brien's despondency was shared by Irishmen and women of every shade of politics all over the world. And his first-

[1] *ibid.*, p. 72.
[2] *ibid.*, p. 267.

hand account to Mitchel of how the priests had done their utmost to dissuade a starving and unarmed peasantry from attempting open conflict against the highly organised armed forces of the Crown, is amply confirmed by the records of the time ; though there were some notable exceptions, and Mitchel might well have pointed to his great friend and supporter Father John Kenyon of Templederry.[1] Smith O'Brien was the last man ever to plead excuses for any action of his public life, and he gave Mitchel simply a plain recital of what occurred. The neglect and misunderstanding which have clouded his memory arose largely from his persistent refusal to offer any explanation of his actions.

No biography of him has ever been attempted, although an immense collection of his correspondence with the Young Irelanders, and of his own diaries and other papers has been carefully preserved. They have in recent years been deposited, through the generosity of his grandson, the late Dermod O'Brien, P.R.H.A., in the National Library of Ireland. By the time that he returned to Ireland from Tasmania—for the last few years of his broken life until his death in 1864—conditions at home had made it impossible to publish any detailed historical record. Differences of opinion within his own family, on private as well as public matters, prevented any attempt at utilising his papers during the subsequent years. The present writer is now engaged in writing a biography of him, and will be grateful for supplementary information that may be forthcoming from any quarter. In the meantime, while the centenary of 1848 approaches, a brief outline of Smith O'Brien's position in the Young Ireland movement may help towards restoring a right perspective. Even from the evidence already available to anyone who takes the trouble to piece it together, a picture arises which shows him as a vastly more impressive character than is generally believed.

For nearly twenty years before he joined the Repeal Association, at the time of its greatest difficulty, Smith O'Brien had been an active and outstanding figure in the House of Commons, representing his own people from the borders of Clare and Limerick as a member with strongly independent views and with a deep concern for the relief of Irish distress. He had been born in 1803 at Dromoland Castle in County Clare. His father, Sir Edward O'Brien, baronet, was then head of the only branch of the O'Brien clan who, although they had become Protestants, remained on their ancient estates and could claim direct descent from Brian Boroimhe. Half a century later, when Smith O'Brien was a convict in Tasmania, his elder brother Sir Lucius succeeded to the title of Lord Inchiquin, on the death of his kinsman the last Marquis of Thomond. While the eldest son inherited Dromoland Castle and the baronetcy, Smith O'Brien inherited Cahirmoyle in County Limerick, the property of his mother

[1] See Dr. Dermot Gleeson's article " Father John Kenyon and the Young Irelanders " in March (1946) issue, pp. 99–110.

who was the daughter of a Mr. Smith. He had been sent to England for his education, first to Harrow and afterwards to Cambridge, where he graduated as B.A. in 1826. Two years later, in April 1828, being then twenty-five, he contested a by-election in his own county and was elected M.P. for the borough of Ennis as a supporter of Sir Robert Peel.

O'Connell's Catholic agitation was at that time gathering its full momentum, and even in the Cabinet there were avowed supporters of the Catholic claims. The Catholic question had dominated English politics for several years, during which Lord Liverpool and then Canning as Prime Ministers had died; and after Goderich's brief Ministry the Duke of Wellington had been called upon to form a Government—on the distinct understanding, however, that the Catholic question was to be left alone. Huskisson and several other Ministers before long resigned on another matter; and among the new Ministers who took their places was Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, a popular young landlord from county Clare, who was promoted to Cabinet rank as President of the Board of Trade. He was an acknowledged supporter of Catholic Emancipation, and his known sympathy for the Catholics made it appear safe to risk the by-election which his promotion made necessary. The possibility of a defeat for the Government had become a real danger since the general election of 1826, when the bolder spirits in the Catholic Association had insisted on challenging Lord George Beresford's re-election in County Waterford, the stronghold of his family with their unrivalled political influence. On that occasion the Catholic tenantry had astonished even O'Connell by their decisive revolt against their landlords, which secured the return of Mr. Villiers Stuart as the champion of Catholic Emancipation. But whereas Beresford had personified the Protestant ascendancy on the defensive, young Vesey Fitzgerald was a popular landlord who openly supported the Catholic claims. Peel reckoned that his inclusion in the Cabinet would be treated as a gesture of conciliation, which would ensure his return for Clare without difficulty. O'Connell himself shared that expectation; and it was only the vehemence of O'Gorman Mahon and Tom Steele, two ardent leaders of the agitation in county Clare, that carried their local Association and prevailed upon the Catholic Association at its meeting in Dublin on June 21 to vote £5,000 for the expenses of a contest.

Young Smith O'Brien had by that time been two months in Parliament, and early in June he had made his maiden speech there, in favour of a paper currency. He had been elected for Ennis as a supporter of Peel's party, but his sympathy with the Catholic claims was already known in Clare. The by-election caused by Vesey Fitzgerald's promotion confronted him and his neighbours with a sudden crisis. Not even O'Gorman Mahon and Steele, who were both small landowners themselves in the county, had yet thought of putting forward a Catholic candidate who would

refuse to take his seat until the obnoxious oath was withdrawn.[1] They counted upon a local Protestant, Major Macnamara, who had been O'Connell's second long ago in the famous duel with D'Esterre. He had assured them privately that he would contest Clare on behalf of the Catholics, just as Villiers Stuart had done in Waterford, as soon as opportunity arose. But the Clare landowners were a compact body, and the very prospect of a contest made them rally in defence of Vesey Fitzgerald. Macnamara's courage failed before their indignation, and another candidate had to be found. O'Gorman Mahon then dashed off to invite Lord William Paget to stand, while Steele, who was aware of young Smith O'Brien's popular sympathies, wrote urgently to him in London, asking him to resign his seat for Ennis and to contest Clare as the champion of Catholic rights. Before the invitation had reached him, O'Connell himself had been prevailed upon to contest the seat as the first Catholic candidate, and had set out on his triumphal progress across the country. But though Smith O'Brien shared the view of his family, that the county should be represented only by a member of the local gentry of Clare, he at least joined the Catholic Association as one of its Protestant members—to the indignation of his father, who actually nominated Vesey Fitzgerald. Only one other M.P. had joined the Catholic Association at that time.

His father in nominating Fitzgerald, whom he had formerly opposed, declared in doing so that " the county would cease to be a fit place for any gentleman to live in if the result of the election should show that property no longer commanded its old allegiance". Smith O'Brien also shared that view; but it was characteristic of his independence that, while insisting that only the local gentry were entitled to stand for Clare he joined the Catholic Association to express his political sympathies. An odd sequel followed. O'Connell's victory led quickly to the grant of Catholic Emancipation, but the Act was so framed that it deliberately excluded him from taking his seat until he had stood for election again. This time Smith O'Brien publicly stated his disapproval, asserting that O'Connell had on the first occasion been returned " in opposition to the unanimous wish of the gentry of the county and that the people had been deluded by false pretences". These words were hotly resented by O'Gorman Mahon and Steele, who regarded them as a slur on their own character as local gentry. Steele retorted, in a letter to the *Globe*, that " the assertion of Mr. O'Brien is a lie and that he knew it to be so "; and he also used the words " blackguardism " and " audacious falsehood". Such language was plainly intended to provoke a duel, because O'Gorman Mahon had been making his reputation by issuing challenges; and Smith O'Brien felt compelled to demand an apology. Steele refused;

[1] A detailed account of the Clare election, based largely upon the previously unpublished papers of the O'Gorman Mahon, is given in *The O'Gorman Mahon* (London, 1934) by Denis Gwynn.

and, with O'Gorman Mahon as his second, a duel took place in which both Steele and O'Brien exchanged shots without effect. O'Gorman Mahon himself then offered to fight O'Brien on the plea that he was equally aggrieved, but O'Brien declared that " he had no quarrel with Mr. Mahon " and rode away.

At the next election in 1831 Smith O'Brien failed to retain Ennis, and he was out of the House of Commons until 1835. By that time he had inherited his mother's property in Limerick, and he then stood successfully for County Limerick, which he continued to represent for the next fifteen years. He had in the interval published a remarkable pamphlet in favour of an Irish Poor Law, urging the landlords to accept the responsibility of paying a fixed charge for the relief of distress in their own districts. For some ten years he remained a loyal but independent supporter of the Whigs and took an active part in parliamentary work. He repeatedly introduced a bill for the relief of the aged and helpless poor in Ireland ; seconded Mr. Wyse's bill for the establishment of a board of national education ; supported the municipal reform bill ; advocated persistently an increase of the grant to Maynooth and payment of the Catholic clergy by the State ; and in general concerned himself with questions of education and social reform. He had won a position of general respect when in March 1843 he moved for an inquiry into poor relief in Ireland. And in July of that year he was supported by Disraeli and his " Young England " disciples, during a five nights debate, when he moved for an inquiry into " the discontents at present prevailing in Ireland". His speech on that occasion was a final appeal to the Government to " establish a system of just and impartial government in this part of the United Kingdom". He said openly that, if his appeals failed, he would be driven to accepting the doctrine that Repeal of the Union offered the only hope. " I stand here tonight," he said, " to arraign the British Government and the British Parliament for having misgoverned the country to which I belong". He still claimed to speak, not for the popular movement, but for his own class. " I appear," he continued, " on behalf of the class to which I belong— on behalf of those who cherish no other desire than to lead a tranquil life in their native land, surrounded by a happy and contented population in the full enjoyment of the institutions of Great Britain."

That attitude made his action all the more striking when he, instead of the Repealers, insisted upon a debate. His obvious sincerity commanded the widest sympathy. A staunch Protestant himself, he denounced the system under which Protestants and Englishmen filled all the most important public positions. " Even the wretched grant for Maynooth," he protested, " could not pass without furnishing topics for invective and insult against the Roman Catholic clergy. Is it surprising then that they should, almost without exception, strenuously advocate Repeal of the Union ? For my own part, if I were an Irish Catholic clergyman, I would

leave no efforts untried to obtain the dissolution of the Union. . . . . What is it to me if the maintenance of the Union is essential to the strength and security of the Empire if it does not bring with it welfare and happiness to my native land? Still, however, I cling to the hope of good government from a British Parliament. When that hope is extinct, I shall not fear to contemplate the remaining alternative; nor, if I should be compelled to espouse the cause of Repeal, should I be the least earnest of its advocates. I have satisfied myself that it is practicable—I have satisfied myself that it is consistent with the allegiance which I owe to my sovereign."

The " prevailing discontent " for which O'Brien had demanded the urgent attention of Parliament was, of course, another name for O'Connell's Repeal agitation. It had by that time assumed proportions greater even than the Catholic agitation. Smith O'Brien was still out of sympathy with the principle of Repeal, but he abominated the Government's methods of suppression. He had opposed the second reading of the Arms Bill and had threatened " to divide upon every clause of it". His first personal challenge to the Government came over the blatant dismissal of magistrates who supported Repeal. The first victim had been Lord ffrench, who had been suddenly called upon by Lord Chancellor Sugden to say whether or not he had promised to take the chair at a Repeal meeting. Lord ffrench replied in the affirmative and was immediately dismissed from his position as a magistrate. Similar orders were quickly issued against O'Connell and his eldest son and against a string of other prominent Irishmen, some being M.P.'s and men of title. A number of spirited barristers retorted by joining the Repeal Association in a body, and resentment against this denial of the freedom of opinion spread widely among the landowners. Smith O'Brien gave expression to their feelings by asking a question in Parliament: whether the law as interpreted by the Irish Lord Chancellor applied equally in England. He was a magistrate in Limerick and also in Clare, and he asked formally whether he would be deprived of his position if he presented a petition to Parliament from either of these counties for repeal of the Union. The Home Secretary replied evasively, and O'Brien at once resigned his commission as magistrate, declaring that he would not serve on such terms. His example was quickly followed by a succession of prominent Whig landowners.

O'Brien's action was hailed with delight by the Repeal Association, which voted him its thanks. He replied, with his usual candour, that he was not a Repealer but that he could not blame those who did not share his own belief that good government could still be obtained under the Union. His letter contained the prophetic phrase that, if coercion should follow upon violence and crime, then " a great national effort, originating in the highest and noblest impulses, will degenerate into an unsuccessful rebellion, disastrous alike to the victors and vanquished". Like all born conservatives, he viewed with anxiety the increasing excitement and momen-

tum of the " monster meetings". The immense gathering in County Cork, with its " Mallow defiance " took place in June 1843. It was followed by others at Tara and Mullaghmast and elsewhere, and the culminating meeting was fixed for Clontarf on Sunday, October 8. It became apparent to everyone that O'Connell was now playing his last card. If no practical gain followed from all the tumultuous agitation of that year, his influence would be irretrievably broken. When Peel took the risk of prohibiting the Clontarf meeting and O'Connell could find no alternative to submission, the whole movement was confronted with abject failure. As the weeks passed, with O'Connell and his principal lieutenants awaiting a trial which was sure to be protracted, the bankruptcy of peaceful agitation by monster meetings became pitifully apparent. It was more than a year since the first issue of the *Nation* had appeared in October 1842; and the eager young men who had gathered round it became aware that the great demagogue was unmistakably afflicted with senile decay, brought on by an actual softening of the brain. Nevertheless he had grown so accustomed to complete mastery in the councils of the Association that he would not tolerate criticism or accept suggestions from outside.

It was at that moment of disillusion and defeat, when the young leaders could find no public man of national stature to give them courage and assistance, that Smith O'Brien formally announced his conversion to Repeal. His decision coincided with the opening of the great new building which was to accommodate the meetings of the Association and which O'Connell had named Conciliation Hall. O'Brien announced his decision by writing a long letter from Cahirmoyle which applied for membership. Dated October 20, it arrived in time to be read at the first meeting held there. He enclosed " an order for £5, my first subscription to the treasury of the Loyal Repeal Association of Ireland "; and in justice to " those who have hitherto honoured me with their confidence " he stated his reasons :—

When the proposal to seek for a repeal of the Act of Union was first seriously entertained by the large portion of the Irish people, he wrote, I used all the influence which I possessed to discountenance the attempt. I did not consider that the circumstances of Ireland then justified the agitation of this question.

He had based great hopes on a new era of wise government after the concession of Catholic Emancipation; but now

Fourteen years have elapsed since that event, and the experience of each succeeding year has tended to show the fallacy of these expectations and to dissipate these hopes . . . The feelings of the Irish nation have been exasperated by every species of irritation and insult; political equality has been denied to us. Every proposal tending to develop the sources of our industry—to raise the character and improve the condition of our population—has been discountenanced, distorted or rejected. Ireland, instead of taking its place as an integral part of the great empire which the valour of her sons has contributed to win, has been treated as a dependent tributary province; and at this moment, after forty-three years of nominal union,

he affections of the two nations are so entirely alienated from each other that England rusts for the maintenance of their connection, not to the attachment of the Irish people, but to the bayonets which menace our bosoms and to the cannon which he has planted on all our strongholds.

O'Brien had been absent from Ireland during the critical months since the defeat of his last effort in Parliament; for he had deliberately undertaken a tour of other countries "to examine whether, among the governments of central Europe, there are any so indifferent to the interests of their subjects as England has been to the welfare and happiness of our population". He continued:—

After visiting Belgium and all the principal capitals of Germany, I returned home impressed with the sad conviction that there is more human misery in one county in Ireland than throughout all the populous cities and districts which I had visited. On landing in England, I learn that the Ministry, instead of applying themselves to remove the causes of complaint, have resolved to deprive us even of the liberty of discontent—that public meetings are to be suppressed and that, on some frivolous charges of sedition and conspiracy, state prosecutions are to be carried on against Mr. O'Connell and others. I should be unworthy to belong to a nation which may claim at least as a characteristic virtue that it exhibits increased fidelity in the hour of danger, if I were to delay any longer to dedicate myself to the cause of my country. Slowly, reluctantly convinced that Ireland has nothing to hope from the sagacity, the justice and the generosity of the English Parliament, my reliance shall henceforth be placed upon our own native energy and patriotism.

O'Brien was not the only distinguished recruit to the Repeal Association in protest against O'Connell's prosecution, but he was by far the most notable. His example, in Mitchel's words,[1] "induced many other Protestants to follow". O'Connell himself declared that Smith O'Brien's letter was "not a document—it is a fact in history—a fact of the utmost importance, denoting as it does the progress of the cultivation of the patriotic public mind". And when they appeared together on the same national platform he declared: "I find it impossible to give adequate expression to the delight with which I hail Mr. O'Brien's presence in the Association. He now occupies his natural position—the position which was occupied centuries ago by his ancestor Brian Boru." Gavan Duffy's considered verdict long afterwards was more explicit.[2]

It is scarcely possible now, when his name has been soiled by failure and by persistent disparagement, to estimate justly the effect of Mr. Smith O'Brien's conversion on the public mind. His family were by birth and possessions amongst the most distinguished of the Protestant gentry; they had formerly, and have since, been ennobled by the Crown; he had lived and been educated amongst Englishmen of his own rank, and after twenty years of parliamentary experience he had won a prominent place among the small body of Irish Whigs whom it was the policy of English Ministers to court. Had he desired office, it is certain that office was within his reach. To the Celtic imagination the new recruit was an historical personage, the representative of a house which for twenty generations had ruled territories, conducted negotiations, and marshalled armies, and the lineal heir of a king still

[1] *Last Conquest of Ireland*, p. 43.
[2] *Young Ireland*, vol. I, p. 189.

familiar to the memory of the nation after eight hundred years. But in truth he wa something of far higher value to them than this. At forty years of age, with tastes opinions and friendships unchangeably formed, he separated himself from th associates of a lifetime, to join a party in their day of humiliation—many of whom offended his taste and some of whom alarmed his judgment—because he believe that in joining them he followed the path of duty. From his English educatio he derived manners which his countrymen regarded as cold, but they covered firmness of purpose and a fidelity in friendship not always found in men of mor expansive nature . . . . Of the gifts which he brought to the national cause, th most important was his example ; an example of statements always correspondin with the facts and of promises strictly performed.

At no time was such an example more urgently desired, as well a needed. Not only the Young Irelanders but most of the country ha grown sick of the bombast which had become habitual in public speeche on the nationalist side. O'Connell, with his faculties rapidly failing was soon to announce solemnly that he believed another six months woul see the attainment of Repeal. Neither O'Brien nor the young men wh accepted him as the deputy leader during O'Connell's imprisonment ha any such illusions. In a second article I shall attempt to show his wor in association with them, and their increasing reliance upon him. Bu Gavan Duffy's description of his first contacts with them, after O'Connel had expressly nominated him as deputy during his imprisonment in Richr mond Penitentiary, should be quoted here :[1]

It is scarcely possible to conceive a man less like O'Connell than his successor Grave in demeanour, measured in language, precise and even prim in dress, an possessing neither humour nor popular eloquence, O'Brien had none of the dazzling gifts by which the multitude is accustomed to be wooed. But he was endowed with moral qualities very serviceable to such a cause at such a time—firmness of purpos that neither danger nor ruin could subdue ; veracity that made his casual statemen as reliable as the sworn testimony of ordinary men ; quick and generous sympathy with whatever was noble or true ; and, under reserved manners, the frankness an cordiality of a generous gentleman. He had a remarkable faculty of getting work done, for he was entirely free from jealousy, and took that strenuous interest in th labours of his associates which is the surest bounty to enlist the young. And thes qualities were not liable to be disturbed by accidents of temper or fortune. It wa admirable to note how speedily a lofty and confident tone was restored to th Association by his unaffected determination never to recede, and a practical ain by the reasonable proposals which he introduced and carried out. . . . He entere on his task with a systematic industry which men commonly bring only to som personal pursuit. He conferred daily with the most active minds in the Association pondered over their consultations, reduced them to agenda . . . and then worke them out with the minute care a great merchant or banker bestows on the detail of his business. . . . In all this work O'Brien received the same aid from Thom Davis that Washington got from Alexander Hamilton.

DENIS GWYNN.

[1] *Young Ireland*, vol. II, pp. 49–50.

EXISTENTIALISM AND THE NEW LITERATURE

BY ARTHUR LITTLE, S.J.

THE history of Germany after the war of 1914 and that of France since the recent war prove that the existential philosophy exercises its appeal to the public mostly in times of national calamity. Hence, now that a Socialist government has entered into power in England, it is likely that there too it will become popular. Moreover it is a philosophy that is best expressed in plays and novels. Any writer who adopts the existential outlook, even as a pair of spectacles that he takes off after his professional work, is fairly sure to produce literature of a tragic power out of proportion to his talents. It is safe to prophesy that many of our writers will soon adopt such a stimulus to inspiration if only to increase their sales. An existentialist movement therefore seems imminent in England and is likely to bring its seductions to the notice of all readers of serious literature in English. It is time that we in Eire informed ourselves about existentialism so that we may have some grounds for forming a judgement on the books that will soon be in our hands.

What is existentialism as a philosophy? One can give a preliminary summary of its genesis, its nature, and the principle that connects the two in a few words. Its genesis is from great suffering. Its nature is the doctrine that the whole of reality for each man really *is* merely his experience; and by experience is not meant just the object of experience, but that object in the way in which it is experienced. This way may make the experience quite a different experience from the experience of the same object by another man in *his* way—as, for example, whisky tastes like poison to a beginner, while to a practised drinker it may be an introduction to beatitude. The principle that connects the genesis of existentialism in suffering with its nature as an identification of all reality with a man's concrete experience is the principle that suffering attracts the whole attention of the sufferer to itself and tends to make all that is irrelevant to the suffering or to its relief seem not only unimportant but even unreal.

Let me explain all that by an example. Try to remember just how you felt the last time you had a bad toothache. Your attention was riveted on the nagging tooth. You could not, without an intense effort, take your thoughts off it or desire anything but escape from it. The subjects that ordinarily interested or pleased you—reading, music, sport, even prayer—no longer attracted you or could hold your attention. You hardly seemed conscious of any part of your body except the tooth. Is it not true to say that, in your own experience, your whole self *seemed to have turned into a substantial toothache*? As for the outside world you accepted it merely as far as it suggested hopes of relief from your distress. If anyone had

stated something quite irrelevant to such relief, such as that the square on the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides, his statement would have seemed to you not merely unimportant. It would have annoyed you in just the same way as pure nonsense would when you are well; it would have seemed to you nonsensical, untrue, *unreal*. In short, in your own conceit you had become a toothache, and the whole of external truth or reality for you had dwindled to what could be conceived in terms of toothache or in relation to it. Now that identification of yourself with your experience and of reality with what was involved in your experience comprises the gist of existentialism. Every man is an existentialist when he has the toothache.

In this way any man can slip temporarily into the existential attitude under stress of a passing physical or mental affliction. If the affliction is permanent and is not resolutely criticised by reason, the existentialist attitude may become a permanent conviction, a morbid acceptance of one's own pain as the principle of all existence and a consequent sense that existence itself is an outrage. It thus became a permanent conviction in the prophets of existentialism, Kierkegaard and Rilke. And if the affliction is national, the more infirm spirits of the nation, hearing the doctrine preached, are likely to accept it in such numbers as to constitute something like a national movement. Two European countries have already thus in great part responded to the teachings of the two chief apostles of existentialism, Germany to Heidegger's, France to Sartre's. It is significant that of these four names the first and the third are primarily philosophers, the second and the fourth are primarily men of letters. They will serve to give us some idea of the history of existentialism.

Soren Kierkegaard, a Dane and the founder of the existential dynasty, died more than ninety years ago. Horror at his father's sins (does not Hamlet prove it a typical Danish sorrow?) was the hurt that drove him into existentialism. Yet his deep need of religion forbade him atheism and contentment with mere material experience. Divinity was an absurdity, yet a necessity. The leap of faith was therefore reprobated by reason as by experience, yet it offered the only hope of happiness. Take the leap, he said, and contrary to all the presages of logic you will find a bank to receive your feet. But the Danish Protestants would not agree that the object of faith could be absurd to reason and Kierkegaard, still a Christian of a curious kind, died out of communion with every Christian body.

Rainer Maria Rilke, the Bohemian poet whose natural passion seems to make all other poets of this century look like poseurs (one or two have therefore called him a poseur) died only twenty years ago. His suffering, a common one nowadays, was a sense of loneliness because he felt unwanted. Though English critics of Rilke have all, so far as I know, ignored his philosophic affinities, his German critics recognised with wonder that he had anticipated the whole philosophy of Heidegger,

and without any knowledge of Kierkegaard to explain the fact. Being a poet he expressed that philosophy in terms of experience, making it convincing not by argument but by its fitness to interpret the experience of others.

Martin Heidegger is the first to define existentialism and is one of its few exponents who have been thoroughly faithful to its principles. He began life by trying to be a Jesuit novice. But the impact of the war of 1914 gave him the wound from which his philosophy developed. His fundamental contention is that only the concrete exists and only the material is concrete. Philosophy therefore to be existential or real in value should consider only concrete material situations. To consider abstractions is to consider the non-existent. Moreover he included as part of the concrete situation its emotional reaction on the observer; what exists for us is what we experience, and that is the concrete sensible object as modified by the observer's emotion. Since abstractions are anathema, so also is the use of reason which argues from abstract universals. The only method of philosophy therefore is that of Husserl, the phenomenologist—a mere description of experience in detail, the only knowledge of being possible to men. Since God is known *by* abstraction from matter, Heidegger contended that He must be known *as* an abstraction of matter and hence as a non-existent. The world therefore is unintelligible. Man finds himself as a being flung into a world that revolts him by its want of necessity or purpose or explanation. Yet he is free to direct himself by his own self-devised purpose. But this freedom, while it gives him an illusion of value in his life, can only be used in anguish, for its use entails change which is at least partial self-destruction. Man destroys himself continually. His only privilege is to choose for what new thing he will destroy himself, until his last metamorphosis dies without continuance.

Heidegger published his book, *Sein und Zeit*, in 1916 and gave public lectures on his philosophy. The spiritually weaker minority of the war-weary Germans flocked to his lecture hall. After the war his adherents constituted something like a popular movement. Though originally constructed as a philosophy for the individual who believed himself injured by society, existentialism easily adapted itself to a country that had aroused the resentment of other countries. Its presentation of an unintelligible world as an opportunity for man to make of it what he could by his freedom implied the doctrine that human life was essentially an irresponsible adventure. Unlike Nietzsche's philosophy of desperation it contained no hysterical exhortations to outlawry, but it offered an excuse for outlawry. It did not pretend to cure despair by suggesting hopes that were obviously illusory, but it showed how notwithstanding despair a motive for action, an immediate purpose, could yet be found. It is a fairly well-founded opinion that it formed the emotional basis of National Socialism, as Fichte declared its aims and Nietzsche delivered its rhetorical stimulus.

Jean Paul Sartre is undoubtedly the most famous existentialist of the moment, though Heidegger, a better philosopher, is still alive. Heidegger's superiority is shown in his greater consistency. For instance, Heidegger is content to assert that God does not exist. Sartre, whose purpose is to announce Heidegger to France, states that God is impossible—which, since by its form it purports to be a conclusion of reason, is quite irrelevant to existentialism. Nevertheless Sartre, by his gift of phrase and paradoxical aphorism, has become just the advertising manager that existentialism needed. His novel *La Nausée*, his theoretical work *L'Être et le Néant*, and his last work, the play *Huis-Clos* not only expound his theory with sparkling verve, but illustrate it by examples typical of ordinary life and interpreted by psychoanalytic methods. He has had many disciples in literature, so that the whole intelligenzia of France, which is nearly the whole of literate France, still bewildered and agonised by the humiliation of the years of subjection to Germany, is at present clamorous with discussion of the value of existentialism.

It is clear that existentialists vary considerably in their doctrines. Perhaps the following six points comprise what is common to them all :—

1. Generalities are not real or true ; they enter into no existence ; they omit the essence of experience, its personal and unique aspect.

2. Hence the method of existentialism is to reject reason, which works through the assumption of the truth of generalities, and confine philosophy to an analytic description of concrete experience.

3. All that a man is or that is for any man, therefore, is the sum of his concrete earthly experiences, that carry him on through the continual partial destruction of change to the utter destruction of death or nothingness. (This is the fundamental doctrine of existentialism).

4. Yet what the man experiences is given as real, discovered outside of himself, though constituted *by* his experience ; existentialism is a relativist, not an idealist, philosophy.

5. A man constitutes his experience first by his emotional reaction that modifies the object perceived ; then by the use of his freewill determining himself to act upon the world or to determine *it* ; hence man is an existence freely determining its own essence.

6. Hence man's end : He is a creature trapped within his own experience, yet capable of modifying it as he desires ; his end, the only purpose that he ought to set himself, is therefore so to modify it that he may repel the forces of destruction that threaten him with death.

Some existentialists believe in God, but only as totally undiscoverable by analysis of experience or in any true way by reason. Hence God must be attained either by Kierkegaard's absolutely irrational Leap of Faith to the absurd, or by Karl Jaspers's recognition of a " vertical trans-cendant," which is really the recognition of an " outside " to the existential prison-house inside which we are. What precisely Jaspers's transcendental transcends are the limits set by our dungeon walls. But we thus know no

more of what transcends them than that it is something. Jaspers abandons atheism for agnosticism.

The first criticism of existentialism then, suggested by these attempts to find God, is that one loyal to its principles must be an atheist. Admittedly the only hope that an existentialist has of finding God is either by Kierkegaard's method or Jaspers's, and neither is legitimate. A leap of faith which is reprobated by reason is one that cannot succeed and for which therefore no motive can be found; if Kierkegaard, contrary to his principles, had not had some latent reason for his leap he could not have made it. Jaspers on the other hand, in claiming that there was an outside that he could not see to the inside that he saw, was reasoning, however simple the process. He had abandoned an essential element of existentialism for a stealthy (and healthy) return to traditional metaphysics.

Yet the second criticism of existentialism is that no existentialist can remain an atheist, because he will inevitably be forced to go beyond his principles. Jaspers, reasoning like St. Thomas in the Fourth Way or Kant discovering his Thing in Itself in the *Prolegomena*, was right after all. A man in a room with unbroken walls must believe that there is an outside, even if he does not know *what* is outside; a prison outside which is nothing is no prison. Similarly there is always *something* beyond the limited, even beyond the limited *as such*, and this must be the Infinite. Though this be the logic of reason, no existentialist can long fail to draw the conclusion whose premises are essential to his philosophy. Reason, and with it cheerfulness, will keep breaking in. The existentialist ostrich puts his head in the sand and says "There is no God," but God will keep pulling his tail.

Despite therefore the opinion of some Catholic commentators it seems that thorough-going existentialism must be irreligious, and therefore that religious existentialists are not orthodox existentialists. This does not deny all good of existentialism. It has noticed and stressed many facts about human experience that should help spiritual directors, if not philosophers. The elements of existentialism that have been discerned in de Caussade, for instance his view of the present moment as opportunity, are (as he knew) of ascetical not philosophical importance.

The root of all existentialist errors is the peremptory rejection of reason as a way to truth. If it should acknowledge reason and allow the old philosophies to flourish side by side with itself, much of its doctrine would be found rationally valid.[1] As it is, its irrationality will deprive it of permanence on its philosophical merits alone. A large body of people, under stress of the morbid self-absorption and prejudice that result from suffering not considered with religious or at least philosophical detachment, may once or twice deliberately abandon reason for the sake of an apparently

[1] Shakespeare's speech "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow" is existentialist; but for Shakespeare it is not the outlook of a normal man, whose reason is not stunned by the present, but of one driven half crazy by the fear of retribution.

helpful delusion. But no body of people with their eyes open, in other word when they are in a healthy condition, will ever abandon reason permanently Existentialism is, on its sole merits as a philosophy, doomed.

The question remains however : may it not survive on its merits as fertiliser of literature? Before answering, it will be well to consider th three ways in which a philosophy may influence a writer's literary art.

(1) It may influence *the way* in which the writer expresses his visio Thus surrealism derived from dialectical materialism its doctrine tha being or matter revealed its deepest possibilities symbolically in th emancipated state of dreaming. Hence the inmost truth of anything ca only be expressed in the apparent confusion and distortion that it assume in dreams. Nevertheless the artist need not be a dialectical materiali to be a surrealist. What he sees or believes may be anything. Surrealism merely gives him a way of expressing it.

(2) It may give the writer *an explanation* of his vision. Thus psycho analysis was invoked by novelists of the thirties of this century to explai and make credible, for the purpose of widening the scope of fiction, action that might otherwise have seemed without motive or cause. But agai *what the writer saw* and expressed was not dependent on his explanatio of it and indeed could generally have been otherwise explained.

(3) It may predetermine the nature of *the vision itself*, and it is the uniqu prerogative of existentialism, I think, to influence literature in this wa Existentialism affects the writer's vision itself, and not merely explain it, because even as a philosophy it is a direct study and analysis of concret experience, the stuff of literature. It affects his vision by predetermini him to see the world as unintelligible and man's condition therefore a terrible and tragic. This affection is a negative affection, determining hi to omit from his vision the significance of material things, or rather wha they signify. He will thus consider that significance a cheat, a significanc of something that is in fact unreal and therefore an addition to the genera nonsense. What is reasonable is untrue. All that the existentialist write sees in any of his characters and all truth for him is simply the pain o the toil of living in friction with other things.

To explain this extraordinary adaptability of existentialism to th purpose of many writers consider Rilke's enchanting lyric *The Swa* The translation was made for publication in another context, but it i so much the most clearly existential of Rilke's shorter poems that it i almost necessary here as an illustration.

> This long struggle through the deed still doing,
> Still undone, that clogs our eager powers,
> Imitates the swan's, his way pursuing ;
>
> And death, that everlasting everfleeing
> Of the earth on which we stand all hours,
> Apes his tortured sloughing of his being—

Sloughed on waters that embrace him gently
And beneath him slide away intently,
Gay at their dismissal, wave on wave;
While through gradual extinction mystic
He, more venerable and more majestic,
Leans to his endeavour, rapt and grave.

The evocative power of this poem and the fidelity of its thought to existentialist principles should be clear. A little thought should show how *easy* those existentialist principles made it. Rilke had noted that his philosophical idea (note, his *philosophical* idea) of human life was not merely symbolised but largely exemplified in the action of the swan. He only needed his technical inventiveness and matchless ear for music to make the poem forthwith. If Rilke had conceived man as a being made for some ultimate purpose, he could only have fully expressed his idea in abstract language and only made it seem true by rational argument. But to express it in the concrete sensible terms that poetry inclines to use he would have needed to be content to indicate it in vague and allusive imagery. It was just *because* Rilke conceived man as having no purpose beyond his fruitless struggle with a crazy world that he was able to express his whole idea of man in a simple description of a concrete situation embodying a similar struggle. An existentialist initiate needs not to modify his philosophic way of considering things, needs nothing but the ability to express it as it is, in order to be a poet or a literary artist.

The advantages therefore to the writer of professing existentialism are apparent. A writer of moderate powers will find ready to his hand a means of exciting his public to violent emotions of fear and revulsion; and sensationalists, of whom there are many, enjoy any emotion so long as it is violent enough to distract them. Moreover that writer will not only write tragedy, but also tragedy that has the attraction of novelty. The Greek form of tragedy depended on the assumption that the hero's will was determined by the gods to take decisions to his own undoing. The existential form of tragedy leaves the hero free, but in a world so inhospitable that every possible choice must lead to his undoing. As was suggested above, existentialism is likely to become an influence for a long time in certain schools of writing. It is time, therefore, to assess its worth for art.

First of all it is not clear that we must condemn pure art or poetry, that is existential, because of its false philosophy. We have only to think of Lucretius to recognise that poetry, which aims at communicating living experience rather than speculative truth, can be of value in spite of its false philosophy. The case against existential poetry is that the experience that it aims at communicating is horror *that is inconsolable* because it is unintelligible. To do so is a literary defect; for, whatever the explanation of the catharsis, it certainly means some kind of consolation overcoming the horror aroused by tragedy. The excitement of horror for its own sake

even if it is consolable, but especially if it is not, cannot be healthy or enjoyed by any but a morbid mind. It may be objected that Rilke's poetry does not excite unhealthy emotions. True, but it does not excite inconsolable sadness. Rilke does not deny significance, the spirituality of the soul, the rights of reason ; he merely ignores them. Hence his poetry leaves an impression of human distress that is unconsoled, but not inconsolable. And the reader is left free to make his depression a means towards the consolation, whatever it is, that poetry brings. On the other hand Sartre's play *Huis-Clos* is capable of wrecking the peace of anyone who takes it as seriously as Sartre intended. It shows three people in a handsome drawingroom, enjoying all the comforts and even luxuries of human life. But the room has no doors or windows, the three people are antipathetic to each other, and the situation will go on for ever. It is not possible for anyone to contemplate this nightmare and to believe seriously in its possibility without flinching, without feeling himself temporarily sick in mind.

Accordingly Sartrian art is likely to encourage the modern curse of claustrophobia, to which Rilke fell a victim. This mental ailment is a fear of confined places or, more generally, of being in any way hemmed in by spiritual or material inhibitions. It arises from our thickly populated modern world, in which self-preservation dictates the convention of treating all but a handful of intimates as if they did not exist. One of the rights protected by democracy is the right to ignore one's neighbour. The effect on the lonely individual is to give him a sense of being unwanted in a crowded world. A person living in a flat in the midst of human beings who ignore him will feel those people, not as companions, but as prison-walls repelling his desire for companions. This sense of being imprisoned and guarded by the crowd has driven thousands to seek companionship at all costs. Youth movements, clubs, political societies, guilds and associations of all kinds owe their existence, not to the principles of their members, but to their desire to escape from the well-bred people who have resolved to refuse them the amenities of society. But this situation of the unwanted man struggling with a hostile world is what existentialism tells us is the natural and inevitable condition of every man. When existentialism is emotionally presented, it must aggravate the tendency to claustrophobia.

But when existentialism is proposed in drama and fiction the falsity of the philosophy becomes yet another literary weakness. Such works can have a didactic purpose quite legitimately, though their proper method is to teach their thesis not explicitly but implicitly and by showing how it reveals its truth experimentally in a typical situation. The resultant conviction in the audience should be imaginative rather than real, but a clever and not too scrupulous novelist or playwright can easily conceal from his public that they are only assenting to a fiction of his imagination. The inevitable result of an influx of fiction teaching this consecration of

melancholia, existentialism, will be that the more neurotic section of the people will be driven more than ever to keep brooding on their griefs and especially on their grievances. It is easy to see that the effect on people so imaginative and so independent in their opinions as ours could be grave.

Actually existentialism commits the same sin against both life and literature. To deny the rights of reason in order to gloat miserably on one's own misfortunes, exaggerated to look like irrevocable disasters, is to change the human condition in imagination for something like that of the lost souls. No wonder then that such spiritual suicide can be expressed in terms that savour of a kind of inverted or " black " mysticism and excite in many others a morbid fascination. But it is voluntarily to live in a coal mine rather than in the bright upper air of reason and St. Thomas.

ARTHUR LITTLE

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MACKENNA, S.J.

LXXX

A poem written to Ó hAnnluain, *i.e.* Giolla Pádraig, Lord of Oirthir (st. 7), to counteract the effect of a satire which some unnamed poet had written on that prince. Story of Aithirne and the river Modharn.

GIOLLA BRIGHDE MAC CON MIDHE .cc.

1. Mairg do ghríos Giolla Pádruig
gan chion dá ghnúis ghealfhádbhuig ;
gruaidh an ghil aird fa asguidh
mairg nar dhligh ar dheargasduir.

2. Is mairg do ghríos ghruaidh dtibhtigh
an tseabhuic dheirg dhoinningnigh ;
clár finnleargan a aighthe
d'imdheargadh do b'anaithne.

3. Is mairg teanga tug deathaigh
tre a ghnúis ríoghdha . . .
a Dhé . . . . fam chineadh
dé an fhir do badh aindligheadh.

4. Is neach uainn do-rad fa-ríor
loisne th'aighthe tre ainbhfíor;
gríosadh do ghruadh gcaomh gcrithreach
mo-nuar do b'aor aindlightheach.

5. Do loisg an náire a aigneadh
an béalchorcra brághaidgheal;
an fhearg ar ruaimneadh a roisg
an gruaidhgheal dearg is díochoisg.

6. Is beag airighthear dá fheirg
ar a ghlór nó ar a ghaoidheilg
. . . . gen gur gaillbheach
an dubhfhabhrach donnmhailgheach.

7. Gidh eadh dá n-aoruinnse féin
airdrígh Oirthir go haigmhéil
fan aoir ní fhoil acht moladh
ag soin laoidh dá leasoghadh.

8. Do-ghéan laoidh dá leacain bhuig
mhaolfas goimh Ghiolla Pádruig
badh cloch dhearg i ndabhaigh fhuair,
raghaidh a fhearg dá hanbhuain.

9. Dá bhfionnadh budh fada a bhuaidh
an té do aor Ó hAnnluain;
ní bhiu ag cleith fhaladh an fhir
(gabhadh) ar leith an loichtsin.

10. Uirsgéal agam ar an aoir
don fhior tarla n-a tathaoir;
ní bhéar gus an ngealchas nglan
acht sgéal bheanfas re bunadh.

11. Toisg do-chuaidh Aitheirne ard
i gcúigeadh Mumhan mórgharg
dar ghríos ghruaidh dtaobhúir dtana
dá bhfuair aonshúil Eochadha.

12. Dá dtarla ar dtocht i Mumhain
abhann gus an ollumhuin,
sruth leacach rogharbh rámhach
Modharn bhreacach bhradánach.

13. Do-ig a bhean a-raon ris
go háth do thoigheacht thairis ;
do-chí an bhean bruinne an mhaighre
ar bhuinne mear Modhairne.

14. Tig do mhnaoi an éigis fheithmhigh
mian an éigne óireithrigh ;
súr an mhaighre bhaillbhric bháin
faighdhe aimhghlic ro fhuráil.

15. Aithnidh daoibhse dáil na mban,
bheith n-a n-aghaidh ní fhéadthar,
don fhilidh gérbh fhaighdhe dhoirbh
siridh mhaighre ar an Modhairn.

16. An tan nach fuair an file
an t-eo sídhe séimhidhe
aorais Mhodhairn ngil ngainmhigh
mir roghairbh fa ríoghmhaighribh.

17. Ó 'd-chualaidh an Modhairn móir
beith gá haoradh go héagcóir
téid an t-eas i n-éagcruth ann,
do feas éagnach na habhann.

18. Tiomsuighidh ó bhun go barr
i n-éinionadh an abhann
gur mheabhaidh dá ghéigeas ghlan
i ndeaghaidh éigeas n-Uladh.

19. Do-chíd go díoghair deaghraidh
chuca an Modhairn móirmheanmnaigh
cá buinne dearg budh dreinne
fearg uirre re hAitheirne.

20. Do-righne rithlearg molta
do dhíochor a dásochta
. . . . balbh
uadh do moladh an Mhodharn.

21. . . . . cuimhne
re a moladh dar Modhairne
. . . . rug do roghain
tug t'fhoighdhe don ollomhain.

22. . . . . aibh d'fhiach a molta
do bhradánaibh ballchorcra
(badh) lán gach riasg uaine úr
uaidhe dá hiasg ar n-iompúdh.

23. Gabhais Modharn an moladh
i n-íoc aoire an ollomhan ;
raghaidh laoidh 'n-a haghuidh uaim
i bhfalaidh aoir Í Annluain.

24. Biaidh leasughadh ar an laoidh,
biaidh tréigean ar an dtathaoir,
aoir an ghille ní géabhthar,
budh binne an laoidh leiséaghthar.

25. Aoir ní ghabh neach a-nos
don bhréig ní bhí acht deanos ;
tuile sléibhe ag seacadh sin
nó as eatal gréine geimhridh.

26. Nó is sidhe gaoithe re gleann.
doibhéim ar onchoin Éireann
le sruth i gcéadóir do-chuaidh
guth éagcóir ar Ó Annluain.

27. Áiréamhad aithis an fhir
i ndiaidh a eangnamh d'áirimh ;
a cháineadh do-chóidh tre eas,
ní cóir áireamh a áitheas.

28. Do hairgeadh leis thoir is thiar
puirt Ghall Uladh is Oirghiall,
puirt Ghall Midhe sa mhargadh,
barr Line ar n-a lomargadh.

29. Coiseonaidh re cath Monach
Magh Moirtheimhne míolchonach ;
fearfaidh crú Monchaigh mun magh
far thorchuir Cú na Ceardchan.

30. Craobh Tholcha far thuit Eachaidh
airgthe leis do luaithchreachaibh ;
Magh Rath do-bhearar gan bhoin
i n-ar meabhadh cath Congoil.

31. Tug ó chloinn Aodha an fhiadhaigh
creach do b'iomnáir d'Oirghiallaibh ;
tug a Leath chrachbhán Chathail
creach do b'athnár d'Ultachaibh.

32. Tug creach mhór a Muigh Chabha,
biaidh ag cách a gcomhramha,
rug sidhe iongnadh san Aird,
fionnMhagh Line do lomairg.

Mairg.

Translation

1. A curse on him who satirised Giolla Pádraig, showing no respect for his fair soft-skinned face ; that bright tall hero's cheek—a curse on him who wrongfully tried—though in vain—to scathe it.

2. Woe to him who satirised the smiling face of the blood-stained dark-clawed hawk ; to redden the surface of his face's fair skin was unlawful.

3. Woe to the tongue which blew smoke over his kingly face ; .... to burn that hero was forbidden.

4. 'Twas one of us (poets) alas ! who—all unjustly—caused the flaming of thy face ; the scorching of thy shining handsome cheeks was an unlawful use of satire—I abhor it.

5. The shame of it has inflamed the spirit of that red-lipped white-throated hero ; anger has reddened his eye, the wrath-red white-cheeked hero is hard to restrain.

6. (Yet usually) little of anger was to be noticed on his voice and speech ; though not rough-spoken he was ...., that hero dark of brow and eyelash.

7. Were I to think of writing a severe satire on the Lord of Oirthir, (I should find that) there is nothing but praise available for satire ; here then is a poem to undo the satire's work.

8. I will compose a poem to his soft cheek which will soothe the wound inflected on Giolla Pádraig ; his anger will be as a red-hot stone plunged into a vat of cold water, and will lose its fierceness.

9. He who satirised Ó hAnnluain had—if he had only known it !—a permanent success (*i.e.* provoking my answer) ; I am not forgetting the spite shown by the man, but let that fault stand aside.

10. I have a story to tell of a satire which proved a disgrace for its author ; I will bring forward for the famous curly-haired hero a story much to the point.

11. The great Aithirne once went on a journey into the sturdy Province of Mumha, and satirised Eochaidh's fresh-skinned fine-shaped cheek and took his eye from him.

12. Coming into Mumha, he arrived at a river, the Modharn, full of trout and salmon, stony-bottomed, rough-waved, and oar-beaten.

13. His wife had come with him to a ford about to cross the stream when she sees the breast of a salmon in Modharn's swift water.

14. A desire for that gold-finned salmon was felt by the keen poet's wife ; her desire for that white spotted salmon made her make a foolish request.

15. Ye know the ways of women, one can not oppose them ; unpleasant as the poet found the request, he asked the Modharn for the salmon.

16. When the poet failed to get the smooth fairy-like salmon, he satirised the bright sandy Modharn so swift and rough and salmon-rich.

17. The waterfall, hearing the great Modharn being wrongfully abused, took on a different form ; the river's moaning (under the satire) had been heard.

18. Then the whole river, from source to mouth, gathers itself into one spot and its bright branching waterfall bursts out in pursuit of the poets of Ulaidh.

19. These see the furious Modharn rushing fiercely at them ; could any dread flood, its anger roused, be fiercer against Aithirne ?

20. He (Aithirne) made a rhetoric of praise to dispel its fury ; .... the Modharn was extolled by him.

22. In return for being praised he .... red spotted salmon ; when the river had thus turned back, every fresh green pool was filled from it with its fish.

23. The Modharn accepted the eulogy in reparation for the poet's satire ; a poem will now go forth from me to refute the satire on Ó hAnnluain in hatred of it.

24. That poem of his will be counteracted, the insult offered will be withdrawn, the satire will not then be felt by him ; that poem, when thus refuted, will redound to his pleasure.

25. Now no one accepts as true that satire, there is nothing but the extreme of falsehood in it ; it is as a mountain-flood caught by the frost or as a sunbeam in wintry weather.

26. Or it is as a blast of wind through a glen, this insult offered to the Wolf of Éire ; the unjust statement about Ó hAnnluain has disappeared immediately as though swept away by a stream.

27. I will tell of the insults offered to the man after I have recounted his gallantries ; the charges against him are swept away as over a waterfall ; one should not try to count his triumphs (they are so many).

28. The strong places of the Goill of Ulaidh and Oirghialla East and West are plundered by him ; those of the Goill of Midhe too and its Fair ; Line's Lord is stripped bare.

29. Against the troops of the Monaigh he will defend game-rich Magh Moirtheimhne ; the blood of the hero of the Monaigh will be shed on the plain where fell the Hound of the Smithy.

30. Craobh Tholcha where Eochaidh fell has been overrun by his swift raids ; Magh Rath where Conghal's troop was overthrown will be left without kine.

31. He took from the race of the huntsman Aodh (Buidhe Ó Neill ?) a *creach*, thus shaming the Oirghialla ; he took from Leath Cathail so bright with its crosses a *creach* thus shaming the Ulaidh.

32. From Magh Cobha too he took a great *creach* ; each of his men will have a trophy ; he made a marvellous dash into the Ard and plundered fair Magh Line.

Textual Notes

MS. : O'Conor Don's Book, p. 12. The only MS. readings of any importance which have been departed from are as follows :—

1*b*. ci. ; gea. *c*. gil 2*a*. Is *abest* ; ghr. a ghr. tibhr- *b*. -gn- 3*b*. gn.; *MS. cut away*. *c*. na dig *seems corrupt* ; iodh *d*. dob aindlighidh 6*c*. go damhnach gean 8*b*. gio. *c*. dea. 9*a*. -nad *c*. fa. *d*. gabhal ; luichtsin 11*c*. gr. ta. ta. 12*a*. -lla 15*a*. -nigh dhaoi. 16*c*. -rus mo. *d*. mhir 17*a*. -arn mhoir 18*c*. gl. *d*. ul. 19*b*. chucha an mho. mhoir *c*. dreimne 20-2. *Text partly cut away* 20*b*. -thchor ; dha *d*. uadha mol. 25 *c*. a seoch. 28*c*. ga. ; ma. 31*c*. -bhain *d*. -nair 32*a*. ca. *b*. co.

BIRDS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

BY P. G. KENNEDY, S.J.

PART XIV.—HERONS

The Order of birds called *Ciconiiformes* consists of storks, ibises, spoonbills, herons and flamingos. They are typically more or less long-legged and long-billed birds which, owing to the nature of their food, frequent marshy ground and shallow waters.

THE WHITE STORK.—The White Stork is such an extremely rare vagrant that it has been recorded only four times in Ireland. Two were obtained in 1846: one near Fermoy, Co. Cork, about the end of May, the other near the sea-shore in Wexford in the autumn. A third was killed on the Lee, Co. Cork, in August 1866. The last was a sight record of a bird near Tuam, Co. Galway, in December 1909.

The species occurs throughout most of Europe and W. Asia as well as N.W. Africa, and it winters in central and S. Africa and S.W. Arabia. It is a familiar bird in Holland, Germany and S. Scandinavia, where it is protected and encouraged to nest on houses, being considered a useful scavenger and perhaps also a harbinger of good luck and prosperity. Its arrival in spring and its departure at the end of August create as much interest in western Europe as the movements of the Swallow and the Cuckoo in these islands.

The white plumage, with black only on the wings and scapulars, the long neck and the long, red bill and legs serve to distinguish this Stork from all other birds. It is a large bird, tall and stately, and dignified in all its movements. The sexes are alike in size and colour.

The White Stork nests on buildings of all kinds, from mere huts and stacks a few feet high in Spain and N. Africa to lofty houses in the towns and villages of Denmark and Germany. Though otherwise comparatively shy and wary, it is usually very tame, appearing almost domesticated, as its nesting places. I have seen Storks on their nests on house-tops in Rhineland villages of Germany, where year after year they return to breed and add to their bulky nests.

THE SPOONBILL.—The Spoonbill is a rather rare visitor to our maritime counties, chiefly to the south. It has been obtained in about forty instances. In ten recent years I have notes of the following instances:—

1935: On February 22nd one was obtained at Tramore, Co. Waterford. I saw this bird in the flesh at No. 2, Dame Street, Dublin, where it was sent for preservation.

1936: On May 24th, as reported in *British Birds* (July 1936), one was seen at Killough, Co. Down.

1937 : On August 15th with Messrs. Peter and Paul Dunn, and on August 19th with Mr. Paul Dunn, I watched a Spoonbill at Tacumshane, Co. Wexford. This bird, according to a reliable observer in the locality, remained in the same place until September 9th, when it was joined by a second Spoonbill but on September 10th both had disappeared. On October 28th or 29th Mr. Peter Scott saw a Spoonbill on Lough Beg, Londonderry.

1939 : On May 20th Lt.-Col. C. F. Scroope watched a Spoonbill near Belmullet Co. Mayo. In June Mr. B. W. Tucker saw one, probably the same bird on Leane Lough, Co. Mayo.

1940 : On August 8th a Spoonbill was identified by Mr. C. H. Freeman near Clonakilty, Co. Cork.

1943 : In late April Mr. Dermot Hurley was informed that there were two large white birds in the vicinity of Timoleague, Co. Cork. Mr. Hurley identified them as Spoonbills. Towards the end of May two Spoonbills, probably the same two, arrived at a marsh near Clonakilty, where the same observer watched them for a few weeks. From June 11th to 13th Lt.-Col. Scroope, Mr. Peter Dunn and I watched two Spoonbills, obviously a pair, near Kilmore Quay, Co. Wexford. These birds were in summer plumage with long crest feathers.

1945 : On December 15th a Spoonbill was shot near the Shannon at the mouth of the river Fergus. I saw this bird at No. 2 Dame Street. It was a male in snow-white plumage, with no yellow at the base of the neck.

1946 : On August 14th a Spoonbill was shot near Kilmore Quay, Co. Wexford.

The Spoonbill is a tall white bird, with a long bill broadly spatulate at the tip. In summer the elongated crest-like feathers on the back of the crown are visible even at a distance, but the yellow patch at the base of the neck is distinct only at close range. The legs are black and the bill dark with a yellow tip. The flight seems slow with regular wing-beats sometimes alternating with short glides, and with the neck and legs stretched out. It feeds in open marshes and shallow pools, immersing its bill and sweeping it from side to side.

This species breeds in colonies of sizes varying from a few pairs to about 200. It bred formerly in England and Wales, where the nests were in tall trees, often in company with Herons. Today in Holland and Spain it nests in dense reed-beds. I have seen a nesting colony in the Naardermeer, near Amsterdam, where there were from 40 to 50 pairs. The nests, built of broken-down and piled-up reeds, were so close together that the area formed a large, levelled space in the dense, tall growth. The eggs, usually four in number, sometimes three and occasionally five, are rough in texture, variable in shape and dull white streaked and spotted with reddish-brown.

THE GLOSSY IBIS.—The Glossy Ibis is a rare visitor to this country, chiefly in autumn and mostly to the southern maritime counties. Over 60 have been recorded. It sometimes appears in small flocks. Thus, in October 1934, about twenty were seen near Gorey, Co. Wexford, where

they remained for some ten days. One of this flock which was shot proved to be an immature bird. Indeed most of the Glossy Ibises found in Ireland have been immature. But on February 21st, 1924 an adult female was shot in Co. Cork, while another adult, said to have been obtained in Co. Longford previous to 1833, has been recorded. The most recent occurrences are: A party of four seen near Portlaw, Co. Waterford, from early August 1943. By the end of August two of these had disappeared, but the two others remained until November, while from November 20th to January 20th, 1944 one bird was regularly seen in the same locality. A glossy Ibis was identified on the North Bull, Dublin, on January 23rd, 1944, and another, or possibly the same bird, was reported to the late Mr. C. B. Moffat as having been seen at Malahide at the end of January or the beginning of February. In early January 1946 Major R. F. Ruttledge and Mr. John Barlee saw two Glossy Ibises on the Slob-lands at Wexford.

The Glossy Ibis is easily recognized. At a distance it looks like a black Curlew or Whimbrel. But in flight the similarity is less marked, as the wings are broad and rounded. It flies with its neck and legs extended, the legs drooping a little. The sexes are alike, but the female is slightly smaller. In summer the general colour is a rich, deep purplish-brown, and in winter it is duller, more brownish-black, with the head and neck streaked whitish. The young are browner and with less white streaking.

It breeds in Morocco, tropical Africa, Austria, Hungary, the Balkan States, Asia Minor and from Syria to India, as well as in the United States of America. In the Old World it winters in tropical Africa and tropical Asia. It is replaced by allied species, slightly smaller, from Java to Australia, the Philippines and Celebes.

The Glossy Ibis was a sacred bird in ancient Egypt, though it is a popular error, sometimes represented in paintings, that the Scarlet Ibis was the Sacred Ibis of the Egyptians. The Scarlet Ibis is confined to America and was, of course, utterly unknown in the Old World until the discovery of the New.

THE COMMON HERON.—The Heron is fairly numerous and so widely distributed that it breeds in every county. From a sample census of nesting pairs, taken each year for the past ten or twelve years in certain Irish counties, it would appear that the bird is holding its own. It is true that in a spring following a hard winter there is a marked decrease in the nesting population of Herons, but there is a quick recovery within the next two or three years, after which the numbers remain stable until another severe winter ensues. In Ireland the Heron is as a rule wrongly called the Crane: the Crane is a very different bird, much larger and now so rare a vagrant that it has been found only about ten times in the last century.

The Heron is one of our biggest birds and is easily recognized by its

long bill and legs and sober colouring of ash-grey, white and black. The upper-parts and tail are ash-grey, the head and neck white with a black band running back from behind the eye to terminate in a long pendant crest. There are blue-black streaks on the front of the neck and the feathers at the base of the neck are elongated forming a sort of a bushy breast-plate. The under-parts are greyish-white with some black at the sides and the wing quills are blackish. Hitherto the bill was taken to be always yellow and the legs brownish, but in 1944 Mrs. Gough of Radford, Athenry, noticed, while watching the birds in her heronry, that one Heron had a red bill and red legs and that its mate had a yellow bill tinged with red and pale pink legs. Mrs. Gough argued that, as in the case of the Buff-backed Heron there is a seasonal change, the yellow bill and legs assuming a reddish tinge, and as in the Night Heron the yellow legs occasionally turn to pale pink, so it might be possible that a like change takes place in the Common Heron. Mrs. Gough asked for the co-operation of other observers, and in the spring of 1945 Major R. F. Ruttledge and Mr. John Barlee found a remarkable confirmation of her theory. They had selected for investigation a heronry in an island on L. Hibbert, S. Connemara, where there were from 25 to 30 breeding pairs. The nests were all on trees not taller than a man, and consequently the birds were easy to observe. Eight of the Herons were found to have bills and legs of various shades of red, while the rest of the birds seemed to be normally coloured. Mrs. Gough suggested that the variation might be merely local, just as Buff-backed Herons when breeding in Spain have dull purplish-red legs, while those breeding in Africa have the usual yellow or orange-yellow legs. But Mr. Barlee reports having found in Cheshire Herons with orange bills and pink legs, and in Norfolk and Yorkshire birds with salmon-pink bills have been seen in March and April. So it would seem that the variation is not merely local. I am sure this small point, which naturalists regard as by no means trivial, will be cleared up in the next few years.

The Heron is frequently seen by rivers, lakes and the sea, standing motionless and erect, its shoulders hunched up and its head sunk between the shoulders, to all appearances weighed down by some great sorrow and trying to solve the problem of whether to be or not to be. But when it wades into the water it shakes off all signs of depression and becomes quite alert in hunting for food, animated no doubt by the will to live. When a fish passes within reach it is swiftly speared by the powerful bill and swallowed head first. Large fish and eels are often taken ashore, where they are stabbed several times or beaten on the ground to disable them before being eaten.

Besides fish, the Heron also feeds on frogs, rats, mice, birds, insects and some vegetable matter. Wild Herons can be partially domesticated if they are regularly fed by hand. Mr. F. Boxwell, Butlerstown, Co.

Wexford, who has a heronry of eight nests in his grounds, every morning feeds the birds on his lawn with coarse fish. They are always waiting for him, and they are very expert at catching the fish which he throws into the air. When he goes to the marl holes on his land to fish, one of the Herons usually accompanies him and waits patiently beside him until rewarded with a fish. Some time ago Mr. Bowxell wrote to me : " Three Heron pets have become so bold they we have to drive them out of the house occasionally. They are very fond of the kitchen."

The late Mr. C. B. Moffat once told me of the discriminating power of Herons with regard to tainted food. A friend of his used to feed some Herons at his house every day after dinner. One day when the fare was canned fish, which had been left over after the family dinner, he was surprised to find that the birds, while remaining as tame as usual, would not touch it. He could not understand their refusal, but that night the whole household became so ill that a doctor had to be summoned. He pronounced the trouble to be ptomaine poisoning from tainted fish. The fish rejected by the Herons, when analysed, was found to be poisonous.

The flight of the Heron seems slow and deliberate with regular beats of the broad, rounded wings, the head being drawn back and the legs extended behind. The ordinary note is a loud, harsh " frank " or "frarnk", and the young in the nest have a loud chattering or ticking note.

Though single nests are not uncommon, the Heron generally breeds in colonies of from two to thirty pairs. There are now no large heronries in this country, but formerly colonies of over one hundred nests were said to be not uncommon. It is an adaptable bird and will choose tall trees where they are available, but in the west of Ireland and in Kerry I have seen nests on stunted trees and bushes on islands in fishing lakes. In Holland, owing to the lack of trees, it nests on the ground, but here only rarely does it breed on the ground or on cliffs. At Rathfarnham Castle there is an immemorial heronry, varying from three to eight nests, which has continued in use even since the district has been built up and included within the boundary of the City of Dublin. There the Herons return to the holm oaks on which they breed at the end of January or the beginning of February and begin repairing the old nests or building new ones. Every year some of these pairs have second broods, and I have seen young birds still in the nests as late as September. They lay three, four or five eggs of a greenish-blue colour, unmarked and without gloss.

The Heron is resident and to a large extent sedentary, though there is a tendency, especially among young birds, to disperse and wander. Several ringed as nestlings in England and Scotland, as well as one from Denmark and one from Norway have been recovered in Ireland. One ringed as a nestling in Co. Down was found in Scotland in the autumn of the same year.

THE PURPLE HERON.—The only specimen of the Purple Heron obtained in Ireland was killed in Co. Monaghan previous to 1830 and is now in the National Museum. On April 5th, 1936, a bird of this species fell exhausted on the deck of a trawler 90 miles off the west coast of Ireland and was handed over to the London Zoological Society. The Purple Heron is somewhat smaller and darker than the Common Heron. I have seen many in Holland, where they nest in reed-beds.

THE SQUACCO HERON.—The Squacco Heron is a rare vagrant in summer and autumn, occurring chiefly on the south coast. There are ten records, only one of which is from Ulster.

It is a small, shy heron, hiding during the day and feeding at night, and silent away from its breeding haunts. The general colour in summer is fawn, with dark streaks on the head and neck and a drooping crest of black feathers edged with white. In winter the plumes are lost and the back is browner and young birds are dark brown. The legs are yellowish-green and the bill blackish, pale green at the lower base.

The species is generally distributed and breeds in central and southern Europe, east to South Russia, Asia Minor, Persia and Turkestan. It is numerous and breeds from North Morocco to Tunisia and in tropical and South Africa.

THE NIGHT HERON.—Another rare vagrant, chiefly in spring and autumn, is the Night Heron. There are twenty-six records since 1834, only one of which is from Connaught. More than half of these were immature.

This small heron is crepuscular in habits, feeding at night and spending the day under cover. It is a compact, thick-set bird, with rather short legs and a short stout neck, its total length being about 24 inches as compared with the Common Heron's 36. It is black glossed with green on the crown, mantle and upper scapulars, ash-grey on the wings and tail, and with greyish-white under-parts. It has a long, narrow and pointed crest, usually consisting of three white feathers. Young birds are without the nuchal plumes and are dark brown above and dull greyish, darkly streaked, beneath.

The Night Heron breeds in colonies in the Iberian peninsula, along the Danube, in the northern Balkan States, southern Russia and in many parts of Africa and southern Asia. The nests are on trees or tamarisk bushes in swamps and sometimes in reed-beds.

THE LITTLE BITTERN.—The Little Bittern is a rare and irregular visitor in spring, summer and autumn. About forty have been obtained, chiefly in the south and east, but only one in Connaught. A fine male, which I examined in the flesh on May 25th, 1939, having been shot a few days

previously at Enniscorthy, and one shot in Co. Limerick in January 1942 are the most recent records.

It is a small bird, not much bigger than a Green Plover, its total length being about 14 inches. The male is light buff-coloured with black crown and back. The female and young have the back brown with light edgings to the feathers producing a somewhat streaked appearance, and have the under-parts more streaked than in the adult male. It is a bird difficult to see in its haunts of reed-fringed ponds, lakes and rivers not only on account of its secretive and skulking habits, but also for the camouflage effect of its markings. Heron-like, it stands motionless with its head sunk in its shoulders ; but, if danger threatens, it turns its buff breast towards the intruder, pointing its bill skywards and, stretching its body, it becomes so attenuated that it is hardly distinguishable from the dead reed blades.

The Little Bittern breeds in central and southern Europe and Asia, and winters in Africa. Though not in general gregarious, a number may breed fairly close together. The nests are in reed-beds, wooded swamps and banks of rivers and lakes, sometimes on willows and other trees growing in water.

THE BITTERN.—The Bittern was formerly resident in several Irish counties, but there is no record of its breeding here later than 1840, though it nested in Munster, Connaught and Ulster earlier in the century. It is now a scarce visitor from August to March, probably occurring annually and being most frequent in December and January. The records of the bird for the past hundred years make melancholy reading. It is generally shot at sight. Thus in the winter of 1850–1851 eight were shot and in 1855–1856 nine, in different counties, while in 1874–1875 out of eighteen occurrences in Co. Cork twelve were shot within a month ending on January 9th. The recent records bear much the same pattern. On March 31st, 1944, an adult in splendid plumage was disabled by gun-shot wounds at Killeshandra, Co. Cavan. It was sent alive to the Dublin Zoo, but it soon died of its wounds. On January 15th, 1945, an exhausted Bittern was picked up at Ballinacurra, Limerick, and though well cared for died in a few days. In the spring of 1945 two birds were reported from Tulla, Co. Clare, by Mr. E. Galwey-Foley. On January 11th, 1946, one which had been shot was picked up dead near Portumna, Co. Galway, and on January 31st, 1946, another was shot near Duleek, Co. Meath.

In most parts of England the Bittern ceased to breed in the middle of the 19th century and in Norfolk, its last stronghold, in the latter half of the century. But early in the 20th century it re-established itself in Norfolk, where in 1911 one nest was located and where in 1918 and 1919 a number of broods were safely reared. In more recent years it has extended its breeding range to Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Hampshire and perhaps elsewhere. Coward, writing of the bird in England, says : " Collectors

and not drainage were responsible for the loss of the Bittern; when under protection it found a safe area, it quickly increased." In Ireland, too, if afforded a like measure of protection, it might re-establish itself as a breeding species.

The Bittern is a large heron, of a rich buff colour, barred and vermiculated with black and brown. The sexes are alike, but immature birds have brownish primaries and wing coverts. It is shy and secretive, keeping for the most part under cover of reeds and swamp vegetation. It is usually solitary and does not associate with other species. The spring note of the male is a deep, resonant boom, not very loud, but of extraordinary carrying power, being audible for well over a mile. It has been suggested that the wailing of the Banshee in Irish folk-lore had its origin in the booming of the Bittern. At any rate fewer have claimed to have heard the Banshee since the disappearance of the bird as a breeding species.

The Bittern breeds in many countries of Europe, in North Africa and in Asia east to Manchuria and Siberia. It is a partial migrant through the Mediterranean region to tropical Africa, Arabia and North India.

THE AMERICAN BITTERN.—Eighteen specimens of the American Bittern have been obtained in Ireland, eight in Munster, five in Leinster and five in Ulster, but none in Connaught. It has occurred chiefly in October and November.

The American Bittern in general appearance resembles the European species, but is smaller and differs in having the upper-parts finely freckled instead of boldly mottled with black, the primaries uniform dark brownish-grey instead of barred and the crown brown instead of black.

THE FLAMINGO.—The Flamingo has not hitherto found a place in books or lists of Irish birds, as it had not been found in this country in the feral state up to 1938. In that year, however, a Flamingo was observed on Lough Foyle, Derry, from April 3rd to April 27th. In that year also, from May 1st to June 4th, another was seen at Timoleague, Co. Cork, and finally in the first week of November 1938 a Flamingo was shot at Holy Island, Askeaton, Co. Limerick. Witherby in *The Handbook of British Birds* (1939) mentions two of these occurrences, but adds that most recorded instances in recent years are open to the suspicion that they are escapes from captivity.

The Flamingo is unmistakable with its enormously long legs and neck and strange downward deflected bill. It is of a pinkish-white colour and, when it takes wing, it shows a bold contrast of scarlet coverts and black quills. It nests in Spain and southern France and as far east as Baikal and Ceylon.

P. G. KENNEDY

RAVEN OF WICKLOW

AN HISTORICAL PLAY IN FIVE SCENES

BY B. G. MACCARTHY

CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

IR WILLIAM RUSSELL	Lord Deputy of Ireland.
ENERAL SIR JOHN NORREYS	President of Munster.
ENERAL SIR HENRY BINGHAM	President of Connaught.
APTAIN THOMAS LEE	A Military Adventurer.
ERRIS	Secretary to the Lord Deputy.
IACH MACHUGH O'BYRNE	Chief of the Gabhal Raghnaill O'Byrnes.
OSE O'TOOLE	Wife of Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne.
URLOUGH MACFIACH	Eldest son of Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne.
HELIM MACFIACH	Second son of Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne.
AYMOND MACFIACH	Third son of Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne.
ESSA O'MOORE	Daughter of Rory Og O'Moore.
LD MÁIRE	Foster-sister of Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne.
ENDOZA	Secret agent of King Philip of Spain.
HEEHY	Messenger of Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne.
IACCUINNEGAN	One of Fiach MacHugh's captains.

Three kerns: three English soldiers.

SCENE I

A room in Dublin Castle, 23 December 1594. The room is panelled in oak, adorned ith some tapestry hangings. The door is in the back-wall right. The window is about idway in the right wall. There is a table towards the left of stage. Lord Deputy sits ith his back to rear wall. He is dictating to his secretary, Ferris, who sits at his right de.

RUSSELL (*Dictating*). I tell you, my Lord urghley, that this state of Ireland never ood so near being lost to us. The ueen's law runs not beyond the Pale—*o Secretary*). Have you writ that? od's death, man, hurry, hurry, we shall ive Norreys and Bingham in upon us e the ink is dry.

SEC. 'Tis written, my Lord Deputy.

RUSSELL. Well then, what said I last?

SEC. The Queen's law runs not beyond e Pale—

RUSSELL. Aye indeed! (*Dictating*). nd the Pale itself stands tickly affected. yrone once whispered treason in the orth. Now he shouts it loud, and the ur provinces of this cursed island are a quaking bog to loyal men. Ulster is tinder to his spark. Connaught is well-nigh lost; Munster a graveyard where yesterday's corpses rise up in might to harry us tomorrow. Leinster—(*He pauses*).

SEC. Yes, my Lord?

RUSSELL. Leinster—(*He rises and paces to and fro*). Leinster rages against us under that hoary traitor Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne. But send me even one thousand men from Brittany and I will pull his mountain fastness round his ears. My Lord Burghley, you have written to me saying that, since Fiach has lately made submission, it is Her Majesty's pleasure that we leave him unmolested, lest we

drive him into extremes. But I say you know not this cunning devil, or why he made submission, or how he uses the respite the Queen affords him. Need I prove to you what you know already, that Fiach is the lynch-pin in Tyrone's war chariot? We march north against Tyrone, as I marched when I relieved Enniskillen some while past, and no sooner have we turned our backs than Fiach leads his savages from the mountains to ravage the Pale. They come with bagpipes by day and with torches by night. Aye, and the Pale itself is riddled with his spies. (*To secretary*) You are not one, by any chance?

SECRETARY (*Outraged*). Me, my Lord?

RUSSELL. Well, my good Ferris, I scarcely thought you were, but you can't read a man's heart these days unless you pluck it out first. Go on, go on, I haven't time to listen to your protestations. (*Dictating*) What we most lack here is unity. My Lord Norreys, President of Munster, intrigues behind my back. My Lord Bingham plays his own game in Connaught. They bear ill-will towards me and rail openly against each other. I would that you send me a General who would be set above them and would control the entire campaign in Ireland. I pray you then, for God's love—

(*Enter Norreys. He is a man of sardonic cast, who just now nurses a grievance. When Norreys comes in, the secretary rises and effaces himself to the rear*).

NORREYS. Good day, my Lord Deputy.

RUSSELL. Ah, it is indeed a good day when my Lord Norreys comes to take counsel.

NORREYS. To take counsel, my Lord? Maybe I come to give it.

RUSSELL. No doubt, sir, we should be the better of some give and take.

NORREYS. No doubt at all. You are but lately come to Ireland, my Lord Deputy. You think you understand the situation. You think you can plan a paper campaign, win battles by the rules of strategy, divide the country into lawful shires, and then sit here in Dublin Castle and govern it. If there is to be give and take, then I suggest that you take advi from those who've earned the right offer it.

RUSSELL (*Smoothly*). I am most willi to take advice, my Lord Norreys, b perhaps there is something also that could give.

NORREYS. There is, sir. If, for e ample, you gave me Her Majesty's ord before it was too late to enforce them should not then stand in the Quee displeasure through lying tongues.

RUSSELL. And if you gave me support to which I am entitled, then tongue could wag against you. (*Norr is about to interrupt*). Softly, softly, Lord. Sit you down. Consider.

(*To the secretary*) Go now, Ferris. shall sign that letter in a while.

(*The secretary goes out*).

NORREYS. Aye, you were best to le it open that you may send over to Whi hall every word I speak.

RUSSELL. You are a fool, Norreys. is in Whitehall that tongues clack agai you. Essex bears you hard. And Es and the Queen—. Yes. And so you m judge where be your friends.

(*The secretary opens the door*).

SECRETARY. My Lord General Bingha (*Bingham comes in. He is a stout, bl middle-aged man*).

RUSSELL. Welcome, my Lord Bingha You come pat upon the word.

BINGHAM. Day to you both. (*He right of table in the chair vacated by secretary*). Humph. What word?

NORREYS. A word, Bingham, wh need not waste our time. The L Deputy was talking of—friendship.

BINGHAM. The Lord Deputy ha pretty wit, but we lack time to be me

(*Norreys sits left of table*)

RUSSELL. Yes, gentlemen, we lack ti and, worse still, we lack cause. H fares it in the west, Bingham?

BINGHAM. How fares it with a burn house before the roof falls in?

RUSSELL. What is the news fr Munster, Norreys?

NORREYS. What is the news fr Ulster, Russell?

RUSSELL. Better, my Lord, since I iped out the shame of the rout at the ord of the Biscuits.

BINGHAM. By heaven, you talk of a irmish as if it were a battle.

NORREYS. And even if it were a battle, ere are no decisive battles in Ireland. efeat them today. They fall upon you resh tomorrow. They will submit on eir knees, promise amendment, while eir messengers are speeding to gather esh forces. To gain time—that is their ame and ours; to gain time, to play r position until the next encounter.

RUSSELL. The Queen would now gain me by temporising with Tyrone—or 'Neill, as the Irish call him.

NORREYS. And you, Russell, what is our opinion?

RUSSELL. I have told her—

BINGHAM. (*Scornfully*) You have told er! Tyrone gets lead to roof his house, id day and night the bullets pour from s moulds. He has got sulphur from the altic coast. He has got iron from Spain. od! Are you blind?

RUSSELL. (*Coldly*) No, nor deaf.

NORREYS. The Spaniards are massed the coast of Brest—thirty thousand paniards waiting only for ships to bring em down upon us. They will land—once—everywhere.

BINGHAM. They are already landed in yrone's country.

NORREYS. And the Scots! Three ousand Scots—just landed in Tyrnnail—

BINGHAM. Jesuits creeping in from ery port—preaching sedition!

NORREYS. Hellbroth bubbling—ready boil over!

RUSSELL. My lords, I am obliged for ur information. To prove me a dozing tard has brought you almost to unite. *is voice changes*). Why, think ye, did ring ye here? To talk of friendship? n I so crazed? To appeal to your alty? Who is loyal and who is disal amongst us? (*Bingham and Norreys ing up*). Sit down, sirs; let us have hectoring. I am speaking to you as ewd men. You hope, I take it, to make your fortunes. You hope, at least, to keep head on shoulders. Why are we here in Ireland? Because a shadow fell on us in Whitehall? Or because we thought to gain lands or power? Or because we are tried soldiers sent to batter this island into obedience? Whatever the reason, here we are and we must make the best of it—aye, and of each other. The Queen is weary of defeat. And when the Queen bites her nails, heads fall at Tyburn.

NORREYS. The Queen is weary! And we, I suppose, are cockahoop! She wants a victory, and she doles out ha'pence as if they were spade guineas. We ask for troops. She sends us pressed men—the scourings of Bristol or Liverpool—coneycatchers, jailbirds, pimps who never held a caliver in their hands. They come half-naked, without provisions, sick at heart. They drag themselves through the bogs until they drop with dysentry or hunger or sheer terror. If our army were not composed two-thirds of Irishmen, we should long since have been swept into the sea.

BINGHAM. Yes, by God! But who can trust the Irish? My cousin George is Governor of Sligo under me. His troops are Irish, his Ensign Ulick Bourke—a good fighter with a smooth tongue, but you never know where you have him. Do our Irish allies love the Queen? No, sir, they hate each other. They fight on our side to pay old scores or to gain some advantage. An English General with Irish troops is sitting on a keg of gun powder.

NORREYS. And what of Ormond and Kildare?

BINGHAM. Ormond is surely ours. Kildare may be. But the only safe Irishman is a dead Irishman.

RUSSELL. If those are your views, I pray you curb them for the next few minutes. There waits outside an Irishman who has won his spurs in the Queen's service.

NORREYS. A loyal subject?

RUSSELL. I didn't say that. I don't know as much. But—he's useful. (*Call-*

ing) Ferris! (*The secretary appears at the door*). Ferris, bring in Captain Lee. (*Ferris goes out*).

NORREYS. Lee!

BINGHAM. A fine soldier, faith!

NORREYS. (*Reflectively*) Lee! Now, I wonder—

SEC. (*Announcing at the door*) Captain Lee.

(*Lee comes in. He is about forty—tall, soldierly. His face keeps the secrets of a daring mind*).

RUSSELL. Welcome, Captain. I trust you have not waited long.

LEE. (*Bowing*) My time is at the Lord Deputy's disposal.

RUSSELL. (*To Norreys and Bingham*) If you have not met Captain Lee, you have heard of him.

BINGHAM. Aye, by God! You were in the Monaghan campaign with Henry Bagenall last November, were you not?

LEE. Yes, sir.

BINGHAM. Yes, yes, so I heard. Bagenall wrote a particular letter to Burghley commending your valour and—what's this he called it?—your great tolerance of penury and pain.

LEE. General Bagenall was—generous.

NORREYS. You offered yourself for service in Monaghan, did you not, Captain?

LEE. (*Quietly*) Yes, I offered myself.

NORREYS. That brought you very near Tyrone's country?

LEE. Not very near.

NORREYS. But near enough.

LEE. (*Impassively*) I do not understand your Lordship.

NORREYS. Do you believe, Captain, that the pen is mightier than the sword?

LEE. I believe, my Lord Norreys, that it depends on the controlling hand.

NORREYS. Think you, Captain, that a cat may look at a king?

LEE. I am not good at riddles.

NORREYS. But you certainly believe that a Captain may write to a Queen?

BINGHAM. What's this? You don't mean that Lee—er—to Her Majesty—? Zounds! (*He roars with laughter*).

RUSSELL. We know that circumstance, my Lord Norreys.

NORREYS. And you do not resent it?

RUSSELL. (*Carefully*) Her Majesty h not resented it. She seeks a way dealing with Tyrone. Captain Lee kno Tyrone intimately. He suggested Her Majesty a way of dealing wi Tyrone.

BINGHAM. A cool varlet, by the Lor

LEE. My Lords, I ask leave to expla (*Russell nods*). I am Irish—

BINGHAM. Not your fault, man. Do apologise.

LEE. It is not my intention to apologi I mention my birth simply to point o that I have a key to Irish affairs wh none of you, my Lords, could posses

NORREYS. (*Meaningly*) I believe yo

RUSSELL. I asked you here to pick yo Irish brains—for a purpose—a particu purpose.

LEE. You do not know Tyrone as know him. (*Bingham makes an explos sound*). No, my Lords, you do not kn Tyrone. Do you take him for some pe chieftain who leads his hairy kerns raid for cattle? Tyrone was reared in E land; has seen service abroad; military strategy at his fingertips. has lived at court; has watched secret currents of diplomacy. Do y think he could be satisfied to play grandeur in a smoky dún? You h the advantage of him in having at y back the striking power of an uni England. No man has dreamt of u in Ireland before O'Neill. But Engl strikes in many lands at once. Tha her weakness. She has another weakn more grievous still. Have you bethou you, my Lord Deputy, how O'Neill the advantage of *you*? He knows y country, but you do not know his. knows what any man must know would win power in Ireland. He kn Ireland—although he has outgrow like a child issued from the womb. knows its mind, its speech, its ways, pattern of inheritance. Where you chaos he sees order, because he kn what lies below the surface. You g at motives. He understands the tan web from which they spring. You wo

divide to conquer. He would bring petty and divided aims to serve his wider aim.

RUSSELL. And that aim?

LEE. That aim, my Lord, is power.

RUSSELL. Power for Tyrone?

LEE. A man's power is not given him from above. It is given him by those whom he serves or seems to serve. People give power only to him who offers to be the instrument of their love or of their hate. What love, what hate inspires Tyrone's allies? Love of Rome. Hatred of England. And all this hatred, all this love Tyrone has gathered up and compassed in himself. *In* himself, my Lord —but not *for* himself.

RUSSELL. For the rebels, therefore?

LEE. No—for the Queen.

NORREYS. For the Queen! Captain Lee, we are not children to read in your horn-book. Tyrone would use this power for the Queen? This power given him by Papist rebels for the sole purpose of rebellion? If Tyrone stood for the Queen, his power would crumble overnight.

BINGHAM. I never heard such a farrago —such a farrago of hair-splitting folly. You are in Dublin Castle, sir—not at Cambridge. Finicking treason! I know treason when I hear it. Tyrone's a traitor, sir, and you, sir—you—

LEE. He is no traitor, my Lord General. I that have often been his bedfellow have heard him bewail even with tears that he has been driven by misrepresentation into a seeming disloyalty. He has enemies —one in particular who works through private malice—

BINGHAM. Bagenall, belike?

LEE. I have not named him.

NORREYS. You named him in your letter.

LEE. Very well, then. I named him. Better that I should suffer for it than that Her Majesty should suffer the loss of so faithful a servant as Tyrone. Tyrone seeks only peace with the Queen. Aye, he has sworn to me that he would most willingly die at Her Majesty's command.

NORREYS. He probably will one of these days.

RUSSELL. You counselled Her Majesty to temporise with Tyrone?

BINGHAM. Counselled, by heaven!

LEE. I begged Her Majesty to believe in Tyrone's goodwill. I said that the north could be governed only through Tyrone, not only because he already controls the north, but because of his alliances with other chiefs.

NORREYS. You complained, I hear, of some of Her Majesty's chief servants in Ireland.

LEE. The Queen is not always well served, my Lord Norreys, when, for example, her representatives behave so as to bring upon Her Majesty the accusation of ferocity and falsehood.

NORREYS. (*Silkily*) You must have powerful friends in Whitehall, Captain.

LEE. I have one friend at least, sir.

NORREYS. And he?

LEE. The Earl of Essex.

NORREYS. (*Comprehendingly*) Ah! (*Slowly*) Essex in England—Tyrone in Ireland—and Lee the friend of both. You will climb high yet, Captain, I suspect.

LEE. I do not aim high, sir.

NORREYS. No? Not even as high as Tower Hill? Why, you have a good head—a very good head—for a spike.

(*Lee stares fixedly at Norreys, but remains silent*).

RUSSELL. Gentlemen, let us put such talk on one side. I have let it go so far only because in talking of Tyrone we come to what I have in mind. You say, Captain, that Tyrone has many allies.

LEE. And so he has.

RUSSELL. You say that many are bound to him because they think he intends a general Papist rebellion. Are there not other reasons?

LEE. Relationships. O'Donnell is married to Tyrone's daughter. Hugh Maguire is soon to wed another. O'Cahan—

RUSSELL. Yes, yes, we know all that. But other links?

LEE. Great numbers throw in their lot with Tyrone because his strength grows daily. These will jump ever on the stronger side. That is why I say Tyrone can swing them all to the Queen. That is why we must avert war with Tyrone.

RUSSELL. You would avert it by compromise? Can you think of no other way? (*Lee is silent*). Can you see no danger in compromise? You say the Queen would rule through Tyrone, but London is far from Tyrone's Country. Soon the Queen's name would die in men's mouths, and Tyrone would rule in his own name. Then we should have to break him, having first given him time to make himself unbreakable. A present compromise would make Tyrone our master, and yet you advocate compromise.

NORREYS. Captain Lee has his own point of view.

BINGHAM. Fight the fellow and have done with it.

LEE. But it has been tried, sir, by Bagenall, and Tyrone laughs in his teeth.

RUSSELL. Tyrone laughs because he knows we have not sufficient troops to concentrate on Ulster. Bingham has his own job in Connaught—

BINGHAM. A hell of a job! All Irish troops, curse 'em!

RUSSELL. Ahem! And General Norreys must hold Munster. You will remember that, when I relieved Enniskillen last June, I had at once to turn back because I had left the Pale unprotected. That is the crux of the whole business—the Pale. The Pale on which O'Byrne makes savage onslaught the moment our backs are turned—aye, and even when we stand guard! Tyrone, O'Byrne; O'Byrne, Tyrone—they are the two feet on which stand the body of rebellion. Cut off the one, the other will soon fall to the ground. We cannot fight on both fronts at once. That has been proved a hundred times. And even to gain Ulster, we cannot lose the Pale. Well then, sirs, our course is clear. We will strike in Wicklow. We will wipe out that nest of traitors—all the O'Byrnes, O'Tooles, Cavanaghs, Moores and the rest of Fiach's henchmen. Then woe to Tyrone, for we can march on Ulster leaving the Pale secure.

BINGHAM. A very sound scheme, but will it work?

RUSSELL. What do you mean?

NORREYS. My Lord Deputy, you have but lately come to Ireland. Do you not know that this scheme has been attempted many times with dire results—for us?

BINGHAM. Grey tried it, sir, fourteen years ago—could hardly wait to disembark before flaunting off to Glenmalure to make war on the O'Byrnes. A deplorable affair! Gad, what strategy! Fiach's army waited on the steep slopes at each side of the glen. Grey's fellows obligingly walked up the valley and then started to climb up the ravine—in their armour, sir, on a sweltering August day. Those who didn't drop dead from exhaustion were slaughtered by Fiach's men at the head of the ridge. And served 'em damn well right for a lot of noxious idiots. Pox on it, Russell! Glenmalure is the heart of Fiach's mountain country. Ballinacor is Fiach's stronghold at the heart of Glenmalure. No one has ever taken it by storm.

RUSSELL. You mean no one has stormed it yet.

NORREYS. The Lord Deputy thinks to succeed where all others have failed?

RUSSELL. I will succeed, but not by their methods.

BINGHAM. Go to! You would flatten the mountains perhaps? A new system of military strategy?

RUSSELL. A new system, but not on military strategy—the system of the Florentine.

LEE. Of Machiavelli?

RUSSELL. Of Machiavelli. If you cannot take a fortress from without, you may take it from within. If you cannot get near enough to cut their throats, you may make them cut the throats one of another.

BINGHAM. And you think that's new? How else have we kept a footing on this island?

RUSSELL. This method has not been tried for the O'Byrnes.

NORREYS. The Lord Deputy seems ignorant of the facts. He seems unaware that the clan O'Byrne has long been rent in twain. This Irish Captain will enlighten him perhaps.

LEE. The Lord Deputy knows that there are two branches of the O'Byrnes. The

senior branch called Crioch Branach, that is the O'Byrnes of Newragh, are loyal to the Queen. They surrendered all the O'Byrne lands and hold them now by royal patent. The junior branch, celled Gabhal Raghnaill—Fiach's branch —has ever revolted against English rule. Each family hates the other: Fiach because he has ever been a traitor, and because he would wrest the chieftaincy from the O'Byrnes of Newragh. And the Newragh O'Byrnes hate Fiach, because he has made himself the great O'Byrne and because of his cursed sedition.

NORREYS. And since Fiach is stronger and more daring than the loyal O'Byrnes, may we ask how this internal split will help us? If it could have served our purpose, it would have served us ere now.

RUSSELL. Quite so. But unfortunately we are not talking of the same thing. I know already how little hope there is that the O'Byrnes of Newragh will unkennel the wolf of Ballinacor.

NORREYS. Well then—

RUSSELL. But what is Ballinacor? It is a village at the mouth of Glenmalure—a group of hovels enclosed within a wall —a group of hovels which surrounds a whitewashed fortress. That much Sir Nicholas White reported after he had visited it in his circuit journey years ago. Fiach *is* Ballinacor, but does every heart in Ballinacor beat true to Fiach?

LEE. Ah!

BINGHAM. Don't waste your time. As quickly as you bribe Fiach's followers, Fiach will hang them.

RUSSELL. I am not talking of Fiach's followers.

BINGHAM. Then, curse it! What are you talking of?

RUSSELL. I am talking of Fiach's family.

NORREYS. If you hope to drive a wedge there, my Lord Deputy, amend your judgment. Fiach MacHugh and his three sons are as one man.

RUSSELL. But Fiach has a wife, has he not, Captain Lee?

LEE. (*In a strange tone*) Yes, he has a wife.

BINGHAM. A wife! The old outlaw has all the women he wants. By God! by what I hear he wears no hair shirt, or he didn't until—

RUSSELL. Exactly! Until he married this his second wife. Tell us about this second wife, Captain.

LEE. I?

RUSSELL. Who else? You are from Athy, are you not? You know the family relationship at Ballinacor.

LEE. Your pardon, my Lord, but you should have sent for Sir Henry Harrington to answer such questions. He is the Seneschal of O'Byrne's Country.

RUSSELL. But I have sent for you. Tell us of Fiach's wife, Captain. She is his second wife. Her name is Rose O'Toole. Go on from there.

LEE. Her name is Rose O'Toole. She is of the Castlekevin O'Tooles. She is a second cousin to her husband.

NORREYS. Well, well, we do not want her genealogy. Something of her activities we know. We know that she is a most active traitor, that she has been imprisoned in this castle and that she escaped. But I never saw her. What is she like?

LEE. She is young.

BINGHAM. And Fiach is over three score years! An old man with a young wife—aha! I see your plan, Russell, you sly dog!

RUSSELL. You do not see my plan. That has been tried.

BINGHAM. And the lady was cold?

RUSSELL. You said, Captain, that I should have questioned Harrington. Now why?

LEE. Since he is the Queen's Seneschal of the O'Byrne Country, since he has been given a large grant of land there, since it is his duty to keep the O'Byrnes in check, he could therefore best inform you of Fiach MacHugh's family.

RUSSELL. A grant of land. Would a grant of land interest you, Captain.

LEE. A silver shilling would interest me or any other Captain of the Queen. I have not had my Military pay for two years.

RUSSELL. And if you were to be given a grant of land?

LEE. Where?

RUSSELL. Somewhere in Fiach's mountains. Near Dundrum, let us say. Oh, yes! You would have to win it by the sword and keep it by the sword.

LEE. That would I willingly.

NORREYS. You could settle your family there. You have a family, Captain?

LEE. I have no family, my Lord Norreys.

NORREYS. But you have a wife, sure?

LEE. (*Impassively*). My Lord Norreys knows that I have no wife.

BINGHAM. No wife? But I thought—. Is she dead then?

LEE. I am not aware that it is my duty to give an account of my domestic relations. I put away my wife years ago.

BINGHAM. Oh, by Jove! Sorry, Lee. Damn sorry. Another man?

LEE. I put away my wife because she was a spy for Walter Riavach, Fiach MacHugh's son-in-law.

NORREYS. Then you do not love Walter Riavach, and I take it that you do not love Fiach.

LEE. You may take it so.

RUSSELL. You have lost much in the Queen's service, Captain. Her Majesty will show her gratitude in a grant of land if—

LEE. Yes?

RUSSELL. If you will serve me in destroying the O'Byrnes.

LEE. To destroy the O'Byrnes I would swim through a sea of fire.

RUSSELL. I scarcely think that will be necessary. But to return—this Rose O'Toole—

LEE. If you would know of her, I say again ask Harrington.

RUSSELL. That is a curious implication, Captain.

LEE. Is it not curious, my Lord, that Harrington has never done more than harry the outskirts of Fiach's territory? Is it not curious that Fiach knows every plan before it is completed here in Dublin Castle? Is it not curious that when Rose O'Toole escaped from Dublin Castle she found a safe refuge befo she reached Ballinacor?

RUSSELL. These are serious statemen

LEE. If you did not already believe the you would not have turned from Ha ington to me.

RUSSELL. Harrington shall remain Sene chal in the O'Byrne Country. I have use for you also. You say that Harrin ton is a traitor?

LEE. I say that a man in love becom a fool.

BINGHAM. A nice pickle, faith! A how does Fiach regard his wife's un faithfulness?

LEE. She is not unfaithful. She tak the sighs and the service of men a puts them into her husband's hand.

BINGHAM. How do you know?

LEE. I know.

NORREYS. What manner of woman this?

LEE. She is—(*Trying to find a word* She is—

BINGHAM. Beautiful?

LEE. Yes.

BINGHAM. Passionate?

LEE. She arouses passion.

NORREYS. A loose woman?

LEE. She is not a woman in the posse sion of any man.

RUSSELL. Except her husband?

LEE. Her husband is a toy in her hand He who would not tremble at the bloodie onset, trembles when she leans again his shoulder. She is his only weaknes

RUSSELL. That was what I hoped.

BINGHAM. Well said, Russell! A fin ploy! And the Captain here is a fin figure of a man. But don't fall really i love with her, lad, or we'd be hoist wit our own petard.

LEE. If such be the Lord Deputy scheme, it would be in vain.

NORREYS. Why?

LEE. I hate this woman and she know it.

BINGHAM. Beautiful and passionate, a you hate her? Oho!

RUSSELL. My Lord, we are not sittin over the nuts and wine. My aim is f other than you suppose. Is it not tru

aptain, that Fiach has three sons: urlough, Phelim and Raymond?

LEE. Yes, my Lord. Turlough is the dest.

NORREYS. Before you came, Russell, we ied to win Turlough from his father. 'e asked him to consider that, by the ish law of succession, he would inherit ly one third of his father's land. In- ead we offered to secure him all of his ther's lands. He refused.

RUSSELL. Could ye not have persuaded ie of the other sons then?

NORREYS. They refused also.

LEE. Naturally they would refuse—nor ould Phelim's or Raymond's wife per- ade them to the contrary.

BINGHAM. And why should the wives Raymond and Phelim be so loyal to ach?

LEE. Because Fiach is married to their ter, Rose O'Toole.

RUSSELL. Yes, that is what I had heard. hat is what I wished confirmed. Rose 'Toole is married to Fiach, and her two ters are married to Fiach's younger ns, Phelim and Raymond. That is the uation, is it not?

LEE. That is the situation. And is it ely that Rose would connive through r sisters at her husband's downfall? o, for if Fiach were dead, Rose would vindle from the chief's wife into a poor dow, without status and with few hts.

BINGHAM. But, by Gad! the two sisters arried to Rose's step-sons! A fine aze!

LEE. A fine cabal.

NORREYS. Cabal? Against whom?

LEE. Against Turlough, Fiach's eldest n.

RUSSELL. Now we come to it. Tell us, iptain.

LEE. Rose O'Toole has Phelim and ymond at her apron strings through e influence of her two sisters. Tur- igh she has not and never had. She me to Ballinacor a step-mother as ung as her step-sons, and Turlough sented her. He resented her even fore the marriage, and he did all he uld to oppose it.

RUSSELL. Why?

LEE. Hate is a curious flower, my Lord. Who knows on what it feeds?

NORREYS. And she?

LEE. Rose O'Toole did ever malice this Turlough.

RUSSELL. But Fiach? How likes he his eldest son?

LEE. Turlough is the apple of his father's eye.

NORREYS. There is hate and there is love. There is Turlough alone but for his father, and the others closely bound together by their love or by their hate.

BINGHAM. Now if Turlough could be persuaded by us—

NORREYS. Or if Rose O'Toole could be persuaded by us—

LEE. Then you could break Fiach Mac Hugh through the one or through the other.

RUSSELL. Aye, but we must first lay hands on them. 'Tis forty miles to Ballinacor from where we sit, and you cannot kill a man or a woman at that range. We plan to ruin Ballinacor from within, but we must batter it from without also. I propose therefore to take a strong force to the mountains and to storm Ballinacor.

BINGHAM. When?

RUSSELL. At the end of the Christmas holidays. In about three weeks' time.

NORREYS. In the depths of winter?

RUSSELL. They will expect us the less.

BINGHAM. With the snow deep on those accursed hills?

RUSSELL. Our horses' hooves will be the more muffled.

NORREYS. Madness!

LEE. And my part, my Lord Deputy? I do not get the grant of land for nothing

RUSSELL. Your part will need a little finesse. To tell you your role, Captain, I should have to put into words all that you have *not* told me. Shall we say—let me see—shall we say that there is a pretext on which you could gain entry into Ballinacor?

LEE. (*Hesitantly, but with boldness*). I could perhaps find some pretext.

RUSSELL. (*Smoothly*). I am sure of it, Captain. You have an ingenious mind.

Fiach is Tyrone's ally and you *do* admire Tyrone. Yes, and when you are in Ballinacor and we lie outside in the snow-drifts, you could give us a signal when it would be safe to attack.

LEE. What signal? Shall I hoot like a raven?

RUSSELL. Why that signal?

LEE. Fiacha means raven, and Broin—the Irish for Byrne—also means raven.

RUSSELL. You would betray him by his own symbol? A happy thought—but not practicable. You will find some better way.

BINGHAM. A pity that it is winter, Captain, or you could throw my Lord Deputy a rose from the window.

NORREYS. But, Captain—

LEE. Yes, my Lord Norreys?

NORREYS. You will not forget that have in the dungeon below us s exquisitely persuasive instruments traitors?

LEE. Reserve them, my Lord, for traitors at Ballinacor.

BINGHAM. (*Musing*). At Ballinacor! I'd give my eyes to be there that nig to see the old man and his darling at head of the feast, with their savage k about them—music and laughter—all the time the sword ready to fa Death at their elbow. Gad, I'd my eyes!

SCENE II

At Ballinacor, 16 January 1595. The scene is the anteroom to an upper hall, illumined only by flickering firelight. The doorway to the hall is centre back. At the right side of the doorway is a bench. The fireplace is about midway in the right wall. At right front there is a narrow doorway giving on to a spiral staircase which leads to the postern. Midway in the left wall there are three long, narrow, lancet windows. There is a small table near the fireplace. There are a few chairs and a stool. When the curtain rises, Máire is standing at the window (nearest the rear) looking out. She is old and bent. There is a burst of laughter from the hall; voices raised in banter; then the slow plucking of harpstrings in a minor key.

MÁIRE. A night out of hell! Aye, ye can laugh within safe and warm. The Christmas ale is brought out again. The purple wine is poured for the Spaniard. But where is *he*? Over the Red Mountain shrieks the wind. The sleet loosens its arrows. The eagle shelters in the rocks. The wolves cower in the wood of Derrybawn. No peace outside these walls of Ballinacor and no peace within—for all the mirth!

(*Nessa comes quickly out of the hall. She is about eighteen. She is in a state of suppressed agitation*).

NESSA. Oh, Máire—

MÁIRE. (*Turning*) What ails you, child?

NESSA. (*Going to look out the window at Máire's side*). Do you see something?

MÁIRE. Something?

NESSA. Something coming?

MÁIRE. (*Leaving the window and mo centre*) What is coming has been com these ten years.

NESSA. What do you mean?

MÁIRE. Why came you out from feast?

NESSA. Why did you not go in

MÁIRE. Because I was waiting.

NESSA. I could not eat. I could no in their midst.

MÁIRE. The young have fluttering he and queasy stomachs. It is easier to quiet when you are drawing up to great quietness of death.

NESSA. Why wouldn't the old be and they only standing back watchi

MÁIRE. Do you not think but that t score years and ten is too dear a p for wisdom?

NESSA. To see her within there-

utiful and so smooth—making apology the Spaniard for his absence; making use to Fiach my uncle, with that le smile that contradicts her words. Has not the chief's eldest son the right be abroad unquestioned this night or y other night? Must a son's mind an open book to his father?" And n she gave me a loving glance, and she d: "Maybe Turlough has a darling e over the mountain."

MÁIRE. If you would live in gentleness e, Nessa, you must not cross swords h Rose.

NESSA. Can you cross swords with a man who parries a sword with a smile? uld to God I lived anywhere but at llinacor. Did I ask to come here?

MÁIRE. When your father was slain I were a helpless child. Where else uld you go but to your mother's ther?

NESSA. Fiach gave me loving welcome.

MÁIRE. When did Fiach, my foster-ther, fail anyone? And Rose, has not been good to you?

NESSA. Yes, until—

MÁIRE. Until you tried to fight Tur-gh's battles. You are an O'Moore. ese are O'Byrnes. Stand clear. Tur-gh's back is broad enough to bear own load.

NESSA. Should he be blamed for being of this house when the Spaniard came, ing that the Spaniard came without rning three hours ago?

MÁIRE. Has Rose blamed him?

NESSA. Not in words, but—

MÁIRE. Has Turlough given you the ht to speak for him?

NESSA. He has given me no right. ver has he given me aught or asked for aught.

MÁIRE. For ten years Rose O'Toole been Fiach's wife. You were here ore her coming, and you did not take dly to a new house-mistress. But member that Rose O'Toole also has lked on thorns since she came. Much I know. Much more is dark. Do not your shoulder to the lurching stone. not stand before it as it crashes down-. Stand clear, my girl.

NESSA. But—

MÁIRE. (*Quickly*), Enough! They are coming. I have a knowledge that creeps along my veins. I say stand clear.

(*Murmur of voices. Rose O'Toole and the Spaniard Mendoza enter from the hall together with Fiach. Phelim and Raymond bring up the rear. Rose O'Toole is a beautiful looking woman of about thirty years. Fiach is about sixty years—a man of commanding aspect. Mendoza is in his middle thirties. Phelim and Raymond are in the middle twenties*).

ROSE. Ah, we have come into the dark!

MENDOZA. Senora, never could there be darkness where you are.

FIACH. Lights there! Is that Máire?

MÁIRE. Myself, foster-brother. I'll give you light in plenty.

(*She begins to light the candles which are in brackets on the walls and on the table. Nessa goes to help her*).

ROSE. Nessa, child, why did you steal away? You were not well?

NESSA. I am well enough now, I thank you.

FIACH. (*To Mendoza*). We take great care of this nestling—the youngest of our household here at Ballinacor.

MENDOZA. The Senorita is your sister's child?

FIACH. My sister's child, yes—and child of Rory Óg O'Moore. The English killed him fifteen years ago. Another score with the English, Mendoza.

MENDOZA. That must be paid, Chieftain.

FIACH. It will be paid, as God lives.

MENDOZA. Is there one under this roof who has not a score to settle with the English?

PHELIM. Not one, Senor.

FIACH. And if I died before my score was settled, these my sons Phelim and Raymond (*He indicates them*) would wipe it out with blood; and my other son, my eldest son who is not here—

MENDOZA. Turlough?

FIACH. Turlough would ride in the gates of Dublin Castle and tear out Russell's heart.

(*Nessa turns and looks at Fiach with glowing eyes*).

MENDOZA. And if he died for that?

FIACH. He would still do it. Why would he not do it—this flesh of my flesh? Though I were deep under the wet earth, I'd feel the blow that struck him and die again.

(*Máire has remained motionless near entrance to hall during Fiach's last speech. She looks at him and goes out*).

MENDOZA. So strange this bond of blood—this tie of country! All the world over there are men who carry Ireland in their hearts. Aye, and on their lips. Louvain, Brussels, Paris, Rome, Madrid, Sevilla, Salamanca—each has its little Ireland; its core of longing; its knot of exiles—working, planning, hoping. When I came here, great was your wonder that I could speak your language. It was because I spoke your language that King Philip chose me for this mission. No lack of tutors in the Irish tongue had I. There were so many exiles from whom to learn: soldiers who withered slowly in the sun, chieftains who writhed in impotence, priests who lived only to come again to Ireland though they knew that death would be their portion. A priest there was in Salamanca whom I met once —and now I do remember something that has been knocking at my mind since I arrived. When I came here, Chieftain, I thought I knew your face. His face was yours—a fighter's face—under Franciscan cowl.

FIACH. What was his name?

MENDOZA. His name was Malachi—Dom Malachi O'Byrne.

FIACH. My brother! Then he lives still. Tell me quickly how is it with him?

ROSE. Malachi—that good man—that saint!

MENDOZA. He lives, as every exile lives, on hope.

PHELIM. Eight years ago he came to Ireland. Then I learned what courage is: not to rove armed within your own borders, not to make forays in warlike companies — for he went weaponless through enemy country, the English ever on his heels like wolves.

MENDOZA. I came to Ireland proud to bear King Philip's message. Now I am doubly glad to bring you news of on dear to you. We in Spain know how suffer. King Philip thinks alway Ireland. In spite of all those ef which have miscarried, once more gathers ships and men, money and a Raise up your hearts. The galleons will sail. Spain and Ireland will triu in the struggle against English pow English apostasy.

RAYMOND. Spain and Ireland! but the stakes are not the same. are at war with England for some past. You would break English su macy, lead a crusade against the here So you help Ireland. But Ireland fi for life.

PHELIM. You have no foreign soi on your soil; your land is not laid w given in gift to low-born adventure

FIACH. Think, Mendoza, for how m generations we have fought alone! father struggled all the years of his and his father before him, and his fa again. I faced the enemy while yet lip was smooth as a girl's. My sons v sword-high when they rode to ba For this were we born. This is our and only this. We do not seek to England. We do not seek to break power abroad. We fight to keep our l to keep our Faith—

ROSE. And more than this: we f to keep our Irish ways; to remain v we are; what we have always been. fortunate we are to have an enemy tyrannous that he makes life unbeara Else might we sink in sloth into mould of a kindly conqueror. It come down in story how, when Barbars conquered Rome, they fo in their new subjects much to ad and imitate. Ours is a heritage no magnificent than was the Romans', these English trample us under foot, out the very essence of our lives, make of each particular a crime. a crime to keep to Irish law, to use language, to tell our ancient glories, house a poet, to own a harp? We n not wear our native garb, or let the grow long, or shave the chin, or our clothes with saffron. They h

ained how many ells of linen may be
mitted in a shirt-sleeve. So they
ry us with a petty venom that would
ve the humblest thrall into revolt.
d when we have revolted, then we are
d dogs who must be slain at sight.

MENDOZA. In Spain we know so little
er all. What you do here is all so dim
d far-off and confused. You bleed
der the lash. You are caught in a
are so cruel that those who escape are
imed forever in body or in mind.

FIACH. Not always maimed, Mendoza.
ou see my wife Rose? There is a price
on her head. When the English
ptured her six years ago do you know
iat they did?

ROSE. (*In an expressionless voice*) We will
ot speak of it.

FIACH. They chained her by the wrists
the dungeon walls amongst the other
isoners, who were men, and there they
t her for seven days—

MENDOZA. All that time standing?

ROSE. Not all that time. Each day they
ought me up to be questioned by the
ouncil, and each day—(*She breaks off*).

MENDOZA. Yes?

(*Rose is silent*).

FIACH. (*Through his teeth*) Each day
ey tortured her.

ROSE. (*Resolutely*) From what part of
pain do you come, Senor?

MENDOZA. And you endured that?
ood God, you endured that without
reaking?

ROSE. It is from Southern Spain you
ome, is it not? Tell me.

MENDOZA. (*Haltingly*) I—I come from
ndalusia.

ROSE. I have heard talk of Andalusia.
lot sun; the golden fruit loading the
ranches; tender women courted to the
iusic of the lute. Such tales our poets
ell us. But here in our mountains you
ill find nothing that you have ever
nown, but only dark clouds pressing
own on your head, biting sleet, winds
iat cut to the bone, blood that gushes
om the gaping vein, a cry that is strangled
n the throat. Here we are suckled in
anger, reared in the midst of pursuit.
Here we stand shoulder to shoulder with our men—

MENDOZA. No life for a woman.

ROSE. To seal your love even with your heart's blood—is that not life? Better than brewing cordials or tracing pictures on canvas with silken threads.

MENDOZA. Silken threads! But such threads are not merely woven on canvas. They are in courts, in camps, in family life. A jerk here, a gentle motion there, and the web grows, the feeling of power, the sense of controlling the pattern of life. Such threads as these—would they interest you, Senora?

ROSE. Perhaps.

FIACH. Why, Mendoza, you do not know what a wonder is this woman of mine. O'Neill would treat with her in council as readily as he would with me. She can gather the tangled threads of a situation. She can smell treachery a mile off. She can see fear draining away the meaning from a man's eyes.

MENDOZA. But it is not fear that a man's eyes should show to a beautiful woman.

ROSE. It matters little to a woman what she sees in the eyes of any man but her husband. Nor have I found that a woman's beauty can win her kindliness or good faith among her friends or softer treatment from an enemy. The hand that turned the rack—do you think it faltered because I was a woman? Do you think the gates of Dublin Castle were opened that I might walk forth? If women play a man's part, then they must take a man's punishment, and they must have no more praise than a man would have. But enough of that. You have given us great heart with your promise of help from the Spanish King. But when will it come? And can we count on it?

RAYMOND. Aye, can we count on it?

MENDOZA. You can count on it in a month's time, if wind and tide are favourable.

FIACH. But, God in Heaven, when were they ever favourable to us in Ireland? Spanish aid! Again and again we hear of it. Your ships rise up at the foot of the sky, and the clouds open, the sea

rages, the ships are battered to pieces, and the strand is black with the broken bodies of Spaniards.

MENDOZA. Broken at least in your service, Chieftain, and broken sometimes by Irish axes.

PHELIM. Those are not good words, Spaniard!

ROSE. The words of a guest are always good, and this man's words are true. But Senor Mendoza knows that many Irishmen have sold themselves to the English for a price.

FIACH. It is chief against chief—brother against brother—

ROSE. And even son against father, but, thank God, not these good sons. And so, Senor, forgive us those dead Spaniards. We who are true will avenge them soon.

MENDOZA. I think, Senora, that any man would forgive anything, if you asked. I think that there can be no other woman like you—even in Ireland.

ROSE. You think that? Ask these my step-sons. They are married to my two sisters, Una and Catrín.

MENDOZA. Would I had met those sisters.

ROSE. They and their husbands do not live at Ballinacor, though nor far distant. Phelim and Raymond rode here tonight because we sent news of your arrival.

MENDOZA. And now it is of my going that we must speak. I have delivered my message and must get me hence as soon as may be.

FIACH. You cannot sail for Spain from our Wicklow coast. It is in the hands of the O'Byrnes of Newragh—or in English hands, which is the same thing.

PHELIM. The Queen's Senechal, Harrington, holds Newcastle and Arklow.

RAYMOND. And Hugh Duff MacDonald, Ormond's henchman, holds the Black Castle.

ROSE. You must go north into O'Neill's country. He holds his own seacoast.

FIACH. You will go secretly, by easy stages. We will send you safe as we sent Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell and many another hunted man before this. And believe me you have our truest thanks for the risks you take.

MENDOZA. A soldier must take ris No thanks are needed. But for me th is urgent need for speed; for you gr danger if I am found hereabout. T Harrington patrols your countryside?

PHELIM. Not he! He huddles wit his own plot of ground.

MENDOZA. And the Queen's forces the Pale? They scour the mounta for you. You have said that they co like the waves of the sea.

ROSE. And break themselves like sp waves against our walls.

RAYMOND. (*Amused*). You think, beli that they would come even this ve night?

MENDOZA. Why not?

PHELIM. It is not likely in this weath and at this time of feasting.

MENDOZA. And if they came and I w here?

FIACH. We would hurry you out by t postern gate and along the face of t precipice that leads to the southern pass sheer rock, Mendoza, with room for o only on the jutting path. We wou send you to the Cavanaghs or to t O'Byrnes of Imaal—

(*Máire comes back quickly into the ro from the hall*).

MÁIRE. Fiach, Fiach!

FIACH. What ails you, old sister?

MÁIRE. A private word in your ear, r prince.

(*She whispers*).

FIACH. (*Starting up*). What? Below (*Máire nods*). He said he was—? (*S nods*). And he comes here—he dares-

ROSE. Fiach, what is it?

FIACH. Mendoza, you must go.

ROSE. Danger?

FIACH. You must go now. Phelir Raymond, through the postern with hir and speed ye to—but wait! To where To Cavanagh or to Imaal? I say Ima Take with ye ten horsemen. Spee speed! He who waits below must n wait too long or he will have suspicio

ROSE. Who waits, Fiach?

PHELIM } Who waits, father? (*Simu*
RAYMOND } *taneous*).

FIACH. A man who is hungry for deat

RAYMOND. Who?

FIACH. Lee.

ROSE. Lee of Athy?

FIACH. Not the English, but maybe orse than the English. God's blessing th you, Mendoza. Go, go!

ROSE. And we are grateful—

MENDOZA. Farewell. Trust ye, King ilip's aid is coming.

ROSE. Haste, ye! Phelim, be careful w ye go.

PHELIM. Trust us for that. Come, endoza. Down the stairs.

helim, Mendoza and Raymond go out right).

FIACH. (*To Máire*). Bid the soldiers bring ee up.

(*Máire goes out by doorway to hall*).

ROSE. Go, Nessa child. This will not for you.

(*Nessa goes out by doorway to hall*).

ROSE. (*In low voice*). Husband, will he ho comes go hence again? (*Fiach aws his dagger and feels the point*). Yes, it when that dagger tears through his art, his mind dies too. (*Fiach looks her with indecision*). Lee's mind, iach—that is what we want. His death n wait until we know his mind.

FIACH. But die he will.

ROSE. And what of Hugh O'Neill?

FIACH. If he's O'Neill's man, still he not ours. And is he even true to 'Neill?

ROSE. Many a man has cut his throat ith his tongue. Wait. Let him talk. will give the sign. Wait.

ee appears at the doorway between two kerns).

LEE. (*Advancing coolly*). A greeting to 'Byrne of Ballinacor. (*Fiach is silent a rock*). And a greeting to the wife Fiach O'Byrne.

ROSE. Christ's Mass is over now these vo weeks, Captain. Your greetings are elated.

FIACH. (*Unable to restrain himself longer*). What do you here, scoundrel, traitor, by? Do you think to win out of this ouse again?

LEE. So many questions! With the dy's permission, I will sit. (*He sits*). 'is a long ride from Dublin.

ROSE. You did not come from Dublin. You came from Harrington at Newcastle.

LEE. I never contradict a lady.

FIACH. Mend your manners, dog, or I will make you grovel at my wife's feet.

LEE. Ah, but I grovel there already. (*Fiach snatches out his dagger. Rose holds his arm*).

ROSE. (*Quietly*). Have you no servants, O'Byrne, that you would do a menial task yourself?

LEE. Very pretty! The lily-hand holds back the charging bull. Take care, O'Byrne, that menial task would cost you dear.

FIACH. You think we fear your English masters?

LEE. I think you love my Irish master.

FIACH. You are the lick-plate of that blood-hound Russell.

LEE. My instructions come from farther north than Dublin. You don't believe it? Why don't you carve me up then? You know your men disarmed me. What holds you back? You think I am a brave man to force my way into this fortress? Not at all! I am a timid man. That I can even breathe in your presence proves that I know myself protected. What is this charm on which I rely? What is this word I conjure with? One word—a simple word well known to you: O'Neill.

ROSE. Speak on while you have breath.

LEE. You think I have to talk my way out of this house? Then why, think you, did I come into it? I did not blunder into a trap. I walked in here with my eyes open, and I shall walk out of it again when I have delivered my message.

FIACH. From O'Neill?

LEE. From O'Neill. Were you in high spirits when I came? You should have been with that good news from the Spaniard. He was here when I came? No? You bundled him out? Your faces give nothing away. But O'Neill had word when the Spaniard landed in Waterford, and knew that he was hastening to Glenmalure.

ROSE. If such a man came here, your knowledge of him could come from Dublin Castle.

LEE. Not unless there were a traitor amongst you here. But my word came from O'Neill. Did the Spaniard raise your hopes? No. Why? You showed a gallant front, I dare swear, with the cool mind of Rose O'Toole controlling all of you, but behind the gallant front your hearts were dying within you. Again why? Because of the letter you got from O'Neill four days ago.

FIACH. You will draw nothing out of me.

LEE. On the contrary, I am stating what we both know. That letter told you to submit to the English—to fight no more—to make your own peace with the English, as O'Neill would make his. The war was over. It was the end.

FIACH. It was not the end. I would have fought on on my own account.

LEE. You'd be a bad man for questioning before the Council—you with your blurted admissions.

ROSE. If you have a message, Lee, give it and begone.

LEE. (*Rising*). This is my message to you from O'Neill. The letter you received four days ago was a blind meant to deceive Russell, if Russell intercepted it. O'Neill's real message is: fight on. No peace. Let O'Byrne and O'Neill cleave together now as always. No surrender. Your lead is spent. He will send you bullets. Your soldiers are few. He will send you men. Seven nights hence his help will begin to pour into Ballinacor. A little often. O'Neill's men and supplies will come secretly by night. He will send redshanks and gallowglasses, with the Sheehys to lead them here in safety. What say you now? Are you glad you saved my breath to tell such news?

FIACH. Can you prove all this?

LEE. Certainly. (*He takes a letter out of his pouch*). A letter from O'Neill to you stating what I have told you.

(*Fiach reads the letter and passes it to Rose. Rose reads it*).

ROSE. It is O'Neill's writing. It states what you have said. But you are not mentioned in this letter, Lee.

LEE. Naturally. If I were mentioned and the letter intercepted I could be no further use to O'Neill.

FIACH. Lee, it may be that you O'Neill's secret ally—

LEE. He has told you so, has he n

FIACH. He has told us so. He is a n who sees through guile; not easy deceive; therefore, that he puts his t in you for certain services might seem guarantee of your good faith. Yet in thing you would undo O'Neill.

LEE. And that thing is?

FIACH. Your spleen towards me. I would not have it otherwise! Y hatred is a tribute which we retur hundred-fold. But if, as I believe, would ruin us, how can you be O'Ne friend?

LEE. Do I hate you? Would I n you? And if I did, how could that ha O'Neill?

FIACH. How could it harm him! Leinster war engages English tro which would otherwise march on Ul —and you say how could that ha O'Neill!

LEE. Yes, yes, but you have been do this for many a year, and what is the c come? Stalemate. Do you think O'N can find no greater ally than Fiach M Hugh?

FIACH. He can find no truer one.

LEE. Do you think you even share same aim?

FIACH. His aim and mine are one: drive out the English and to restore Catholic Faith.

LEE. So simple—so clear-cut—so li ted! England, you say, as if there w in England only one mind. In Engl there are many minds in oppositi playing for power. You do not see yond your tribal limits. What do know of England? O'Neill—*he* kno And I know also. Not long since I in England. There is a man in Engl —and one day—one day—but w would you know of such things? and O'Neill forsooth! He values too highly. I tell you I will one bring O'Neill a great confederate—a p greater than mountainy minds co dream—

ROSE. Who is this man?

LEE. If I told you, you would not have eard of him. Come, let us confine our- elves to present issues—

ROSE. The present issue is that you are ere in our power, that we may now estroy you, as you would destroy us, you could.

LEE. Then why have I not destroyed ou? I could have done so ere now.

ROSE. If you destroyed us, it would have o be secretly, lest it should break your ond with O'Neill.

LEE. Did I help you when you were risoner in the Pale?

ROSE. Yes.

LEE. Why?

(*Rose is silent*).

FIACH. Why, then? Give answer your- lf.

LEE. As you yourself said a minute ago, 'Neill is my friend, and I serve not only im, but also those whom he would wish e to serve. And so—

Turlough comes in by the door right. He is wearing a cloak. He is wet and wind-swept).

FIACH. Turlough! I feared—

(*There is a pause*).

TURLOUGH. How—did—this carrion get here?

LEE. Ravens need carrion, do they not? nd so you find this poor carrion in the st of the Raven of Wicklow.

TURLOUGH. (*Roughly*). Father, do you t know a traitor when you see one?

ROSE. You should know that your ther's sight is not keen to detect a aitor. That is the failing ever of an nest man. But for Lee—whether or t he is our enemy—

FIACH. He brings a message from 'Neill.

TURLOUGH. Show me. (*Fiach hands urlough the letter. As Turlough takes it th his left hand, his cloak falls off, and e sees that his right arm has the sleeve und round it. Turlough reads the letter ickly*). Thank God for this! (*To Lee*). here did *you* get it? Did Russell tercept it and give it you to bring re?

LEE. What purpose would that serve?

TURLOUGH. God knows! You know your own purpose. What O'Neill's purpose is in trusting you or using you is more than I—than I— (*Blood has been oozing through his sleeve. He falters*).

FIACH. (*Crossing to him hurriedly*) You're bleeding! What's this? Here—sit here. Rose, help him!

(*Fiach helped by Rose, lowers Turlough into a chair near the table. Rose attempts to unroll Turlough's sleeve*).

ROSE. Let me see your arm.

TURLOUGH. (*Quietly*). No. Let it be.

FIACH. Turlough, who wounded you?

TURLOUGH. He is dead—the man that wounded me.

FIACH. An Englishman?

TURLOUGH. No.

FIACH. Whom have you killed, my son?

TURLOUGH. Tadg O'Toole.

ROSE. (*Slowly*). Tadg O'Toole—he would be my cousin.

TURLOUGH. Of Powerscourt—a crawling worm I met west of the mountain, on his way to the Pale with great news.

FIACH. Bad news for us then. Tell it quickly.

(*Turlough is silent*).

LEE. Turlough is afraid that carrion might have ears. But this news would affect O'Neill.

TURLOUGH. It does not matter. It cannot be kept secret. Bad news travels fast. Cavanagh who kept our borders to the west—Cavanagh stands behind his submission. Cavanagh has given in to Russell.

FIACH. Cavanagh! God in Heaven, Cavanagh!

ROSE. Who will keep the gap now against Ormond? On the east the English and the Newragh O'Byrnes, and now on the west our borders lie open too.

TURLOUGH. You say nothing, Lee. Maybe it is not news to you. Is it?

LEE. (*Ironically*). It is so appalling I can find no words.

ROSE. (*To Turlough*). Were you in Cavanagh's Country during these two days you were from here?

TURLOUGH. I was. What of it?

ROSE. You lose much blood. Let me tie this kerchief tight above the wound.

TURLOUGH. I have killed an O'Toole. Did you not hear?

ROSE. I heard.

LEE. You killed the brother of that O'Toole last July. And yet the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles are so closely related.

TURLOUGH. So closely related! (*He laughs loudly. He speaks with feverish excitement*). Never was there so close a relationship, except maybe O'Neill and O'Donnell. O'Neill is the father-in-law and the brother-in-law of O'Donnell. O'Donnell is the son-in-law and the brother-in-law of O'Neill. And this my step-mother is the sister-in-law of both my brothers, and maybe if she had a third sister—

FIACH. Be silent, Turlough! (*Turlough's head falls forward on the table*). Máire, Nessa, here!

(*Nessa runs out of the hall*).

NESSA. Turlough! Oh, what—?

FIACH. Get water and a towel.

(*Nessa runs into the hall again. Fiach supports Turlough into the hall*).

LEE. Do you know, I like this household. (*Rose goes to the window, and stands with her back to Lee*). It is so interesting and so transparent. Not to every eye perhaps. But to me—yes. That is one thing we share, Rose O'Toole: we like what is subtle.

ROSE. We share nothing.

LEE. (*Going to stand behind her and speaking in a low voice*). Do we not? Do we not? But we might have. We should have. We will yet.

ROSE. (*Turning*). One word from me and you would be thrown to the dogs to tear.

LEE. But you will not say that word. Why did you not tell your husband why I stood between you and the death sentence?

ROSE. What know I of your twisted motives?

LEE. You knew my motive in that.

ROSE. And laughed at it. Did you dare, you threadbare hireling, to raise your eyes to the wife of Fiach MacHugh? Learn your place and keep it.

LEE. Have you found your place? Is it here at the side of this hoary firebrand who beats his stupid head eternally agai the wall?

ROSE. He is a king.

LEE. Who crowned him so?

ROSE. His deeds.

LEE. Paugh! A petty chieftain o junior branch of a mountainy tril O'Neill's battering ram who knows no ing of O'Neill's mind. You are no que my lass, and when your old man slaughtered this year or next, what you be then? What is the widow's sh out of the clan property? Who support your rights?

ROSE. You with your crooked mi your lust for gain, you squint at life. Y find in everyone your own foulness

LEE. Oh, but it was clever of y cozening the step-sons with your sist But one you did not cozen—the one w matters most, the eldest son. Tell Rose O'Toole, why do you bear ill- towards Turlough? (*She does not answ* Is it because, unlike his brothers, he not meekly follow where you lead? is it because he too much respects father's wife?

ROSE. (*With slow loathing*). You are vile—so vile a thing!

(*Turlough comes in from the hall. arm is bound*).

TURLOUGH. (*To Rose*). My father wo speak with you in private. I will wa this man.

ROSE. You are yet weak from y wound.

TURLOUGH. He cannot escape. would be cut to pieces at the foot the stairs.

(*Rose goes into hall. Turlough silently watching Lee. There is a mome silence*).

LEE. They talk within. Fiach and R O'Toole discuss my tidings—maybe cide my fate. And you sit here. T is curious. (*Pause*) Yes, it is curious t the eldest son sits outside like a kern w his father and his step-mother council together.

TURLOUGH. I have already cast my for your death.

LEE. Then I shall live.

TURLOUGH. Why?

LEE. When did Rose O'Toole ever pport your word? (*Pause*) But then, u do not improve matters by slaying r relations.

TURLOUGH (*Contemptuously*). I slew Toole and his brother because they re Castle spies—not because they were -out relations of Rose O'Toole.

LEE. What difference does it make why u slew them? They were paltry ngers-on of the Powerscourt O'Tooles. these days a few varlets more or less ike no matter.

TURLOUGH. That is why I voted for ur death.

LEE. How different will your fate be! had not the luck to be the eldest son a great father. You will succeed him. your branch of the O'Byrnes the lest son always succeeds the father in ieftaincy. In that your method is e English law, but with one great ference. By English law the eldest son ts all the lands and goods. By our sh law, when you succeed as chieftain, u will get only one third of the mensal ids. A third each will go to Phelim d to Raymond.

TURLOUGH. You will be telling me my ne next.

LEE. Well, but I am only thinking aloud, d as I think—suddenly I begin to see.

TURLOUGH. What?

LEE. I see that, if you were dead, elim the husband of Rose's sister Una uld become chieftain, and he would re all the mensal lands with Raymond, o is married to Rose's sister Catrín. d Rose would keep her power over m all. Turlough, I am a man of rnful temper, but I respect you.

TURLOUGH. For what?

LEE. For not throwing in your lot with English.

TURLOUGH. I? With the English?

LEE. That is why I respect you. From English you would gain everything. things stand, you will gain less, if eed you are spared to succeed at all. what father's love can stand firm inst the whisperings of a wife on whom dotes?

(*Fiach and Rose enter together from the hall*).

LEE. (*Rising*) Well, O'Byrne, the wind was in my face as I came hither. It will be at my back as I return.

(*He takes a step towards the doorway right*).

FIACH. Not so fast! In my country I have the power of life and death.

LEE. Decide then. Do I stay to be murdered? Do I go to carry on O'Neill's work? Make up your mind.

FIACH. I have made up my mind. You are one of two things: a servant of Russell befooling O'Neill, or a servant of O'Neill befooling Russell. Whatever you may be, one thing is certain—you are our enemy. You would cut our throats, but your fear of O'Neill withholds you. We would cut your throat, but our love of O'Neill withholds us—

LEE. It comes to what I have already said: I go.

FIACH. But you will not go alone to wander as you will through the O'Byrne Country. You will go hence under an armed escort. The Captain of that escort has orders to see you out of Glenmalure, or at the first sign of treachery to kill you.

LEE. I ask nothing better. The gates of Ballinacor will open outwards. I shall ride forth with my guard of honour.

FIACH. (*Threateningly*). Before me out that door, and I will give commands below.

LEE. (*With a valedictory flourish*). Farewell to the tanist and farewell to the mistress of Ballinacor!

(*He goes out right before Fiach. As he goes, Nessa comes from the hall into the anteroom to watch. Máire stands at the doorway of the hall*).

ROSE. (*In a low voice*) Yet I do fear him.

MÁIRE. Woe, woe, woe to this house! A headless man walked out that door, and a headless man followed at his heels. (*Rose draws back against the wall. Turlough rises. Nessa shrinks back. All three stand at extreme left front, frozen and staring*). Why stare you, youth with the mangled throat and the eyeless sockets, your bowels trailing about your knees?

(*To Nessa*) Why stare you, woman grey and withered? You have a long way to travel and a heavy load. (*To Rose*) Wife of O'Byrne, a dark cloud closes round you. Your hands are dripping with blood. Blood rises about your feet. It washes like a tide on the cold hearth-stone. It breaks like a wave against these walls. It falls in torrents from an evil sky.

(*Fiach strides in from entrance right. He crosses hastily to the window*).

FIACH. There they go—galloping past the houses. Now the gates swing open. They ride through.

(*There is the sharp rattle of a drum. An order is shouted in an English voice: "Through the gates! In, in?" There are confused cries*).

FIACH. God! We are attacked! (*Turlough rushes to the window*). Sound the alarm! Down! (*Turlough rushes through entrance to the hall. Fiach shouts through the window*) Up, men! To the gates! Farradh, farradh!

(*Fiach rushes out from entrance to hall*).

NESSA. (*Wringing her hands*). What shall we do? What shall we do?

ROSE. Stop that wailing! We will fight. Into the hall. Get water, burning coals, anything to cast upon them.

(*The three women launch themselves through entrance into hall. Just as they have passed through entrance there are sounds of rushing feet, and cries come from the rear entrance into hall. The women pause. An English voice shouts: "Up the stairs!" An Irish voice cries: "Back! Back!" Rose and the other women slowly draw back again into anteroom*).

ROSE. They are up the main stair Our men are falling back. They ha the door. No! They are in—the En lish! They are in!

(*Sounds of steel on steel. Shouts. Groa Fiach rushes in from hall*).

FIACH. We cannot hold them! (*English voice shouts from the rear entra to the hall:* "Come out, Raven, a croak your last!" *Fiach turns, wav his sword*). You who spoke, die not un I kill you! (*To the women*). Down stairs, women! Out the postern!

ROSE. Not without you. We will together or die together.

MÁIRE. Not here. This is not the e

FIACH. (*Shouting*). Turlough, hold th back! (*Turlough's voice can be hea shouting:* "I am Turlough MacFiac I am Turlough MacFiach!" Dow down! (*To the women*). Out by postern. We will follow. (*The shouti in the hall grown louder. One sees T lough at the entrance to the hall, fighti madly in retreat*). You will find hor at the postern. Take the southern pa Make for Drumkilt? (*The women out right—Nessa first, then Máire. R stands a moment at the threshold, wh Fiach guards their retreat. When R also has passed from sight, Fiach turns d makes for the entrance to the hall, swo raised*). Now who challenged Raven?

SCENE III

Drumkilt—17 June 1595. The scene is a little clearing in the trees. There is a small, low hut of twisted branches at left back. Turlough is sitting under a tree right centre, sharpening a spear head. Nessa comes quickly out of the hut.

NESSA. Was that a shout?

TURLOUGH. I heard nothing.

NESSA. Máire within—she thought she heard—

TURLOUGH. (*Putting down the spear-head and rising*) The sound of galloping hooves — a distant cry. So have we all thought these sixteen days since the trial, sin the sentence.

(*Máire comes out of the hut*).

MÁIRE. Did ye not hear it—that far- thudding like a heart racing to m death? The foam scatters from horse's lips. The rider crouches lo

ow they are at the mouth of the pass. comes, it comes.

NESSA. What do you know, old mother?

MÁIRE. What I know is dim and broken. 'ere it full and clear, it would not avert e deed.

TURLOUGH. She will die then? Rose 'Toole will die?

(*Máire makes no reply*).

NESSA. Better that Rose should die than at Russell should torture her. Tur-ugh, you were in Dublin Castle once. ou know how 'tis with Rose.

Máire sinks down into a corner right. he is hardly to be seen in the shadows among the trees).

TURLOUGH. A dungeon like a tomb. he walls dripping with sweat. The or slimy with your own filth. Stench, rkness; fear. A step echoes in the ssage. A key grates in the lock. "It ill be now," you think and you try to nd; "It will be now."

NESSA. And it is June. Furze yellow the mountain here. Birds reel in the in air. Water leaps in glittering spray. h, must it be nothing ever but death d death and death?

TURLOUGH. Poor Nessa!

NESSA. Oh, Turlough, we are young.

TURLOUGH. We should have lived before is. There would have been time then r that story your mind weaves round us. it we were born into a dying world. he magic days are over, and a dark oud blots out the sun. While the earth aves beneath us, while we await the ow, everything falls into suspension d eclipse. She there in Dublin Castle— would once have thought it a release at she should die. But the moment ars, and it is no release but a brooding ror that weighs upon the heart. You re on Drumkilt—I would once have ved at what I now read on your face, it I do not joy, Nessa—

NESSA. No matter. Proud I am that u can read it.

TURLOUGH. Do you not feel the sands n out? You know our strength is ne. The enemy encircles us. Our en have the green stain of grass upon eir mouths. (*He gestures towards the rear at which point one presumes that the men's camp is situated*). We must choose between rotting slowly on this mountain or going down in arms in a last stand.

NESSA. But if we win free—

TURLOUGH. If we won free—then, then, Nessa—

(*Fiach comes in from the right back. He sits down heavily on a tree-stump. There is a moment's silence*).

MÁIRE. (*Rising and advancing a step*). Rest you, Fiach.

FIACH. (*Raising his head to look at her dully*). Where?

(*A moment's silence*).

TURLOUGH. Raymond sent word that Ormond is still at the camp at Money. A messenger from Phelim said that the English garrison at Ballinacor is two hundred strong.

FIACH. (*Half to himself*). Still at Ballinacor! In our hall at night they howl out their foreign gibberish, as they lie drunken among the broken meats. Some clanking captain takes his ease in the grianán where she—(*He breaks off. He stands up and paces to and fro*). Forty men! What can we do with forty men? Forty starve-crows staring towards the Pale. Routed at Ballinacor, driven from Glenmalure—cut off from the sea—cut off from Imaal—cut off from O'Neill! (*He walks about angrily. An Irish captain comes in by left front*). How went it, MacCuinnegan, your raid for cattle? Any prey?

MACCUIN. Not a cow. The Queen's men have seized them all.

TURLOUGH. You brought nothing?

MACCUIN. Three old garrons we drove home before us.

FIACH. (*Dully*). Let the men eat. No fires. We cannot risk it.

MACCUIN. Fires! Do you think that the men would wait for roasted collops? When the blade drove home under each garron's ear, they sprang with knives upon the heaving flanks and drank the spouting blood.

(*Fiach waves MacCuinnegan out. Mac Cuinnegan goes out by the left back*).

TURLOUGH. No food—no fighting! Soon they will think there is no hope.

FIACH. When they think that, let them go dash their heads against the rocks. Are their wives in the hands of the English? Are their wives under sentence of death?

(*A shout is heard outside. All are still. Those who have been sitting rise*).

TURLOUGH. Now at last! The messenger! (*He hurries out left back*).

MÁIRE. (*To Fiach*). Quiet your heart, my Prince. This is the hour.

(*Turlough comes in with the messenger who is labouring for breath*).

FIACH. Speak, Sheehy! Have you news?

SHEEHY. News, Chieftain.

FIACH. Give it, man. Is it done?

SHEEHY. No.

FIACH. God, must I tear the words out of your throat? Is she free? Is she to die?

SHEEHY. She dies tomorrow.

(*Fiach turns away. With his dagger he strikes at a tree-trunk with sharp stabbings*).

TURLOUGH. Is your message certain?

SHEEHY. Certain.

TURLOUGH. Who gave it you?

SHEEHY. A Castle soldier that I bribed and met, and met again these sixteen days since ye sent me to Dublin to bring ye tidings.

TURLOUGH. You have done bravely. Go now, Sheehy.

SHEEHY. That is not all.

FIACH. (*Turning*) They shall not spike her head upon the gates to rot and shrivel. Go, Turlough, tell the men. Ask who will ride with me on the Pale? Who will dash himself against the walls of Dublin? Who's for death?

SHEEHY. Chieftain, her head they will not spike.

FIACH. That grace they have—even they.

SHEEHY. She is to be burned alive.

(*Complete silence. Nessa hides her face in her hands. Fiach stands motionless. Then he slowly tears his shirt open at the neck, as if he were choking. He stands with his right hand still closed like iron on the torn shirt. His left hand is clenched at his side*).

NESSA. (*Moaningly*) No, no, no!

(*Turlough motions Sheehy out*).

SHEEHY. (*To Fiach*) I have a lette must put into your hand—into no h but yours, Chieftain. So said the L Rose, your wife.

(*Fiach says nothing. Sheehy puts letter into Fiach's hand. Fiach tigh his hand upon it. He makes no attemp read it*).

MÁIRE. Give me the letter, Fiach

FIACH. (*Vaguely*) What?

MÁIRE. Do not read it, foster-brot

TURLOUGH. Maybe that Rose plan escape and needs our help. Read read it!

(*Fiach opens the letter; reads it; ra his head and looks at the staring gr reads it again. Then he slowly crushes letter between his fingers, where it rema*

FIACH. (*Softly*) Go now! (*Louder*) all of you!

MÁIRE. Fiach—

FIACH. (*Shouting*) Go, go, go from m Leave me! (*They all begin to go Sheehy goes out left back; Nessa Máire by right centre between the tr Turlough reluctantly turns to follow M out*). All except Turlough.

TURLOUGH. (*Turning*) Father, is th nothing we can do?

FIACH. (*Slowly groping for words*) are my son—my eldest son—my dea son—

TURLOUGH. Give me commands, an will give them force.

FIACH. You!

TURLOUGH. Father, you look upon strangely.

FIACH. I do not know you. I h never known you.

TURLOUGH. Father, what comes a must bear.

FIACH. Must I bear this? Trai monster! You have sold me to English.

TURLOUGH. I?

FIACH. I know you now at last. have betrayed me.

TURLOUGH. Cursed be the one says so.

FIACH. Rose says so—in this lette

TURLOUGH. And was that her last nessage? Then may God save her soul ut of the fire, for blacker falsehood, ouler witness—

FIACH. Those who face death speak ruth.

TURLOUGH. Never did Rose O'Toole peak truth of me. Ever her poison dropped into your ear, killing your faith n me, killing your love for me—

FIACH. My faith in you was never broken ill now.

TURLOUGH. Give me that letter.

FIACH. (*Putting it within his shirt*) No.

TURLOUGH. Can you even prove that she wrote it?

FIACH. Her writing! Do you think I do not know her writing?

TURLOUGH. But writing can be copied. Some English plot it is.

FIACH. No. She signs it with a—love-name none knew except ourselves.

TURLOUGH. What says that letter? I have a right to know.

FIACH. It says: "Husband, I have found proof in Dublin Castle that your son Turlough is leagued with Russell privately. He has already sold you to Russell, and only waits the time to deliver you into Russell's hand."

TURLOUGH. It is a lie! A lie without foundation! I swear by the Cross of Christ, our Saviour, that I am faithful to you.

FIACH. Bitter was the Cross of Christ, our Saviour, and small the price of His betrayal. Judas, was it for thirty pieces you sold me?

TURLOUGH. Father, for much I can make allowance. Grief unhinges you. These sixteen days you have been upon the rack—

FIACH. *She* has been upon the rack!

TURLOUGH. Now she is to die and you run wild. But think what love there ever was between us. Take back those words.

FIACH. Never.

TURLOUGH. Reason it out. If I am traitor, why am I here at Drumkilt?

FIACH. Could you, from the distance of Dublin Castle, learn our plans? You wait your chance.

TURLOUGH. I am cut off as ye are. How could I find a way to hand you over?

FIACH. You ride abroad to reconnoitre. You ride alone. Whom meet you then?

TURLOUGH. I tell you—

FIACH. Now I remember how you rode abroad before the English came to Ballinacor.

TURLOUGH. I brought them there, did I?

FIACH. Maybe you did. Lee seemed the likely traitor, but I did not know then the master-spy I had at my elbow.

TURLOUGH. And I did not defend Ballinacor? I did not fight until the end?

FIACH. As you fought—now it comes to me—as you fought you shouted: "I am Turlough MacFiach!"

TURLOUGH. You were getting the women away. I cried my name out that the men might know they were not leaderless—

FIACH. Or to warn the English not to slay their friend.

TURLOUGH. If you think that, you can twist anything.

FIACH. You were in Cavanagh's Country when he submitted—

TURLOUGH. Therefore it was I who caused him to submit! God! Does not my life stand witness for me? Are these your proofs? Is this your justice? Not Fiach MacHugh it is who speaks, but Rose O'Toole who speaks through him. She has unmanned you. She has turned my brothers from me. Now I understand that look I used to see sometimes in their eyes—that strange look.

FIACH. No doubt, they knew you for what you are.

TURLOUGH. Did I know them for what they are? Did they dream of what they might gain, if I were dead? Was this the creeping malice at Ballinacor? Was this why my brothers seemed to draw away? Or did that woman fool them with her hints of my baseness? How it spread over us—that web of cunning! How she played upon you all—hoodwinked, plotted, schemed and lied! Power! She wanted power! Even were you dead, she would have power through my brothers who followed her like dogs!

Like dogs, I say! Where was the clean life we had once, when we could hold our heads higher than any man in Wicklow? Where was our peace? Had we one moment's peace since she came home your wife?

FIACH. You had the peace you bought. You hated her.

TURLOUGH. Not I.

FIACH. Ever—ever—from the first. Did you even sign her marriage contract? Your brothers did, but *you*—you would not sign.

TURLOUGH. I remembered what you had then forgotten.

FIACH. And what had I forgotten?

TURLOUGH. My mother.

FIACH. Her did I not forget. Nor did I ever disrespect her memory.

TURLOUGH. Did you not? I remember Sadbh O'Byrne, my mother—a quiet woman of shining honour. It was not quietness or honour you put in her place. To see you dote on Rose O'Toole, to see you yield to her judgment, to see her ever hinting, hinting, hinting her purpose. No more there was of Sadbh O'Byrne. No, not even a Mass in memory of her death day? What of our tribal book, the Leabar Branach, where poets write that our names may live forever when we are dust? Ó Heoghusa, Ó Dalaigh, Fearganainm Mhac Eochadha—they have dipped their quills in the juice of elderberry to write on vellum immortal praises. Of whom? Of Sadbh, my mother? Not one word—not one word! Poem after poem flashes forth for Rose—flower of women, lissom, lovely, generous, wise and valiant. But she who is gnawed by the hungry worm—my mother, my mother—she lies in darkness—nothing for her!

FIACH. Your words are dipped in venom. You speak not like a man, but like a child crying for his mother's breast.

TURLOUGH. So each man cries within him when the knife is to his throat.

FIACH. Turlough, do you remember that day you first rode beside me into battle? 'Twas at the Ford of Clara. You were so young the down was yet white on your neck. The English force came on—twice our number. You stooped to tighten your girth. Your face w hidden. I saw your fingers tremb The English broke upon us like a floo You clenched your teeth, and when cried the charge, you drove into th midst, I at your side to turn their blac from you. You killed your man. Th night we feasted. You slipped out alon I followed you. You turned to me a said: "I see his face, father. I see h face. His blood is on me."

TURLOUGH. Then were you a fathe

FIACH. Then were you a son to m What has changed you? For what pri have you sold me? Would you hurry m into my grave? Can you not wait to chief in my stead? You would take yo title from the English? You would we the golden chain? Do you long for th foreign grey gun? Do you long to ou your brothers? To have their share well as your own? Listen; I will p off my chieftaincy. Take it. It is honour more barren than you know Only your brothers' lands you cann have. They are not mine to give.

TURLOUGH. I want them not. I a not to be chief—

FIACH. Admit it. I will forgive yo weakness. Take again your oath fealty. But if you still deny your falsenes you would have me doubt the word Rose. That will I never do. Therefor Turlough, only admit it, and it will h forgotten.

TURLOUGH. Admit it? Crave pardo for an infamy that is not mine? An clear your wife of her most deadly sin Sooner would I allow myself be torn t pieces. Never will I forget your accusa tion. Never will you be father more mine, or I your son. This is the legac that woman leaves us, ere they bur her tomorrow like the evil witch she is— and I pray that she may die shrieking an that her soul may burn forever.

FIACH. (*Furiously*) Now for that I w kill you!

(*He strikes at Turlough with his sword*).

TURLOUGH. (*Fending Fiach off*). O man, your sinews loosen. There is n down on my neck now. Back, back!

FIACH. (*Shouting*) To me! To me! To
e!
*He continues to strike wildly at Tur-
ugh. Turlough does not strike at his
ther. He merely fends off his father's
ows. MacCuinnegan and two kerns rush
from left back. Máire and Nessa hurry
in from right centre*).

MACCUINN. What's here?

*MacCuinnegan and the kerns separate
iach and Turlough. Father and son,
ld back by the men, glare at each other,
panting*).

MÁIRE. Turlough, Turlough, he is your
ther!

FIACH. (*Gasping for breath*). You see
is murderous hound? He has betrayed
e. Rose in her letter says it. Sold I
n—sold to Russell. 'Twas proved to
r in Dublin Castle.

NESSA. Proved? Was it proved? What
oofs has she given you?

FIACH. Her word, her word! What
her proof is needed?

MÁIRE. Too weak a proof. Turlough
your own flesh.

TURLOUGH. Too strong a hold has
se's flesh on him.

FIACH. Seize him! (*The soldiers hesi-
te*). You love the English, do you,
ng churl? (*To Turlough*). Then go to
em! Seize him, I say! (*The soldiers
sieze Turlough*). Fetch chains! In with
him to Dublin Castle! Let Russell
claim his own.

TURLOUGH. (*Struggling*). I see it now
You sell my life for hers. That was her
bargain with the English. That is your
bargain also. You are sending me to my
death.

FIACH. I am sending you to your friends
—to riches and honours. Prove now
whether the English have for you more
than a father's love. Me you murdered
in your mind. Me you would have given
up to torture, to invincible hatred and
to the most frightful death they could
devise.

TURLOUGH. (*As the soldiers drag him
out towards left back*). To that you send me.

NESSA. She lied—Rose lied! They will
kill him!

(*She rushes towards Turlough*).

FIACH. (*To MacCuinnegan*) Hold her
back!

(*MacCuinnegan holds back Nessa*).

MÁIRE. Fiach, this son you will remem-
ber always. Do not this deed.

FIACH. Carry him out. Throw him
over a horse's back. Load chains upon
him. Let the bondsman of the English
go bound. Out of my sight—out of my
sight forever!

TURLOUGH. Yet will you see my face.

SCENE IV

September 1596. The scene is a glen near Knockdreyt. When the curtain rises, Fiach, Phelim and Raymond are seated (on rocks or fallen timber). There is an opening between the trees centre back. Phelim and Raymond have their backs to this opening. Fiach faces it.

FIACH. Name them over again. Let
see whom we could have.

PHELIM. (*Reading from a parchment in
hand*). O'Moore—

FIACH. With us.

PHELIM. O'Connor—

FIACH. With us.

PHELIM. Murtagh Og Cavanagh—

RAYMOND. Maybe.

PHELIM. Melaghlin MacWilliam Duff—

FIACH. With us.

PHELIM. O'Tooles of Imaal—

RAYMOND. With us.

PHELIM. O'Tooles of Castlekevin.

FIACH. Should be.

PHELIM. Phelim O'Toole of Powers-
court—

FIACH. We want him not, that shuffler,
though he be my sister's husband.

RAYMOND. We may have the Butlers
now. They cry out against Lee.

FIACH. (*In a brooding voice*). Lee—yes.
Lee has escaped us. Lee remains. We

cannot rest until we have wiped him from the earth.

PHELIM. Cavanagh Spáinneach—

RAYMOND. With us.

PHELIM. Kinsella should be ours—

RAYMOND. And the Irish O'Reilly.

PHELIM. And O'Neill's supplies would flow south to us in safety if O'Madden reverses last year's defeat.

RAYMOND. Then the men of Connaught and the Scots would pass to us through O'Madden's Country.

PHELIM. All we need now is luck. Let us have luck and Leinster will come together and fight together. We will drive the English into the sea.

RAYMOND. O'Donnell carries it his own way in Connaught. Sure he must since he has forced them to accept at his hands Ulick Bourke as the MacWilliam.

PHELIM. And Ulster—O'Neill has driven the English to sue for terms. He plays with them as cat with mouse. But while his peace lasts with them, can we break out?

(*Fiach, since his last speech, has been lost in his own thoughts. Phelim and Raymond now pause for his reply*).

PHELIM. (*Looking directly at his father*) I say can we break out?

FIACH. (*Returning from his thoughts*). What did you say?

RAYMOND. We were saying— What ails you, father?

FIACH. That pardon Russell sent us yesterday—

PHELIM. You tore it up.

FIACH. Aye, I tore it up. They gave me my land by English patent. She grants it to me—she, that foreign striapach! My lands! And they grant pardon—for myself, for you, my two sons Phelim and Raymond—and for Rose, my wife—pardon for Rose—

PHELIM. Therefore Russell must release her. This day or next she will walk out the gates of Dublin Castle. And Sheehy will be waiting with the horses as we told him to wait.

FIACH. But if they do not free her.—If it is a trick—. I went in to Russell and knelt before him. (*He rises*). I knelt before him—humbled myself. I kissed his hand. But if now they hold her still

(*Rose appears at centre back betw the trees. She wears an old cloak. Sh pale and travel-stained. Her hair ha in two braids on her breast*).

FIACH. Rose!

(*Phelim and Raymond spring to th feet*).

PHELIM. (*Advancing*). Rose—when

RAYMOND. Rose at last! Welco Rose.

ROSE. Am I welcome? Am I, husban

FIACH. (*Without advancing*) Where not here? I cannot say "Come i my house," for house we have not, come into our midst.

(*She advances slowly*).

PHELIM. When did they free you?

ROSE. Last night.

RAYMOND. Last night? What happe then?

PHELIM. What delayed you? Wh is Sheehy?

ROSE. Sheehy I left in Dublin. I r alone.

RAYMOND. But why alone?

ROSE. (*Slowly*). I had to find my c way. I did not know where that w would lead me.

(*Nessa comes in from right front*).

NESSA. Fiach, those men who came us wounded—(*She sees Rose*). You

ROSE. (*Quietly*). I, Nessa.

(*Nessa turns to go*).

FIACH. Stay, Nessa. Have you greeting?

NESSA. I could say much. What u (*To Rose*) Not in one lifetime, not in m lifetimes will there be an end to the r you have brought on us. (*To Fia* You I have pitied. I have stayed your side; followed in your flig shared your defeat. And in all that t have I spoken? Have I said anythi

FIACH. Nothing.

NESSA. (*To Fiach*) I told myself it was not your guilt; that I should le to touch your hand again and not rem ber whose blood was on it—

PHELIM. Be silent!

NESSA. But now I see you welcome woman. Now I see the bond of g

drawing you together, healing the breach as the flesh heals over an open wound—

ROSE. You are so young. You judge with hatred.

NESSA. Did you not judge with hatred? Now I will tell you a strange thing: I am glad you are alive. Death would be too easy an escape.

FIACH. Go out, go out!

NESSA. I will go out, and I will go from here.

PHELIM. Madness! The hills are full of soldiers.

NESSA. What could happen to me? Nothing can ever happen to me again. When Turlough died, I died.

(*She rushes out by right front. Phelim gestures to Raymond. They both follow her*).

ROSE. Speak then.

FIACH. What would you have me say?

ROSE. Has it come to this, that there remains between us not even one word?

FIACH. You know me what I am. Words come not trippingly upon my tongue. With me it was ever a kiss or a blow.

ROSE. A kiss or a blow might bring us nearer than any word.

FIACH. It was not blows you ever had from me.

ROSE. Last night when I left Dublin I rode towards Castlekevin. But when I neared it, I reined in my horse. I turned this way. I stopped again. Not this way either. What way was left?

FIACH. (*Slowly*) Rose, Rose—why did you do it?

ROSE. I did not, Fiach. I swear I did not.

FIACH. It was the torture. That was it—the torture—you could not stand it. Oh, I do not blame you for shrieking out what they would know. You are a woman. Even men have babbled on the rack. Walter Riavach, my own daughter's husband, gave information about the help from Spain. There is a point when men can stand no more. How could a woman stand it? No shame in that. If you had told them where I was, how they could capture me, the numbers of my men, my secret plans, O'Neill's confederates—anything, anything that was the truth! But to buy your life with a lie so foul—

ROSE. It did not happen so. 'Twas not the torture. Did I yield to the torture that time before. You know I did not, that I never would—

FIACH. Do you say then that you did this in cold blood? I won't believe you. In that hell that I have carried with me since that day I have tossed to and fro, and back and forth to find a reason. I would tell myself that you had weakened. I would think sometimes that they had driven you mad, that you were frenzied when you sent me word he was a traitor. Were you some other woman, I might think that with a cool and calculated malice you sought his death; that you had wearied of an ageing husband, and drew me in to practise such a deed that I would hang myself—

ROSE. Fiach!

FIACH. But you were Rose. To that I would return. You were Rose. I thought on all that you had been to me. I could not doubt you. You would not cause me to be your instrument. You would not plunge me into so dark a pit. You would not send me branded among men as my son's murderer.

ROSE. I did not plan it. Do you think I planned it? I was deceived as you.

FIACH. False, you said. He false! It will be told forever as a legend how true he was. Power and gold they offered him; aye, and those things you used to hint he wanted: the lands, the chieftaincy. Not for these would he sell me or change his ancient faith. Scourges and boiling pitch and red-hot irons—still he held firm. They broke his bones, flayed him alive, put out his eyes, hanged him in chains, tore him to pieces. My son! But you said he was false, and I believed you. You said you had proof.

ROSE. I thought I had.

FIACH. You said you had proof that he betrayed me. His proofs he gave that he was faithful. Give now your proofs that he was false.

ROSE. He has disproved my proofs, but they seemed proofs to me. That is the truth. I do not lie. I did not plan it. I

refused to speak. Then at last they jeered at me for thinking I could save you by my silence. There was a parchment that they showed me—signed with his name, accepting the lands, accepting the chieftaincy, swearing to give you to them in exchange. They showed it to me. How could I know it was a trick? How could I know?

FIACH. And this was the proof for which I took your word? This was the proof on which I sent him in to Russell?

ROSE. This was the proof. But I believed it.

FIACH. You believed it, Rose. And I believed it. Oh, I do not seek to throw the blame on you. We are yoked together in this blood-guilt. I believed it because I loved you. You believed it because you hated him.

ROSE. No, but that I loved you, feared ever a plot against you, was jealous for your rights—

FIACH. Do I not remember how you would always find some fault in him? You sought in every word and deed of his something to blame. So when the time came to make true judgment of him, you judged unjustly.

ROSE. Yes, I judged unjustly. From that root springs everything. I judged unjustly. I don't hate him now. I envy him—I envy him his peace. There in that prison, as I lay in darkness, I would go back and try to trace it out. Where did it begin—that madness that blinded me? I cannot tell you. Something strange there was. When I first saw him at Castlekevin—he came with you before you married me. I looked up. There he stood. Something surged up in me. Our eyes met; our wills met—like a challenge. And when you brought me home—that night of feasting—he kept his gaze on me and curled his lip. So it began. So it went on. I hated him. Hatred is something that leaps up when a name is mentioned; something that makes your senses more alive, so that you'd know one voice, one footfall out of all the world; something that gnaws your mind and frays your nerves. Though my back was to the door, I'd know when he came in. I knew how his eyes change with his mood; how his face closed whe he was angry—everything, everythin except his mind. Against that wall beat myself in vain. I could not stop Precious and deadly was that poison. knew it would devour our lives. I knew such hate was sin. I could not give i up—

FIACH. (*In a strangled tone*) Such *hate*

ROSE. (Weeping) I could not give it up (*There is a pause*).

FIACH. Do not weep now. The time for weeping is past.

ROSE. (*Weeping*) But it was not that willed his death. I did not know him I believed him false. That was the reason It was not that I could not breathe whil he and I were tangled in that net. Wa there not room on earth for both of us Where is it all gone now—this feelin that ate my life? What will take it place? What will wash me clean? I there no penance that will wipe away wha I have done? How can you bear me in your sight?

FIACH. Dearest were you ever to me The love I gave you was more than lov man ever gave to woman. For I set you above all women and above all men Had you told me to fetch you the sun out of the sky, I'd have thought it too poo a thing for you. Had you told me tha night was day, I'd have believed you You led. I followed. I am not one t think and reason, and to see clearly; and honour seemed to shine from all you did I gave my life, my will, my judgmen into your hand. That was my fault—no yours. You never asked such power o me. If I held you incapable of error were you to blame? If I that knew my son since he was born could do him out rage in my mind, the fault is mine. Min is the sin. Mine is the punishment—a punishment far greater than you guess Look back no more. We must look back no more.

ROSE. Can we look forward then?

FIACH. We must go on—not as we were for that is past. From this time forth we will scourge each other every time our eyes meet.

ROSE. Merry the prison I have left to the prison we enter now. I will say what you had not the heart to say: no more must you and I live side by side. I could bear to humble myself before them all, but I could not bear to see you shrink from me—

FIACH. Not that.

ROSE. And so I ask that I may go from here to Castlekevin or whatever place you may think fit. I will be no less your wife, and I will bring no shame upon your name. Trust me for that.

FIACH. I will show you the trust I have in you. If your peace lies in Castlekevin, I will not stop you, but there is something only you can do for me—

ROSE. Name it.

FIACH. O'Neill and Norreys chaffer at a peace. O'Neill asks that I come in person to bear my share in council, or else that I send whom I will to speak for me.

ROSE. Oh, husband!

FIACH. I will send you. All the way north you must be saying to yourself: "This is for Fiach. I do this for Fiach."

ROSE. No, but I shall be saying: "Fiach does this for me."

(*Máire comes in from right front*).

MÁIRE. Mistress, is it all said?

ROSE. It is all said.

MÁIRE. Come with me, and I will give you food and wash your feet.

ROSE. (*Very slowly*). There was a woman who washed the feet of Jesus with her tears and dried them with her hair.

(*She goes out with Máire. Fiach stands silently a moment*).

FIACH. (*Shouting*). Phelim—Raymond!

(*Phelim and Raymond enter quickly from the rear*).

PHELIM. What would you have?

FIACH. I'll wait no longer. We will ride out now and fall upon the English. Go, Raymond. Give the order to the men. We ride to Ballinacor!

(*Raymond runs out. He can be heard outside shouting: To Ballinacor! Up, men!" The men answer with a wild cry*).

PHELIM. We will rout out the English now? Begin again?

FIACH. From this night till my death we will make Leinster blaze! (*He strides towards the rear and shouts*) To arms! To arms!

SCENE V

In the Glynnes—6 May 1597. It is dusk. The background of jagged peaks and arid, stony wastes look menacing in the crepuscular gloom. On the left the irregular outline of a cave-mouth projects some little way. At the right, about three-quarters towards the back, some stunted trees cast a shadow deep enough to offer concealment. When the curtain rises, Fiach is seated on a low projecting ledge at front side of cave mouth. He is enveloped in an old cloak. His head is bent. Then he raises it, and speaks in a heavy and apathetic tone.

FIACH. Are you there, old Máire?

MÁIRE. (*Coming from within to mouth of cave*) Here I am, Fiach, here within the cave mouth. Come in, come in out of the dews of night.

FIACH. (*Without turning his head*). I would not lie in darkness, or feel the walls close round me, or the roof pressing down on my head like a coffin-lid.

(*There is a moment's pause. Máire emerges and huddles on the ground near Fiach*).

MÁIRE. Is it that every roof would stifle you?

FIACH. Every roof—every place.

MÁIRE. Not Ballinacor.

FIACH. Ballinacor lies open to the sky. (*Slight pause*) I remember how Fearghal Mac Lughaidh used to tell us tales about the vikings in the far Norseland; how when the chieftain died they put his body on a ship, set fire to it, and sent it blazing out over the sea, cleaving the darkness. But I have made my own funeral fire.

To drive the English out I had to burn my house over their heads. As the flames leaped up, I stood and watched my life shooting wildly up in fiery sparks, falling to ashes. Somewhere within that dún was Fiach MacHugh—a youth glorious and lusty, feared of men, loved of women, hungry for fame. The walls crumbled and fell in upon him. The flames were swallowed up in night. I turned my horse and spurred towards the mountain. I felt nothing.

MÁIRE. Not all was gone. Revenge is a sweet honey on the tongue. That night began what raged for many nights, for you drew all Leinster to your standard. The cry was raised. The chiefs gathered. The English fled like sheep into the Pale and cowered there trembling. That was a burning that spread from glen to glen. Lee, Harrington, Hugh Duff MacDonald, Donagh the son of Tadg Og O'Byrne—the wave of fire broke over them. Many a fort shuddered and fell. No blade of grass was left in their bawns. The lowing of a cow echoed solitary in the hills.

FIACH. The English husbandmen that farmed the lands of Leinster cursed the day they crossed the Muir Meann. He who swung the scythe threw it from him. He who left his coat in the field did not go back for it. As they were, without food or weapon, they ran towards the Pale—

MÁIRE. And then out of the forests, out of the caves and rocks came those who owned the land, and they knelt and kissed the earth, and clutched within their fingers their own soil.

FIACH. That was their share of it. Short the triumph. Sharp the reckoning. Russell rallied. He rode out upon us. Then came Lee and all the rest. Then came the English troops from Brittany. The Spanish aid came not to Leinster. Strong blows battered us night and day. The cunning whisper turned us against each other. The chiefs scattered, some to fall in a last foray, some to wear the golden chain, some to flee outlawed before the English, as I do now. What use to talk? Go you within and lay you down and sleep. We cannot sta here long.

MÁIRE. Sleep, Fiach. I will watch.

FIACH. Woman, take your rest. (*Máir goes into the cave*). Too long have yo followed me. Too weak are your ol limbs to drag you farther. When th dawn whitens, you must go down an shelter in the valley. I will go on alone

MÁIRE. (*Speaking from within the cave* I will follow you to the end.

FIACH. Do you not know when to for sake a beaten man? When I rise fro here, I must go higher up the mountain Russell's bloodhounds are too hot upo my heels. Phelim and Raymond ma hold them east and west. They still hav men. My men—well, they died fighting 'Tis how a man should die—not dra his life out when the means are gone Do not think I drive you from me will ingly. It is for your own sake I sen you back. When you are gone, ho shall I beat away the thoughts that crow on me? Gadflies! When the old bul has left the herd to die, the gadflies settl on the open wound. Are you asleep (*There is no answer*). Do not sleep yet The night is closing on us and a lonely bitterness falls from the stars. Wha is this place? What change has come on me? Who am I? What has happened to my life? Fiach, son of Aodh, son o Sean—lord of a kingly line—that was a man who rushed at each new day with spear uplifted, laughed aloud above the din of battle, feasted at set of sun. His was the lime-white lios, the noble host-t ages, the tribute offered on bended knee For him the shout that rose from chiefs and nobles. Am I that man? Is this the hero's portion?

(*A voice answers from the shadowed trees*).

VOICE. This is the end.

FIACH. Who spoke? Who spoke there? Answer, man or devil?

VOICE. I am the thought that tears your mind asunder. I am the shadow that has haunted you. I am the answer to all those questions that rive your heart.

FIACH. (*Standing*). Come forth and let me see your face.

VOICE. When I come forth, you die. hall I come forth?

FIACH. Let come what may. Let the cy blaze with thunderbolts. Let the irth yawn beneath my feet and the vaddled dead surge round me. Hell's ites are open. The air is thick with readful wings and shrieking. Life falls way from me. Nor hope—nor fear—othing remains.

VOICE. You had a wife once. Where she now? She rides in beauty through ie Moyry Pass. Was she true? Was she lse? In what man's arms will she lie hen you are dead?

FIACH. (*Groaningly*) No, no!

VOICE. You had a son once. Where is e now? Where will you hide from his rtured groans? As you fled wildly p the mountain from peak to peak, what ce pursued you? As you lie down at ight, it burns within your closed lids. s you rise up into the eye of day, it ses grim and bloody at your side—'urlough!

FIACH. Not that! Not that forever!

VOICE. As they tore out his heart, he hispered: "Father!"

FIACH. Yet shall I see his face again in ve. Where he is now he knows the uth. Where he is now there is great iercy and forgivenness.

VOICE. Not for you. Were there a eaven of saints, could you climb to it ripping with his blood? Could you ough off your life of sin and foulness? ain is your dream of peace. There is o heaven—no hell save here on earth—o Christ—no Cross—no cleansing.

FIACH. Then it all ends with a handful f clay in my mouth?

VOICE. Only that. No more.

FIACH. What man would wait then for eliverance when he might free himself?

VOICE. Why do you wait? The knife to your hand.

FIACH. Now do I know that you are vil. You would sink me into hell. True is that I have fouled my soul with many ns and have lost my way. Yet was I ought with blood more precious than ny blood I spilled. I am the kern of hrist. I have betrayed Him many times more often than cock could crow. What though I have held back my tribute? What though my eric is unpaid? Yet will I fight my way into His court and bend my knee before Him. I am His man. When He cries "Farradh, farradh!" and the swords flash out, my sword is with Him, for I am entered in His muster-book and I have never cast off my allegiance.

VOICE. (*In a changed tone*). So you would fight your way to paradise? I'll speed your journey.

FIACH. Who are you? Now stand forth. I fear you not.

VOICE. (*As a man emerges from the shadows with drawn sword*) I am Lee.

FIACH. Lee! Lee at last! Have at you then!

(*Fiach draws his sword and rushes at Lee. They fight*).

LEE. (*While they are playing for position*). Still heroic! Still the old firebrand of the mountains! Still the same stupid blunderer! That night that Ballinacor was taken I split my sides. It was so pure a jest! (*Fiach is fencing heavily and slowly. His breath is laboured. Lee is fencing easily, waiting for Fiach's rushes, playing with him*). Your drunken guards—and Russell's men waiting for the gates to open! Your solemn conclave ere you let me go! Was I true? Was I false? And Rose O'Toole's capture! And the Dublin Castle trick that gulled her! All my work! All mine!

(*With a jerk of the wrist he sends Fiach's sword flying. Fiach stands facing him, half-dazed. Lee's sword pricks at Fiach's breast*).

FIACH. Strike then!

LEE. Would you fall on my sword like an ancient Roman? Oh, but I must save you for better things! I have tangled up your life into a snarl, and nothing remains but to cut the thread. I have lived for this moment. Let me savour it—this moment when the mighty Fiach stands broken before the threadbare hireling. That was her word for me. Carrion was Turlough's word. You were too dull to find a name for me.

FIACH. There is no name for such as you.

LEE. My name will be great in men's mouths when you are forgotten. You had everything—except a brain. I had nothing—except a brain. Well, my brain wins. (*He whistles shrilly*). No one will know who captured you. Not that one man with whom I'll climb to power—O'Neill.

FIACH. O'Neill—I'd die for him.

(*Sounds of men shouting and breaking through the undergrowth*).

LEE. Must you have something to die for, poor fool? (*Three English soldiers rush in*). Quick, men! 'Tis Fiach himself. (*The soldiers rush at Fiach*).

FIACH. (*Retreating before them, fumbling at his side*) Off, off, you dogs!

LEE. (*Following*) Do not kill him! The Lord Deputy's orders are to take him alive.

(*The men advance on Fiach in a semi-circle. He falls back before them to the rear side of the cave mouth and is thus hidden from view.*

LEE'S VOICE. Seize him! Now! Now!

A SOLDIER'S VOICE. He has a dagger, Captain!

(*Sounds of blows. Confused voices:* "Would you?" "Take that!" *The sound of blade on blade. A groan. Fiach's voice cries out wildly:* "Turlough!" *Lee comes from the rear of the cave mouth, bearing in his hand Fiach's head dripping with blood. He is followed by the soldiers. They are breathing hard*).

LEE. Damnation, Millbourne! Why did you kill him now?

FIRST SOLDIER. He was mad, Captain, raving mad! How could we capture him?

LEE. Well, it is done. To horse! To horse! We have at least a head wo a king's ransom!

(*They go off laughing. When they h gone, old Máire comes out of the cave. falls upon her knees by the pool of bl which has dripped from Fiach's he She dabbles her fingers in the blood; h them up; regards them curiously*).

MÁIRE. 'Tis warm. 'Tis still wa 'Tis red. Upon my hand 'tis red, on the ground 'tis purple. So well should be purple—the royal blood of O'Byrnes. They have taken you aw my Prince, my treasure, and you riding with them to the foreigners' to Ah, many a time have you raged towa the Pale—a brave horse between y knees and a brave company behind y swords flashing, cloaks streaming on air, as ye went riding, riding, rid down upon English Dublin. But n you go and you cut into little collo your head dangling from the saddle a murderous knave. No laying out, chant of priest, no candles, no k raised for you, no fingers raised to s your eyes. They'll play at ball w your kingly head; they'll send it to palace of the English harlot; the throw it from them to rot upon a t for boys to mock at. But Fiach, Fia I'll raise a keen for you! The Pope w weep upon his golden throne; a wind death will sweep over Ireland; and rain of blood will fall from heav quenching the stars. I'll call a curse your betrayer: Lee of Athy, Lee of Ath God's curse be on you! 'Twas not you Christ died! But you, O Fiach the burning heart, may you be feasti this night in the courts of heav Raven of Wicklow.

B. G. MACCARTHY

THE EXPLOITATION OF WATER POWER IN IRELAND*

BY J. A. O'RIORDAN, M.A., B.E., M.I.C.E. (I), A.M.I.C.E.

THE coming into use of electricity towards the end of the last century and the evolution of the art of long distance transmission marked the real beginning of extensive water power development in the world generally. Sources of water power hitherto valueless on account of their distance from centres of consumption can now be developed and the energy brought into market. The modern tendency is towards universal electrification through nation-wide combinations of water power and steam stations and comprehensive transmission networks. Up to the time of the construction of the Shannon Power Works and the associated national transmission network, long distance power transmission was unknown in Eire, and no attempt had been made to develop the water power resources of the country on anything but a negligible scale.

Under the provisions of the Shannon Electricity Act of 1925 the partial development of the Shannon was completed between 1925 and 1929; under the provisions of the Electricity Supply Act of 1927 the Electricity Supply Board, better known as the E.S.B., was established, in the same year, to take charge of the completed Shannon Works and to control, co-ordinate and improve the supply, distribution and sale of electricity in Eire. The 1927 Act did not empower the Board to undertake the actual construction of further water power developments. With a view, however, to advancing the exploitation of the water power resources of the country, it was authorised to carry out national power and hydrometric surveys and to prepare plans and estimates of possible schemes.

Various amending acts and the Liffey Reservoir Act were enacted, between 1927 and 1942, to enable the Board to extend the Shannon Works and to develop the potential water power resources of the upper Liffey. More recently was passed the Electricity Supply Amendment Act, 1945, which confers upon the E.S.B. comprehensive powers to enable it to explore the water power resources of the country, to prepare schemes for such rivers as it may consider suitable, and to carry out the schemes as and when approved by the Minister for Industry and Commerce.

The re-organisation of the electricity supply from 1927 onwards resulted in a rapid and continuous growth in the demand. To keep pace with this growth the generating plant on the system was progressively increased from 1932 up to the beginning of the war. The capacity of the Shannon Scheme was increased to 80,000 KW by installing a fourth 20,000 KW unit at Ardnacrusha. The river at the outlet from Lough Derg was deepened. Lough Allen and Lough Ree were developed as storage basins, bringing the combined storage capacity of the three lakes,

* An Address to the Engineering Society of University College, Dublin, on the occasion of the Inaugural Meeting on 1 February 1946.

Allen, Ree and Derg, to 480 million cubic metres. The Shannon Scheme as it exists to-day is capable of producing an average output of about 300 million units per annum.

The original tentative proposals for the full development provided for the installation of two further turbine units, combined with a raising of the water level in Lough Derg to the extent of seven feet over the present high water level of 110 feet O.D. For technical reasons, a fifth unit could not be usefully installed without raising the present level. The detailed investigations have shown that the raising of seven feet would be uneconomic. The investigations further indicated that a smaller raising of from two to five feet, combined with the installation of the fifth unit would have been uneconomic at the time and would continue to be so for a number of years. Whether a proposal on those lines may eventually become practicable depends on many unknown factors in regard to the future, which will have to be reviewed at the appropriate time. The possibility of the successful installation of the sixth unit appears remote.

The steam plant at the Pigeon House Steam Station at Dublin was modernised and the capacity increased by the installation of four new sets and nine new boilers and by the execution of the necessary ancillary works. The station now has a total installed plant capacity of 95,000 KW —made up of the four new 20,000 KW units and two older sets rated at ten and five thousand KWS. respectively.

Construction work on the hydro-electric development of the upper River Liffey, the second major water power development to be undertaken, was completed between 1937 and 1941. The scheme is designed to utilise a total fall of 225 feet through two power stations. The upper or Pollaphuca station, with a head of 150 feet, will be equipped with two 15,000 KW sets. The lower or Golden Falls station, at which the head is 66 feet, has a capacity of 4,000 KW. The total capacity of the completed scheme will therefore be 34,000 K.W.

The installation of the mechanical and electrical equipment was delayed beyond schedule by reason of the war. Although about 60 per cent. of the plant has now been put into service using temporary switch gear, it has not yet been possible to commission the second set at Pollaphuca. The estimated useful output of about 30 million units per annum may, at first sight, appear somewhat small in relation to the cost of the scheme. It is, however, entirely erroneous to evaluate the project solely on the basis of the over-all cost per unit. The correct evaluation is a highly technical problem which does not lend itself to such a simple analysis and which must take account of the function of the scheme in relation to the whole generation system. To mention, for example, only two factors: the large storage reservoir, with a capacity of 150 million cubic metres, is being operated in such a way as to enable Pollaphuca Station to take over the varying parts of the daily load demand, resulting in an improved over-all

efficiency and consequent economy on the combined generating system; and secondly the Station forms an important stand-by to the main load centre in Dublin.

Including the second set at Pollaphuca, the total installed plant capacity in the stations at Ardnacrusha, the Pigeon House, Pollaphuca and Golden Falls amounts to 209,000 K.W. The energy is distributed throughout the country over 4,000 miles of high tension transmission lines, operating at 110,000, 38,000 and 10,000 volts.

Simultaneously with the expansion of the system, the engineers of the E.S.B. were continuously engaged on the location and examination of potential water power sites throughout the country. The most important factors in the evaluation of a potential site are the probable power output and the capital cost of development. The output is primarily a function of the available water quantity and of the head or fall as determined by the topography of the site.

Apart from utilising any published information on the subject or personal knowledge of the country, the method adopted with success in the location of possible sites was generally on the following lines :—

The half-inch coloured ordnance maps for the whole country were first examined. Those maps are contoured at 100 foot intervals and give a very good pictorial representation of the general topographical features including the mountains, the rivers and the lakes.

From the half-inch maps likely-looking sites were selected and examined more closely on the one-inch maps. If the sites still looked promising, a general line of development (including possible storage basins) was sketched out on the six-inch or twenty-five inch maps. The tentative scheme was next examined on site by a walk-over survey and, if necessary, by the determination of key levels.

The probable run-off was estimated from the catchment area and the rain fall, or by comparison with similar catchment areas for which the flows were known. Knowing the available fall, it was then possible to make a good approximation to the probable annual output which might be obtained from the projected scheme.

Using the standards adopted by the World Power Conference, the theoretical potential water power resources of these sites which have now been examined and at which the development of power may reasonably be assumed to be eventually practicable is estimated at about 180,000 H.P. The theoretical capacity of the developed sites at Ardnacrusha and on the Upper Liffey may be taken at 84,000 H.P.[1] The total potential water

[1] The theoretical capacity of a water power site is not to be confused with the installed plant capacity. The theoretical capacity corresponds to the continuous output which could be obtained at the average flow. The actually installed plant capacity at a developed site normally exceeds the theoretical capacity in order to make the best use of the available water during periods of high flow and to utilise the available water to suit the load conditions.

power resources of Eire, as explored to date, may therefore be taken a not less than 264,000 H.P.—or an average of about 10 H.P. per sq. mile

This figure includes only those sites which the preliminary survey o the whole country indicated to be amongst the most promising. Further more, it does not cover any of the small sites with a potential output o say, less than about 4,000 H.P. or a useful output of, say, about 10 millio units per annum. According to recent census returns, over 250 such sites, with an average installed capacity of 38 H.P., are still in use fo local industries. There are undoubtedly innumerable potential sites o this nature throughout the country which it was not feasible to includ within the scope of the first over-all survey.

A final estimate of the total potential water power resources of th country can only be prepared when every river has been explored in careful preliminary manner and all possible power sites, both large an small, have been located. It can, however, be said at this stage tha although not so richly endowed as are, for example, Switzerland, Norwa and Sweden, the potential water power resources of Eire are of sufficien magnitude to form a valuable natural asset.

Of fundamental importance for the successful design of a water powe development and for its proper control after completion is an extensiv knowledge of the flow characteristics of the river. Both on the Shanno and on the Erne we are fortunate in having records which enabled us t reconstruct the daily flows from the early nineties of the last century u to the present time. The records on the Liffey are now available for mor than 23 years. It would not normally be possible, of course, to postpon the development of a site for, say, 20 to 50 years so that such long ter records could be made available. Nevertheless, I consider that it woul not be safe to place too much reliance on the estimated ultimate performanc of any river site based on less than five years flow records and that, for major project, it would be desirable to have records extending over a least fifteen years. For this reason, where a site appeared to offer reasonabl prospects of successful development, the general policy has been t establish a flow measuring station to accumulate actual flow figures ove as long a number of years as possible.

Flow measurements were first commenced by Shannon Power Develop ment, Industry and Commerce, and were subsequently continued by th E.S.B. at the outlets of the three main lakes on the River Shannon fo use in the design of the further development of the Shannon Schem Stations were next established on the River Liffey at Pollaphuca and Celbridge. Since then the number of stations has been increased fro year to year, and there are now fifteen in operation at undeveloped sit on the rivers of the country. The rivers include the Erne, the Boyn the Lee, the Barrow, the Cummeragh, the Clady, the Avenmore, th Caragh, the Lackagh, the Ballysodare, the Nore, the Slaney and tw

streams on Mangerton Mountain. The number of stations in operation is increased from time to time as additional sites are selected.

All further extensions of the generating plant had to be suspended in the early stages of the war, as it was impossible to obtain equipment for new stations. Furthermore, the output of the already existing steam plant at the Pigeon House was severely restricted due to shortage and poor quality of the coal supply. Although the number of consumers and the industrial H.P. connected to the system have been increased by about 20% since then, these circumstances made it necessary not only to bring any further expansion of the total load to a virtual standstill from 1941 onwards, but also to curtail the already existing demand by rationing the supply to consumers during periods of low water at the hydro plants.

The enormous strides made in the electrical development of the country between 1924 and 1941 are reflected in the following comparative figures. The total demand, which was about 40 million units in 1924–25, had increased more than tenfold to 450 million units in 1941–42 and was still increasing at an average rate of about 30 million units per annum. The average price of electricity per unit sold fell from 7·5 pence in 1924 to 2·66 pence in 1930 and to 1·44 pence in 1941. Of the total population of about three million persons, a supply of electricity is now available to little short of one and a quarter million as compared with three quarters of a million in 1924. The number of consumers has increased from about 36,000 to 236,000. 70% of the total annual output on the E.S.B. system during the past fourteen years, which averaged 320 million units, was produced from water power resources.

But, if much has been accomplished in the electrical development of Eire, even more remains to be done. The output of 151 units of electricity per head of population attained in 1941–42 is still low compared with that in a number of the principal electricity producing countries of the world even before the war, when figures of the order of 300 to 600 units per head were already quite common. In the highly electrified countries yet greater outputs had been reached—over 1,000 units in Switzerland and over 2,000 units in Canada. The demand for electric energy is increasing rapidly everywhere, and as yet there is no saturation limit in sight.

In this country the difficulties in respect of fuel during the past five or six years have made people more electrically minded than ever before. The general consensus of opinion is that coal will continue to be expensive and in short supply for a number of years to come. In many ways, turf is not so convenient or adaptable as electricity for domestic and industrial use. It appears likely that these circumstances will result in a greatly increased demand for electricity for all purposes, both domestic and industrial, as soon as additional supplies of energy can be made freely available. Furthermore, arrangements have been made to enable the E.S.B. to commence the extension of the supply to rural areas, where there

still remain one and three-quarter million persons to whom no electricity is available. On the basis of present trends it is, therefore, to be anticipated that the demand is likely to increase rapidly for a number of years to come, and to meet this increase arrangements are already well in hands for a large expansion of the generation plant on the system.

Economists are agreed that, for the continuance of our economic life and our standard of living, we must utilise our natural resources to the greatest possible extent. Water power, which is a non-wasting asset, is of particular value in this respect, and the post-war programme has been designed to include the further development of the potential water power resources of the country so far as is practicable and economic. Conditions were probably seldom more favourable for the development of water power than they are at the present day by reason of the tendency towards cheap money and high cost of fuel.

The average cost per unit of electricity generated at Ardnacrusha during recent years was ·294 pence, of which ·236 pence, or 80% of the total cost, was in respect of the interest and sinking fund on the invested capital, interest being payable at 5% with a 50 years sinking fund. These figures illustrate the well-recognised fact that the main component in the cost of electricity generated from water power is the interest and sinking fund charges on the total capital invested in the works. The rate of interest payable on the invested capital is, therefore, of great importance in relation to the development of water power resources. For example, a decrease in the rate of interest from 5% to 4% would result in a reduction of about 11%, while a decrease from 5% to 2½% would result in a reduction of about 25% in the cost of generation of energy at a modern hydro-electric development. A low rate of interest could even result in making economic the development of a site at which the cost of production might otherwise be uneconomic.

The rate of interest payable on public loans in this country decreased from 5% on the first loan in 1923 to 3¼% on the latest loan in 1941. The post-war tendency is towards an intensification of the cheaper money policy, and the indications in England point to possible rates as low as 2 to 2½%.

On the other hand, the cost of the fuel is the largest item in the annual cost of production of energy at a steam station. The cost of coal increased enormously during the war; and it is generally considered that coal will continue to be scarce and that the price will long remain at a fairly high level. Likewise, it is anticipated that the price of turf will be greater than before the war. With this tendency towards high cost of fuel and with the application of interest rates appropriate to a public utility undertaking under Government auspices, the balance has swung further in favour of water power than at any time in our history.

Already in 1938, work had been commenced on the preparation of

more detailed projects for a number of potential water power sites and on the evolution of final plans for those of them which might prove to be the most suitable for immediate exploitation. The programme of investigation included seven sites with a combined useful output of the order of 350 to 400 million units per annum. Three of these—namely, on the Erne, on the Boyne and on the Lee—are amongst the largest undeveloped sites in the country. The outputs of each of the remaining four sites—namely, on the Liffey at Leixlip, on the Torc River, Co. Kerry, on the Cummeragh River, Co. Kerry, and on the Clady River, Co. Donegal—are relatively small. The development at Leixlip would, however, be complementary to the already existing development at Pollaphuca. The Torc project is one of the most favourable of the smaller high-head schemes. The projects for the Cummeragh River in Co. Kerry and the Clady River in Co. Donegal are amongst the most promising of the smaller water power schemes in Donegal, Connemara, and Kerry in areas which are at present remote from the general transmission system.

The lower reaches of the River Erne offer the largest undeveloped source of water power of any river in the country. Proposals for its development on a modern scale were under consideration as far back as 1915. The Water Power Resources of Ireland Sub-Committee (1921) investigated two possible methods of developing the river. One of these was to develop the whole of the available head in one step by the construction of a side canal such as at Ardnacrusha. The second proposal, which the Sub-Committee most favoured, was to treat the river in steps by the execution of four barrages and power stations along the river itself.

As pointed out by the experts in their report on the Shannon Scheme, all modern development in the exploitation of water power shows that the full utilisation of the available fall in one or in the fewest possible number of steps is the first essential principle for the economic development of an existing fall in a river stretch. The number of machines to be installed is reduced; there is the possibility of larger units with more favourable efficiency; an immense economy in the electrical installation; and, finally, a considerable reduction in the running costs are secured.

From site surveys carried out by the E.S.B. in 1938, it appeared that a one step development by means of a side canal would be difficult and expensive. Further surveys indicated, however, that the topography of the terrain would be suitable for a two step development in the existing river bed. A detailed examination of both proposals confirmed the first impressions that the one head project would be much more expensive than the two step scheme and would give a somewhat smaller output of energy.

The first step will be formed by the construction of a dam and its associated power station near Cliff House about four miles upstream from Ballyshannon. The dam and power station forming the second or lower step will be located near Cathleens' Falls about three-quarters of a mile

above Ballyshannon. A tail race is to be dredged in the existing river bed between Cathleens' Falls power station and the tidal estuary below Assaroe Falls. Provision will be made in the power stations for an eventual plant capacity of about 80,000 K.W. Under favourable circumstances, an average annual useful output of energy of 200 million units and upwards could be obtained, depending on the load demands available for the stations. The cost of generation would compare favourably with the cost of generating a like number of units from alternative available sources of energy.

The Minister for Industry and Commerce gave approval for the execution of the hydro-electric development of the River Erne under Order dated 27 April 1945. The construction of the first cofferdam for the excavation of the tail race at Ballyshannon and of the new bridge to span the tail race was commenced early last summer, and good progress has been maintained to date.

The estimated cost for the project on the lower River Boyne for the development of a head of about 80 feet to give a useful output of about 50 million units per annum is rather high. This result is due, to some extent at least, to the unfavourable foundation conditions at the dam site, which became apparent when the ground was opened up for inspection. Although the project does not call for further consideration at the moment, the flow observations are being continued, so that more extensive data may be available if and when the site comes up for re-consideration.

The prospects for the successful development of the lower River Lee are much more promising. The project in view provides for the utilisation of a head of about 150 feet, in two steps in the existing river bed. Both stations would have forebay basins with a combined storage capacity of about 50 million cubic metres which would serve to regulate the flow of the river, which is at present very flashy—on a monthly rather than a seasonal basis. The possibilities of developing further storage in the upper Lee Valley will also have to be thoroughly explored when the scheme comes up for active consideration. The eventual useful annual output of the two stations combined is estimated at 70 to 80 million units. The estimates of cost show that the proposal will merit close consideration for incorporation in the plant programme at the appropriate stage in the development of the electrical system.

The project for the lower Liffey at Leixlip provides for the development of a head of 60 feet by the construction of a dam and a power station, with an installed plant capacity of about 4,000 K.W. some distance below the Salmon Leap Falls. The main reservoir at Pollaphuca already serves to regulate the seasonal run-off from the head waters of the river from whence most of the floods come. The construction of the dam at Leixlip will create a small storage basin to regulate the daily supply of

water to Leixlip power station. The station is designed to operate, for the most part, on base load to give a regulated flow for the benefit of users of the lower river. The average annual useful output of energy is estimated at about 10 million units, which would bring the total output of the E.S.B. stations on the Liffey to about 40 million units. The execution of the scheme was approved by the Minister for Industry and Commerce under Order dated 19 June 1945, and arrangements are in hand with a view to the commencement of the main construction works in the coming building season.

The project for the Torc River, Co. Kerry, provides for the construction of a storage reservoir in the valley behind the Torc Mountain, from which the water would be drawn off through a tunnel under the mountain and thence through a steel penstock to a power station on the shores of the Middle Lake of Killarney. The available fall would be about 700 feet. To supplement the flow of the Torc River, the run-off from some near-by streams—the principal of which is the Owgarriff River—would be diverted along the mountain side into the new reservoir. Additional storage would be made available by developing the lakes in the Horses' Glen at the head of the Owgarriff River. The average annual useful output of energy is estimated at about 12 million units which could be made available at an economic cost. Due to the turbulent nature of the streams, special flow measuring weirs were erected both on the Torc and the Owgarriff in 1942 and continuous flow records are being kept.

Site surveys have been completed for the remaining two sites included in the programme, on the Cummeragh River in Co. Kerry and the Clady River in Co. Donegal; but the more detailed designs and estimates of cost and output have not yet been finished. The project for the Cummeragh River provides for the development of a fall of about 280 feet and would give a useful output of about 10 million units per annum. The project for the Clady River provides for the development of a head of 100 ft. to 200 ft. to give an output of about 6 to 12 million units per annum.

At this point I must digress somewhat from the immediate subject of my address to point out the importance of developing, concurrently with the water power, sufficient auxiliary or supplementary steam power to make good the deficiency in the output of energy at the water plants in dry weather. Any failure to provide adequate steam plant capacity could result in a serious interruption to supply, with a consequent loss of confidence in water power generally. At the same time it should, of course, be understood that, for economy, the balance between the water power and the steam plant must be arranged to avoid duplication of plant on the system. With a view to meeting the immediate requirements in additional steam plant, arrangements are already well advanced for the construction of the first turf-burning station at Portarlington, and a site for a second station has been tentatively decided upon.

The combined useful output of the two water power projects which have been selected for immediate development—namely, the lower River Erne and Leixlip—is estimated at about 210 to 260 million units under favourable circumstances. With the output from Ardnacrusha and Pollaphuca, the total output of energy from water power connected to the E.S.B. system would then reach 550 to 600 million units per annum when the appropriate stage in the demand for energy has been attained.

This represents an important step along the lines which I ventured to foreshadow in an address to the Royal Dublin Society in April 1944, on the occasion of the centenary of the publication of Sir Robert Kane's book *The Industrial Resources of Ireland*, and from which I would like to quote these remarks: " I am of opinion that during the next decade or so the potential water power resources of this country could be further developed to increase the average production of hydro-energy up to the region of 600-700 million units per annum—or double the present production. Along with the water power developments, sufficient steam power must be made available to supplement the output of water stations during periods of low flows. A development on those lines seems likely after the war, subject to no radical alteration in the present universal tendency towards inter-connected water and steam stations. Of this there is no indication at the moment; but it cannot, of course, be said that the next 100 years may not, for example, witness some new unforeseen advance such as the evolution of long distance transmission of power on an inter-continental basis or the use of a new source of power."

Since these words were spoken a new source of energy in the form of atomic power has literally burst upon the world. But this atomic energy has first to be successfully adapted to industrial power uses; and even then it seems unlikely that it can result in making obsolete already existing hydro-electric power developments. Once the development already exists, the cost of the power to be derived from it, excluding capital charges, is so cheap that it would be difficult to imagine any possible cheaper source of power. For example, if the total capital investment in the Shannon Scheme were written-off, the cost of production of energy from it would be no more than 0.06 pence per unit.

J. A. O'Riordan

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF IRISHMEN IN FRANCE

BY DR. RICHARD HAYES

Part XIX

Saint Leger, Edmund, physician and judge. A native of Waterford where he was born *circa* 1752. He went to the Irish College at Paris for his education in 1772 and, pursuing a course of medical studies, took his degree in the university of the French capital. Entering the French colonial service, he filled the post of judge and official interpreter in the island of Tobago (West Indies) during the years immediately preceding the French Revolution. In that French colony, as in others, the news of the fall of the Bastille created much rejoicing among the mass of the population, and much disorder subsequently arose there. In 1791 Dr. Saint Leger, who had become commandant-general of the National Guard in Tobago, came to Paris while the complicated colonial question was being warmly discussed in the National Assembly. In August of that year he was appointed a Royal Commissioner with extensive powers and was sent to Saint Domingo, the largest of the French colonies, to make peace there between the contending parties. Ten months later he returned to Paris and, at a sitting of the National Assembly, read a report on the conditions of the island which showed the failure of his mission. He settled in Paris and, at the end of 1793, was arrested as a suspect royalist. Brought from the prison of the Conciergerie before the Revolutionary Tribunal on 8 January 1794, he replied to the usual questions that he was forty-one years old, a native of Ireland, a doctor by profession and was living in France for twenty years. He was found not guilty of any activities against the Republic and was set at liberty.

Dr. Saint Leger, who was physician to Colonel Arthur Dillon, General Kilmaine and others of his compatriots in Paris at the period, had two sons, Edmund and Patrick (*see* following), who became officers in the Irish Legion.

Saint Leger, Edmund, soldier. Son of preceding. He was born at Paris and educated at the Irish College in that city. Adopting a military career in the French service, he entered the Irish Legion in 1803. In that body he served with much distinction in the Napoleonic campaigns in Holland, Spain, Portugal and Germany. For valour he was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour in 1813 and was made a Chevalier of Saint Louis in 1824. In 1814 he had been appointed captain on the

staff of General Maison, who in that year commanded the first corps of the French army as it advanced against the Allied forces then marching on Paris. After Napoleon's return to France from Elba, Saint Leger, a strong Bonapartist, was an officer of the Army of the Loire—the last force which remained loyal to the Emperor. On the second restoration of the Bourbons in 1815 he retired from active service with the rank of chef de bataillon and, on 18 June 1834, he died at Paris.

SAINT LEGER, PATRICK, army surgeon. Brother of preceding. Like his brother he was born at Paris and educated at the Irish College there, and like his father he followed a course of medical studies. After taking out his degree, he became surgeon-major in the Irish Legion and went through the Napoleonic campaigns in Spain and Germany. In 1807 the Legion was ordered to the isle of Walcheren in Holland, where it encamped near Flushing. The climate was extremely unhealthy, and nearly half the Legion were stricken with fever. Dr. Saint Leger was among its victims, and he died there in 1809.

SARSFIELD, DOMINICK (LORD KILMALLOCK), soldier. Son of Dominick, 4th Lord Kilmallock and representative of the Cork branch of the Sarsfield family, which lost its estate after the Jacobite War in 1691. In his youth he entered *incog.* the French army as a private and went through various continental campaigns till the outbreak of the Jacobite War in Ireland. The Comte d'Avaux in a letter to the French minister of war regarding him at this early period of his career wrote : " Estant Irlandois Catholique et dépouillé de tous ses biens, il changea de nom et alla porter le mousquet dans le regiment de —— ; son capitaine luy trouvant de la valeur et de l'application le fit sergent. My lord Kilmaloc ne voulut pas dire ce qu'il estoit et exerça cet employ pendant quelques anneés, jusque à ce qu'il soit revenu en Irlande . . . "

Having gone through the Jacobite War in Ireland as a colonel in the national army, he accompanied the Irish forces to France after the capitulation of Limerick. In the French service he became colonel of the " Régiment du Roi". He commanded this corps at the battle of Marsaglia in 1693, at the siege of Valenza in 1696 and at various engagements up to the Peace of Ryswick in 1697. He died fighting at the head of his regiment at the battle of Chiari in 1701. He was married to Frances, a sister of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, to whom Captain Peter Drake (*see* DRAKE, PETER) refers in his Memoirs. He writes that in 1694 " I went from Paris to Saint Germain-in-Laye, where I met with Mrs. Sarsfield, mother of Lord Lucan, and her two daughters, the eldest of whom, Lady Kilmallock, was my godmother . . . "

SARSFIELD, EDMUND, soldier. Kinsman of preceding. Born at Ducloyne,

Co. Cork, on 10 June 1736. Emigrating to France he became a cadet in Rothe's Irish regiment in 1752. In that corps he went through the Seven Years War. By 1769 he had reached the rank of lieutenant-colonel in Walsh's regiment, and for valour he was made a Chevalier of Saint Louis. After the dissolution of the Irish Brigade in 1791, when many Irish officers of royalist sentiments left France, Edmund Sarsfield remained in his adopted country and fought for the cause of the Revolution in the 92nd Regiment of the Line (formerly Walsh's). He died with the rank of general of brigade.

Sarsfield, James Hyacinth (Viscount de Sarsfield), soldier. Relative of preceding. Descended from a Limerick branch of the Sarsfield family which, in the person of Paul Sarsfield, settled at Nantes in 1653 after the confiscation of the family estate during the Cromwellian regime. Paul became a merchant in the French city, and his son Sir James was knighted there by James III in 1702. James Hyacinth Sarsfield (the subject of this notice), born at Nantes in 1717, was the eldest son of Sir James who married Marie de Beaubun in 1717. Entering the French army, he began his military career in 1740 as a " gentilhomme à drapeau " (ensign) in the Gardes Francaises. In 1743 he became captain of a company in the regiment of Andlau. As such he fought at Bergen-op-Zoom, Lauffelt and other battles and sieges of the War of the Austrian Succession. In 1756 he became attached to the Irish cavalry regiment of FitzJames, with which he was present at Rosbach, Clostercamp and other engagements of the Seven Years War. By 1763 he had reached the rank of maréchal-de-camp, and in 1781 he was appointed inspector-general of Horse and promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general. While functioning as Governor of the Citadel of Lille, he died in that town in 1787.

In 1766 James Sarsfield married Marie de Levis, by whom he had a daughter who received a pension of 3,000 francs after his death and who became the wife of Charles, Baron de Damas. His younger brother, Guy Claud Count Sarsfield, born at Nantes in 1718, also entered the army, became colonel of the Regiment of Provence and died without issue in 1789.

Sarsfield, Patrick (Earl of Lucan), soldier. Born at Lucan, Co. Dublin, in 1650, he was son of Patrick Sarsfield and Anne, daughter of Rory O'More. The most distinguished member of the family of his name, he was educated at a French military college and in his youth served as ensign in Hamilton's Irish regiment in France and Flanders. After the Jacobite War in Ireland he went again into the French service. In his adopted country he became commander of the second troop of Life Guards, was raised to the rank of maréchal-de-camp, while Louis XIV conferred on him the Order of the Holy Ghost. In July 1692 he was in high command at Steinkirk, where William III tried but failed to surprise the French.

He greatly distinguished himself at this battle, and the Marshal Luxembourg reported to Louis XIV that Sarsfield the Irish officer " showed the valour and intrepidity of which he had given such signal proofs in Ireland". On the Marshal's recommendation he was raised to the rank of lieutenant-general. At the battle of Landen in July 1693 he was at the head of the flower of the French cavalry, and in the last charge of the great French victory there he was struck by a musket ball and mortally wounded. Carried to Huy, he died there in a few days.

Sarsfield left a son and a daughter. His son James Francis was brought up by the Duke of Berwick (who married Sarsfield's widow Lady Lucan in 1695) and entered the Spanish service. In 1717 he returned to the service of France and became a colonel in Nugent's Irish Horse. He died at St. Omer in May 1719.

A County Clare branch of the Sarsfield family was also represented in France. Francis Sarsfield of Doolin in that county had six sons. In 1751 a Protestant discoverer claimed his lands under the Penal statutes on the ground that five of these sons (Patrick, Dominick, Francis, Richard and Antony) " in 1746, long before and ever since, have been soldiers or officers in the French King's service without any licence under the Privy Seal ; and he accordingly claimed the sons' shares of their father's property in castles, lands and towns". Patrick the eldest son took part as an officer of Berwick's Irish regiment in the Insurrection of 1745 in Scotland and, after being made prisoner, was pardoned on condition of perpetual banishment. He returned to Ireland, however, in 1750, died in 1784 and was buried in Askeaton abbey, Co. Limerick.

SHEE. *See* O'SHEE.

SHEEHY. *See* MAC SHEEHY.

SHERIDAN, MICHAEL (CHEVALIER), soldier. Born in 1715 he was the nephew of Sir Thomas Sheridan (one of the " Seven Men of Moidart "), tutor and governor of Prince Charles Edward and belonged to a notable Co. Cavan family. Generally alluded to as " young Sheridan," he joined Dillon's regiment of the Irish Brigade and fought in various battles of the War of the Austrian Succession in Germany and in Flanders, where he distinguished himself particularly at Dettingen in 1743. In 1745 he sailed from France to Scotland with Prince Charles Edward on board the " Elizabeth". In the battle between that vessel and the English frigate the " Lion " he was severely wounded and was compelled to return to France. A little later, however, he rejoined the Prince in Scotland, who conferred on him the brevet of lieutenant-colonel and appointed him his aide-de-camp during the Scottish campaign. After the defeat at Culloden he was active in bringing the Prince safely back to France. Unlike a

considerable number of Jacobites, he remained faithful to his master through all vicissitudes. In 1759, however, he incurred the displeasure of the Prince and, being in danger of his life from the latter's anger, gave up active association with him. Resuming his military career in the French army, he was appointed captain in the Irish cavalry regiment of FitzJames, in which he fought through the Seven Years War. At its close he received the Cross of a Chevalier of Saint Louis. He retired from active service in 1770 and resided till his death at the château d'Esteau near Beaufort.

Sherlock, John, soldier and deputy. Born in France of Irish parentage *circa* 1770. He entered the army, became an officer in Walsh's Irish corps and supported the cause of the Revolution, in the early campaigns of which he took part. In July 1796, when preparations were being made for the expedition to Ireland under Hoche, the French Directory selected him and two other Irish officers (O'Meara and MacDonagh) to arrange for the clothing and equipment of those Irishmen serving in the English army who were prisoners in France (*Procès-Verbaux* of the Directory—Tome 3). Sherlock, holding the rank of adjutant-general, accompanied the expedition to Bantry Bay. In 1798 he was elected as deputy for Vaucluse to the Council of the Five Hundred and, as such, was a notable speaker in the stormy debates at the National Assembly, during which he clashed with the Jacobin party. Resigning his position as deputy in 1800, he was later imprisoned for eighteen days in the Abbaye for military insubordination.

Shiel. *See* O'Shiel.

Skeffington, Clotworthy (2nd Earl of Massareene). Born at Antrim in 1742. In 1765, during a visit to Paris, he got involved, according to one version of a story, in bogus schemes and lost £20,000; another version of the story has it that he was cheated at the gambling tables. Though enjoying an income of £8,000 a year, he refused to pay his creditors and, as a result, was in 1769 consigned to the debtors' prison of Fort l'Eveque. Here he remained for twenty years in confinement, obstinately refusing again and again to come to any arrangement with his importunate creditors. He once tried to escape and as a punishment underwent harsh treatment in solitary confinement. In 1780 he was transferred to the prison of La Force in the heart of Paris, where he began to live sumptuously. "My life is pleasant as a king's," he wrote, "and I can defy the swindlers who have put me here, where I am determined to remain for a hundred years rather than pay them a sou."

While in the prison Massareene married Marie Anne Barcier, the sister of a former fellow-prisoner, who was renowned for her beauty. (According to some she was a daughter of the prison governor). His

amazed creditors saw his wife and brother-in-law come every morning to the prison to spend the day with him. These visitors kept him informed of all the current news, and he keenly followed the exciting events which led up to the outbreak of the Revolution in July 1789. On the thirteenth of that month, the eve of the outburst, Paris was in a ferment—drums were beating and the tocsin was ringing from the churches. The excitement reached the interior of the prisons and Lord Massareene, seeing an opportunity of escape, headed the prisoners who burst through the gates and, reaching the street, scattered in different directions. Dr. Rigby, an English tourist in France at the time, describes how he saw the Irish peer passing along the street " dressed in a white frock like a cook, with a bar of iron on his shoulders". After his escape from prison Lord Massareene returned to Ireland and died at his seat in Antrim in 1805. His curious career in Paris forms the subject of a work entitled " La Quinzaine Anglaise" by the Chevalier Rutledge. (*See* RUTLEDGE, JOHN).

SOMERS, CHARLES, ecclesiastic and English agent. Born *circa* 1760, he was a native of Wexford and was educated at Paris, where he settled after ordination as a priest. Although he refused to take the oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy in the third year of the Revolution (1791), he abandoned his sacred calling soon afterwards and married the widow of a shoemaker. Moving among the lower order of the sans-culottes in Paris he passed for an extreme Jacobin, but in reality he had become a paid agent of the English government in the French capital. In the English Public Record Office (F.O. Vols. 40–43) there is a number of his letters to Lord Grenville, the English Foreign Secretary, and to Wickham, the dispenser of Pitt's gold at the time. They frequently contain detailed information regarding the state of the French military and naval services. And in one of them (dated 4 March 1793) Somers reported that a group of students from the Irish College at Paris were leaving for their native country on a political mission for the French government. As a result of his letter they were arrested in London on their way home. Though he fell under suspicion more than once, he always artfully managed to clear himself. During the twenty years succeeding the Revolution he pursued the ignoble trade of an English spy. His end, however, was swift and tragic. In the year 1813 a group of Irishmen in Paris met one day at a hotel to celebrate the departure of a fellowcountryman, captain of an American vessel, who on his journey was to call at an English port. Somers arrived in the midst of the festivities and left a letter which, he said, the captain had promised to post for him at an English port of call. The letter was taken by one of those present who suspected Somers to be a secret agent. On the following morning Somers was arrested, courtmartialled and later in the day was shot as a spy. His widow and family received a large sum in compensation from the English government.

RICHARD HAYES.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE PHILIPPINES

BY CHARLOTTE M. KELLY

I

WHEN Father Considine, M.M., of the Propaganda Fide, made a missionary tour of the East just before the war, he summed up the situation in the Philippines in the following words: "Nowhere in Asia is there such a large body of Catholics, and nowhere in Asia is a Catholic body so poorly cared for." Therein lies the tragedy of the Philippines.

The only Christian nation in the pagan East its position is unique in the mission history of the Church. It was converted by Spanish friars in the sixteenth century; its hierarchy was established as early as 1595; for three hundred years its Catholic life was as full and free as it was in Spain; yet it is to-day, to all intents and purposes, a missionary country. And this despite the fact that, of its sixteen million inhabitants, over twelve million are Catholic—the remainder being Protestants, pagans, and Aglipayans or schismatic Catholics.

Magellan discovered the Philippines in the course of his last, ill-fated expedition, and Mass was celebrated there for the first time on Easter Sunday 1521. Shortly afterwards disaster overtook the explorers. The leader met his death in a tribal war, and the greater number of his companions were murdered by the natives. It was not until 1565 that Spain began the colonization of the islands under Miguel de Legaspi, with whom was the famous Augustinian preacher, Urdaneta. To assist the latter in his work of preaching the Gospel came Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans, Recollects, and later Jesuits and Capuchins, and by the end of the century these Orders were well established in the islands. From only two groups of people did they meet with serious opposition: the Moros, fanatical Mohammedans, and the aboriginal tribes who lived in the mountains and practised pagan rites. The inhabitants of the lowlands and the coastal districts, who were of Malay and Indonesian origin, received the missionaries with comparatively little hostility, and by the beginning of the eighteenth century the conversion of the greater part of the islands was complete.

II

For almost three hundred years Spain, in spite of the efforts of Dutch, Chinese and English to dislodge her, ruled the Philippines, and her rule was in a large degree a beneficent one. She brought to the Filipinos the great Catholic heritage of culture and tradition. Spanish architects built magnificent cathedrals and churches, and all the ancient glory of Spain was reflected in the city of Manila, founded by Legaspi in 1571. Spain gave the people education, which they welcomed eagerly. The University of Santa Tomas was established by the Dominicans in 1611, and all the other Orders had their schools and colleges—some of them still in

existence, others destroyed in the revolution of 1896 or more recently in the World War.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century Spain's domination was unchallenged from within. Then a new spirit arose. The gradual decline of Spanish power with its deteriorating effects on colonial government, the birth of nationalism among the Filipinos, and the introduction of Freemasonry in 1860 had each its part in the growing disaffection against Spain and—since the two had always been closely associated in the eyes of the natives—against the Church. This union of Church and State, an important feature of Spanish rule, while good in many ways had its dangers. In a country where the parish priest was more often than not the mayor of his district any maladministration or injustices on the part of the Government was inevitably blamed on the Church. Again, the failings of some of her ministers were quoted as typical of all, with the result that the word " friar " came to be used as a term of contempt. In the increasingly frequent risings that took place towards the latter end of the century the Church, judging that the nation was not yet fit for self-government, opposed the rebels. Consequently in the revolution of 1896 many priests were killed and more imprisoned, while over seven hundred had to leave the islands. Still more were withdrawn two years later when, following the Spanish American War, the Philippines became American possessions. Some members of the great Orders were allowed to remain: the Dominicans at Santa Tomas, the Jesuits at their recently-founded Ateneo and at the Observatory which they had established in 1865 and which, become a State Institution, is still in their charge at the present day. But generally speaking the whole country was denuded of its priesthood, since of the eight hundred parishes in the islands over six hundred had been administered by Spanish-born friars. The number of Filipino clergy was so small as to be negligible.

III

The position of the Church was serious. Three elements of danger in particular had to be considered: the growing influence of Freemasonry directed entirely against the Catholic religion, the immediate influx of American Protestant missionaries, and the introduction of the American system of " Godless " education.

Freemasonry had increased rapidly in the islands since its inception there in 1860. Between 1888 and 1896 a hundred-and-eighty Lodges were established with the express object, as acknowledged later by one of its leaders, of bringing about the downfall of the Government and the Church. In this, as will be seen, it was to a considerable degree successful.

The Protestant missionaries were not so serious a menace, since their formal religion made no appeal to the Filipino: but the campaign of calumny which they initiated had inevitably the effect of alienating many

Catholics from the Church. These missionaries were aided in their task by a system of education that " respects all religions and teaches none". The United States Government established a State University and public schools in which the staffs and directors were exclusively Protestant, and to these schools went the vast majority of Filipinos to encounter ideas and influences which for want of Catholic instruction could not be effectively combated.

At this moment of crisis the Church was rent by a schism. Gregorio Aglipay, ex-priest, founded in 1902 as part of the nationalist movement an Independent Philippine Catholic Church, with himself as Chief Pontiff. His clergy, recruited from the less well-educated and more easily-swayed sections of the community, were ordained after a few months' training. At first, knowing the deeply-rooted faith of his compatriots, he confined himself to denying the authority of the Pope. Later while retaining the outward cult of the Catholic religion—processions, fiestas, veneration of the saints, administration of the sacraments—he denied, among other points of dctrine, the Sacrifice of the Mass, the Real Presence, and the Immaculate Conception. In those years of religious and civil upheaval, when thousands were left in ignorance of their faith through the forced departure of so many priests, he gathered together a million adherents. That number has been decreasing steadily for many years and, when Aglipay died—unreconciled—in 1941, it had dropped to three hundred thousand. Aglipayanism achieved a success that proved to be purely temporary; but in its revolt against established authority it did untold harm to the Church and made the work of future missionaries immeasurably more difficult.

IV

The need of missionaries to replace the Spanish priests was urgent. The native priesthood was more or less undeveloped and there were no Filipino bishops. The American Church, until recently itself a missionary body, could not do much at first to help, though volunteers were numerous—among them the present Archbishop of Philadelphia, Cardinal Dougherty. Appeal was made to Europe, and not in vain. From France, Ireland, England, Belgium came missionaries in ever greater numbers. The Irish Redemptorists, the Mill Hill Fathers, the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, the Scheut Fathers, the Society of the Divine Word, the Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres, and the Sisters of the Assumption were among the many who answered the call. They expected and encountered the usual hardships of all missionaries in the East. The Philippines, for all their tropical beauty, had their perils. Typhoons and earthquakes were not uncommon, and there were more than twenty active volcanoes in the islands. The climate in Luzon, the most northerly island, with its long rainy season was trying to Europeans, though in Mindanao and the

more southerly islands it was, for the tropics, comparatively good. But to danger, privation, loneliness was added a situation of peculiar difficulty. The missionaries had to contend not only with the hostility of the Protestant sects and the active opposition of the Aglipayans, but also with the ignorance or indifference of a people who had in some cases been for years without a priest. Brought up to associate the Church with great wealth, even the faithful did not easily realize the necessity of supporting their ministers. Owing to the scarcity of priests the parishes were extensive, and it was not unusual for one missioner to have charge of twenty thousand souls.

The first Philippine Provincial Council was held in 1907, when four new bishops were consecrated. Two of these were Filipinos, and the occasion marked an important step forward in the development of a native priesthood. American and European Sisterhoods were doing valuable work in the newly-established schools and colleges and among the hospitals and leper settlements. The Leprosarium at Culion, the largest in the world, was put in charge of the Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres, one of whom was until 1921 the only surgeon in the colony. The University of Santa Tomas remained the first centre of Catholic learning in the Philippines, but colleges for higher education were increasing in number and size. The Jesuits in addition to the Ateneo at Manila had two colleges in Mindanao, where they were in charge of the largest mission in the islands.

Yet, despite all that the Church was doing for education, of the seventy thousand students of Catholic parentage in Manila in 1939 less than one-third were in Catholic schools ; in all, over a million young Filipinos were being brought up with little or no knowledge of God. It is not surprising that in these circumstances vocations were very few.

For many years missionaries of all Orders had to devote their time exclusively to parish work or to teaching in the schools and colleges. Then in 1929 the Irish Redemptorists, who had been in the islands since 1906, were set free to do their own special work of preaching and giving missions. They are to-day the only missioners doing this special work in the Philippines, where their labours have been crowned with much success. In their parish of Malate, a suburb of Manila, they were replaced by the Priests of the Maynooth Mission to China who came in answer to the appeal made to them by the Irish-born Dr. O'Doherty, Archbishop of Manila, as they passed through the city on their way to China. " I have thirty parishes without priests," he told them. " Will you not take one from me ? " His appeal was answered, and Malate became the first of the nineteen parishes which are now in the charge of the Chinese Mission Priests in the Philippines.

Amongst the missionary Congregations of women working in the islands there is but one of purely Irish origin, the Missionary Sisters of St. Columban. This Sisterhood was founded in 1922 at Cahircon, Ennis, Co. Clare, and had China for its first mission field. Its members, who

seem to have missed few possible adventures in the Celestial Empire, extended their field of labour to the Philippines in 1939. Their first convent was opened in the Cathedral town of Lingayen at the request of its Filipino bishop, and the following year another foundation was made at Malasiqui, also in the island of Luzon. To catechetical and social work, in which the missionaries were aided by young Filipino Sodalists and Legionaries, was added the giving of religious instruction in the public schools three times a week. This had been made possible by the passing of a law by the Philippine Legislature in 1935 allowing such instruction at stated periods and with the written consent of parents. In Mindanao a convent was opened in 1941, at Misamis, where the Chinese Mission Priests were already working under Bishop Hayes, an American Jesuit. Here the Sisters took charge of an existing school and opened another.

V

While the Catholic life in the islands was being thus restored with much effort, the Philippine nation had been moving slowly towards complete independence. In 1907 the Civil Commission that had governed since the United States got possession gave place to a parliament, the Lower House of which was composed of native elective members. In 1916 the U.S. Congress placed all legislative power in the hands of an elective Philippine Senate, and in 1935 a Commonwealth was established with a promise of complete independence in a further ten years. This promise has now been fulfilled, and the Philippine Republic was formally proclaimed in July 1946.

The World War had no direct effect on the Philippines until Pearl Harbour was attacked on December 8, 1941. The following day the first bombs fell on Manila. They did not cease to fall when, after three weeks of continued bombardment, it was declared an open city. Churches and colleges, and buildings rich in tradition, monuments alike to Spanish faith and art, were blasted again and again. When the Japanese entered Manila in January 1942 and, later, occupied the entire archipelago, missionaries were at first left fairly free, though in some parts those of Allied nationality were interned. Irish priests and nuns were allowed to continue their work and all stayed with their people, even when it meant having to live " on the run " for years in the mountains, as did the Columban Sisters in Misamis. With the fall of the Philippines all communication with the outside world was cut off. Food, medicine, clothing, supplies of all kind were very difficult to get ; and for the missionaries, in addition to the strain of constant danger, there was the bitter knowledge that work built up at the cost of years of self-sacrifice was being destroyed. In 1943 there was a general round-up of aliens including priests and religious, and some Columban Fathers were interned but later released on their own formal protest. But the following year, with the American Navy

drawing near and the activities of the guerilla forces increasing, the military authorities became more suspicious. More than three hundred priests and religious, including two bishops, were interned outside Manila to be released only when the Americans entered the city in February 1945. In those last weeks four Columban Fathers at Malate were taken away by the Japanese and were never seen again, while another was killed by a bomb. They were among the eighty-two missionaries who lost their lives about that time. Many weary months were to pass before peace was at last proclaimed.

VI

Now the war is over. The Filipino has at last achieved that national independence by virtue of which he can give full expression to his racial ambitions. Yet conversely the future is likely to bring him into closer touch with the world than he has hitherto known. The development of air travel, the recent " discovery " by the American soldier of the islands, with their natural beauties and rich mineral resources as yet almost unexploited, will introduce a new element into Philippine life. Whether it will be to its ultimate benefit as a Catholic nation has yet to be seen.

The problems confronting the Church are many and diverse. Schools, churches, presbyteries have to be rebuilt, scattered flocks regrouped, and the evil effects of the years of occupation by a pagan people counteracted. But the burning question is that of education. Before the war the influence of Freemasonry had been on the decline, possibly as a result of the reconciliation to the Church of the popular President Quezon. It was no longer necessary to be a Mason to get a position in the public schools, and the majority of the teachers were now Catholics. Though the high Government officials were all members of the Masonic Order, they sent their children to Catholic schools and, subject to certain restrictions, had consented to the giving of religious instruction in the State schools.

Then came the war, and after it the granting of national independence at a moment when economically-speaking the Philippines could least afford it. American financial support was automatically withdrawn, and the newborn Republic was left to rebuild its ruined cities and reorganise its public services as best it might. In Manila alone there are three hundred public buildings waiting reconstruction. The result is that education will, for the present, be left almost entirely to private enterprise ; for it must be a considerable time before the numerous State schools can be re-established. Consequently the many Protestant sects who are coming in from America and elsewhere ready to provide the Filipinos with free education and hostels are given full scope. The rigid system of inspection to which all schools, including unsupported Catholic ones, were subject has been relaxed, and new schools are springing up here and there. Whereas before the war Catholic children attending

public schools could be instructed in their religion three times a week, now where Catholic schools are not available they must go to those owned by Protestants. In the rare instances where these mushroom institutes are not specifically sectarian, they are so small and so scattered that catechetical work is almost impossible.

The obvious remedy is more and larger Catholic schools to take the place of the many destroyed during the war. The missionaries are hard at work, but their task is no light one. In Manila the whole of the Ateneo has gone and part of Santa Tomas. Only two Catholic colleges remain in the city ; while the story is the same in other parts of the islands. The situation is extremely grave. Though it is true that the great body of the Filipino people are Catholic many of them, while proud of belonging to the old faith, are prone to confine their church-going to Christmas and Holy Week and their practice to baptisms and funerals. Some even endeavour to reconcile their membership of a Freemason lodge with their duty as Catholics. It must be repeated that, while Protestant missionaries in the Philippines do not make converts in any large numbers, they can and do make bad or at least luke-warm Catholics.

As a result of the tragic dearth of priests it can be said that two generations of Filipinos have grown up without adequate knowledge of their religion. Some parishes have been without priests for years ; others are so big that it is humanly impossible for their pastors to carry out more than a part of their duties. Father Considine reckoned that before the war there was one priest to every 7,500 Catholics in the Philippines, whereas in the States there was one to every 750, and in China one to every 600. Even when the great distances and scattered population are taken into account, this still remains a deplorable figure. But he adds : " Where Catholic life is well established, its quality is extremely high . . . . Even among those who do not practise their religion properly, the deposit of faith is still there and by better training may again be made to expand into the full Catholic life."

The great hope of the future lies in the development of the native priesthood. Of the two Archbishops in the Philippines at present one is Filipino, the other Irish ; of the thirteen Bishops ten are Filipinos, and wherever possible the missionaries are surrendering their parishes to native priests. But the Philippine Church is scarcely out of its infancy yet, and many years must elapse before it can take complete spiritual responsibility for its territories. Until then it must rely upon help sent from Europe, from America, and of late from Australia and New Zealand. But the need is urgent. After three hundred years of self-sacrificing devotion on the part of Catholic missionaries in the past and despite the heroic endeavours of those at work in the present, this once great Christian nation is in danger of being lost to the Church.

CHARLOTTE M. KELLY

RECENT RESEARCH ON IRISH HAGIOGRAPHY

BY LUDWIG BIELER, PH.D.

PART II *

3. *St. Brigit*

The Lives of St. Brigit have been studied very little from the time of Colgan and the early Bollandists until recent days,[1] when they attracted the interest of Mario Esposito.[2]

The Life of St. Brigit by Cogitosus is extant in a great number of MSS. Esposito's original list[3] has been twice supplemented.[4] A key to the classification of these MSS. is possibly provided by the colophon: *Orate pro me Cogitoso nepote culpabili hAedo et ut audaciae meae indulgeatis atque orationum uestrarum clypeo me Domino commendetis exoro.* The MSS. of which detailed descriptions are as yet available fall into distinct groups in so far as they give these words intact or with certain omissions and corruptions. Most conspicuous is a group of MSS. originating in the main from Southern Italy; its earlier representatives (from the 11th to the 13th century) are all in Beneventan script. So far as details have been published, it would appear that MSS. of this group alone contain the author's tribal name; another link between most of these MSS. is the presence of the hymn *Brigidae nomen habet*[5] before, or more often after, the epilogue of Cogitosus. The leading MS. is Codex Vallicellanus XXI (early 11th century). Apart from the Italian class, most MSS. of Cogitosus are found in Central and North-Western Europe; the earliest copies are of tenth century date.

A linguistic detail in Cogitosus has been elucidated by P. Grosjean[6]: *sentis* in chap. 6, §28 is not a Gaulish word, but the ordinary Latin word, used, like *spina*, with the meaning "brooch".

The *Vita* by Cogitosus has long been regarded as the earliest Life of St. Brigit now extant. Recently Esposito[7] has argued that Colgan's *Vita Tertia* (the Bollandists' *Vita Prima*)[8] is earlier. Colgan attributed this Life to Ultán; Esposito thinks it is the work of Ailerán; both are said to have written about the miracles of Brigit. According to Esposito,

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* For Part I see June (1946) issue.

[1] *Cf.* Kenney, *Sources*, pp. 359-363.

[2] A more profound study and a critical edition of these documents is to be expected from Fr. Félim O'Briain. Lately I had the privilege of reading part of this study in MS.; but it would be unfair to anticipate the author's conclusions. My criticism of Esposito is therefore based merely on impressions resulting from a previous, and rather summary, examination of the Brigitine documents.

[3] *Proceedings R.I.A.* 30 C (1912), pp. 307-326.

[4] *Hermathena* XLV (1930), pp. 251-257; XLIX (1935), p. 130 note 41.

[5] Kenney no. 155 II.

[6] *Bulletin Du Cange* XVII (1942), pp. 73-77.

[7] *Hermathena* XLIX (1935), pp. 121 ff.

[8] *Bibl. hagiographica Latina* nos. 1455 and 1456.

Ultán's work was revised by Ailerán, and Ailerán's revision was worked over by Cogitosus. The latter, however, did not only expand his main source by inserting local traditions of Kildare, but occasionally went back beyond Ailerán to Ultán.

It seems to me that Esposito is right in so far as Cogitosus and the author of Vita III (I) apparently follow a common source over some part of their compilations. The language of the anonymous Vita III makes a more archaic impression. The priority of this text is suggested also by a comparison of contents. The heathen background and the illegitimate birth of Brigit are dwelt upon in Vita III, but have been suppressed by Cogitosus. On the other hand, in Vita III most of the miracles related by Cogitosus have been so drastically curtailed as to be at times unintelligible ; it would appear that Cogitosus did not expand the account of Vita III, but had before him the original stories. Not everything in the Vita ascribed to Ultán or Ailerán looks ancient ; *e.g.*, the author brings Brigit in constant relation with Patrick, a feature from which the work of Cogitosus is entirely free. So much seems proved that Vita III contains at least an extensive old stratum. If the latter is the work of Ailerán, it may have been modernized about 800 A.D.

The manuscript tradition of Vita III is essentially West German. The earliest of the thirty MSS. that have so far been listed (Brit. Mus. Addit. 34124) dates from the middle of the ninth century.

The metrical Vita of St. Brigit, attributed to Chilienus or Coelan of Inisceltra (d. ca. 750) by Colgan, has been claimed by Esposito[1] for Donatus of Fiesole (826–877), who is undoubtedly the author of the prologue ; Esposito thinks that the work is dedicated to a certain Dungal, who became a teacher at Bobbio in the year 829. The *Vita metrica* is preserved in three MSS. of eleventh and twelfth century date : Monte Cassino 232, Florence Laurentiana Mugellanus de Nemore XIII, Vatican Barberini 586 (mutilated) ; a fourth copy (Rome, Bibl. Alexandrina 91) is a transcript of the Casinensis. Donatus (if we accept Esposito's view) appears at a later date to have remodelled his work in the interest of greater clarity ; he turned the narrative into prose, but left the prologue untouched. This version is extant in MS. Rome, Bibl. Casanatensis 726 (saec. XI/XII).

Of the two Irish Lives of St. Brigit the one (Kenney no. 152 i) has long been known from printed editions ; the other (Kenney no. 152 ii), which is extant only in MS. Rawlinson B. 512, was edited in 1931 by P. Grosjean and J. Fraser[2] ; an English translation, based on a new collation of the manuscript, with introduction and notes, was published some years later by M. A. O'Brien.[3] Dr. R. I. Best has argued on

[1] *Journal of Theological Studies* XXXIII (1931-2), pp. 128 f.
[2] *Irish Texts* I (1931), pp. 2-16.
[3] *Irish Historical Studies* I (1938-9), pp. 123-134 ; 343-353. See also P. Grosjean, *Anal. Boll.* LIX (1941), pp. 319-322.

palaeographical grounds that the Rawlinson text must go back to an original of the ninth century[1]; according to Dr. O'Brien, language and subject matter warrant even a date not much later than 774.[2] Whereas the first of the two Irish Lives is a mere translation of an abridgment from the Latin Vita III, the Rawlinson Life would appear to depend directly on the primitive text—the lost work of Ultán.[3] In some respect the Rawlinson Life is even more archaic than Vita III. The numerous Latin passages which are found in this Irish text may be of help for a reconstruction of the original Latin Life.

There exists a lengthy Latin Life of St. Brigit, which is generally attributed to Animosus, an author of whom nothing is definitely known. The Bollandists identified him with a bishop of Kildare, whose obit is given in AFM under A.D. 980, and this identification was still accepted by Dr. Todd.[4] An Animosus is mentioned also in the prologue of Donatus (verse 124) among previous writers on the "virtues of Brigit"; if this writer were identical with the bishop of Kildare, the obit in the Annals would have to be regarded as incorrect. However, Esposito[5] is of opinion that Donatus has substituted *Animosus* for the unmetrical *Cogitosus*. Esposito goes even farther; he intimates that the Vita ascribed to Animosus is a modern compilation.[6] He promised a detailed study of this text, but so far as I can see never published it.

It has to be admitted that no mediaeval manuscript of Animosus has come to light. Colgan does not indicate his source; he probably relied on the collections of Hugh Ward. Colgan's copy was afterwards given to Ussher by Fr. Stephen White. The Bollandists, too, based their text on a MS. of Hugh Ward—perhaps the same or a copy thereof.

However, the lack of mediaeval MSS. is in itself no sufficient reason for questioning the authenticity of a mediaeval text, and Esposito's attempt to explain away Animosus seems rash. The alleged date of Brigit's death at the end of this Life contains two obvious chronological blunders which appear to be due to miscopying from an earlier source. Clues for dating, which are found in several places, point to the twelfth century. This might, of course, be the date of a source used by some late compiler; but the alleged modern date of the Vita in its present form has not yet been proved.

Lessons for St. Brigid's Day, which are derived from Cogitosus, have been published from two Swedish Breviaries, now in Upsala, by Toni Schmid.[7]

[1] *Zeitschrift für celtische Philologie* XVII. 397.

[2] Saec. VIII-IX as the probable date of this life had been suggested already by P. Grosjean, see Kenney p. 779.

[3] So Esposito, *Hermathena* XLIX. 137-140.

[4] *St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland*, p. 108.

[5] *Hermathena* XLIX. 129 and note 39.

[6] *Hermathena* XLIX. 129 note 39; 145 note 84.

[7] *Le culte en Suède de Sainte Brigide l'Irlandaise*, in *Anal. Boll.* LXI (1943), pp. 108-115.

4. *St. Columcille*

The edition of Adamnan's *Vita Columbae* by Dr. Reeves, nearly a century ago, was such an outstanding achievement for its time that one generation of scholars after the other relied on it with absolute confidence. Yet, even if it left far behind the average standard of similar productions in its own day, it does not satisfy the demands which modern students make on a critical edition. A list of MSS. of this text was given and the editorial problem outlined by Gertrud Brüning.[1] The British Museum MS. Addit. 19726 (11th century), which Miss Brüning had left unclassified, was examined by Esposito and found to contain the " shorter recension."[2] Of single MSS., the codex of Dorbbene (Schaffhausen, Msc. Generalia 1), written before 713, is of particular interest. Excellent photos of the whole MS. were secured during the war by the untiring efforts of Prof. MacNeill ; a facsimile edition is planned by the Irish Manuscripts Commission. This publication will be most welcome to palaeographers, but it cannot remove the need for a new critical edition of the text. The three British Museum copies of the full text (especially Addit. 35110, written before A.D. 1195) will have to be examined more closely[3] ; the relation between this group and the Schaffhausen MS. will have to be clarified ; the critical value of the two abridged versions will have to be defined ; above all, the problems connected with the Vita that goes under the name of Cuimine Ailbe will have to be solved convincingly.

Far more has been done for the *Irish* Lives of St. Columcille. The Old Irish homily (Kenney no. 215), which had so far been printed only from Lebor Brecc and the Book of Lismore, has been edited, with an English translation, from the Edinburgh MS. Gaelic XL by P. Grosjean.[4] Several versions of this text, among them MSS. Egerton 91 and Paris Bibl. nat. Celt. et basq. 1, are still awaiting publication.

The Life of Columcille by Manus O'Donnel was edited from MS. Rawlinson B. 514 by A. O'Kelleher and G. Schoepperle in 1918. More recently, two other MSS. of this text, in the Franciscans' Library at Merchants' Quay, A. 8 and A. 23, were examined by Rev. P. Walsh.[5] The former was written for Niall Og O'Neill (d. 1545), the latter dates of ca. 1610. From a postscript in the earlier MS. we learn that Manus O'Donnel was not strictly speaking the author of this Life ; it was compiled at his command by several scholars.

One of the numerous shorter texts concerning Columcille (Book of Leinster, pp. 366 and 369, relating to the saint's exile) has been published and commented upon by P. Grosjean.[6]

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[1] *Zeitschrift für celtische Philologie* XI (1917), pp. 218-227.
[2] *Hermathena* L. 153.
[3] See Esposito, *Hermathena* L. 154.
[4] *Scottish Gaelic Studies* II/2 (1928), pp. 117-171 ; III (1929), pp. 84 f.
[5] *Two Irish Manuscripts*, in STUDIES XVIII (1929), pp. 292-306.
[6] *Anal. Boll.* LV (1937), pp. 96-108.

5. *St. Brendan*

No Life of St. Brendan has ever reached the popularity of the *Navigatio*. The Lives which we know are preserved in one or two MSS. only. Even modern scholars seem to have inherited from their mediaeval predecessors a partiality for the *Navigatio*. The new edition of the *Vita sancti Brendani* in Codex Kilkenniensis by P. Grosjean[1] is one of the few exceptions from this rule.

Unfortunately the continued interest in the *Navigatio Brendani* has not yet resulted in a critical edition that would do justice to the fame of this text. M. Esposito has published a list of ninety-nine MSS. of the Latin original.[2] This list is virtually complete ; from my own collections I could add only few items, all very late and some doubtful. A classification of the Latin MSS. (and, preferably, also of the vernacular versions in relation to the several recensions of the Latin original) is urgently needed. The problem was approached with but little success by C. Steinweg some fifty years ago.[3] To Steinweg was accessible only a fraction of the 74 MSS. which he listed ; for others he had to rely on the imperfect collations of previous editors ; of more than one half of the sum total he knew nothing beyond their existence. An examination of all extant MSS. of the *Navigatio* was promised by C. E. Low[4] ; but so far as I am aware it has not yet been published.

A contribution to the textual history of the *Navigatio Brendani* is C. Selmer, *The Beginnings of the Brendan Legend on the Continent*.[5] According to Selmer a copy of the *Navigatio* was extant in Wales at an early date ; from Wales the text found its way into Brittany as early as the ninth century, when part of it was incorporated into the Life of St. Malo by Bili. The Bretons, who during the Viking raids of the tenth century found shelter mainly in the Irish colonies of Lorraine, would appear to have brought the *Navigatio Brendani* to the Rhineland, which was probably the centre of its distribution in later times. The earliest MS. now in existence, Brit. Mus. Addit. 36736 (tenth century), from St. Maximin, Trèves, is a faulty copy of an earlier exemplar. Selmer thinks he can identfy the latter with a MS. (now lost) which is mentioned in the catalogue of St. Emmeran, Ratisbon, of A.D. 994. This lost MS., Selmer suggests, was the original of the Trèves copy that has survived ; the former was probably taken to Ratisbon when abbot Romwald was transferred to that place from Trèves in 975 ; the copy was taken hastily about the time when the original was to go abroad. Selmer even suggests a possible link between Brittany and Trèves : Bishop Israel Brittigena, who lived as an exile at Trèves since 947. The whole reconstruction is

[1] *Anal. Boll.* XLVIII (1930), pp. 99-123.
[2] *Romania* LXIV (1938), pp. 328 ff.
[3] *Romanische Forschungen* VII (1891), pp. 1-48.
[4] *Cf.* P. Grosjean, *Anal. Boll.* XLVIII. 102.
[5] *Catholic Historical Review* XXIX (1943), pp. 169-176.

highly aprioristic; yet, as a first step towards a history of the text, it deserves attention.[1]

Selmer's reconstruction would imply an earlier date of the *Navigatio Brendani* than was hitherto assumed. Of the same opinion is Esposito, who believes that the text goes back to the seventh century and became known on the Continent through Irish refugees during the ninth century.[2]

Dealing with the appreciation (or otherwise) of the Voyage of *Brendan*, Esposito remarks[3] that Vincent of Beauvais excluded this account from his *Speculum Historiale* because of some "apocryphic fancies" (*propter apocrifa quaedam deliramenta*)—by which he doubtless means the idea of an earthly paradise. It may be remembered that Vincent raises the same objections against the visions of Knight Owen in St. Patrick's Purgatory.[4]

6. *Other Saints*

Most Lives of Irish saints are of late date and belong to a period of monastic decline; of these, quite a number have been inspired by motives that were not purely, or primarily, religious. The saints were credited with the most fanciful miracles, and local hagiographers regularly proved the saint of their own place to be superior to the saints of other districts. At a time when all important monasteries of a *tuath* used to be in the hands of the local dynasty, such fabrications were encouraged in order to increase the revenue of a *paruchia* by propaganda for its saint. This is the picture which Fr. Félim O'Briain gives for Leinster;[5] things would not be very different in the other provinces.

The *Vita sancti Albei* is imperfect in Codex Kilkenniensis, but a copy was taken when the manuscript was still intact; this copy is now in the Musée des Bollandistes, MS. 141. The section missing in the Marsh MS. has been collated with Plummer's edition of the twin MS. in Trinity College by P. Grosjean.[6]

Father Carthage, *The Story of St. Carthage* (1937) is a biography of the saint, based, as is only natural, on the Latin and Irish Lives.

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[1] A study of the *Navigatio* from quite a different point of view may be referred to at least in a footnote: George A. Little, *Brendan the Navigator. An interpretation* (1945). Mr. Little endeavours to identify the seas crossed by Brendan and his companions. He argues that the Land of Promise is Florida, and that Irish missionary activities in America during the sixth century account for the Christian elements in the religion of the Aztecs. The author's frankness in disclaiming all scholarly pretensions is simply disarming. He must therefore not be surprised, if historians and hagiologists find his first principles as inacceptable as he finds theirs.

[2] *Romania* LXIV. 338-340.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 345.

[4] *Speculum hist.* XX. 24: *cum nullus credatur esse locus medius animarum inter purgatorium et caeleste paradisum.*

[5] *The hagiography of Leinster*, in *Féil-Sgribhinn Eóin Mhic Néill*, pp. 454-464. The compilers of these Lives would plunder ruthlessly the Lives of other saints, e.g. of Brigit or Columcille.

[6] *Anal. Boll.* L (1932), pp. 139-144.

Sir James Ware (Ms. Rawlinson B. 479, fol. 62)[1] bears witness to the existence of a *Vita sancti Kinani* in a MS. of archbishop Laud ; according to Dr. R. Flower, Ware's manuscript can be identified with a manuscript in Lambeth Palace, which has not been described in the first volume of M. R. James's Catalogue of the Lambeth MSS.[2] As this is the only Life of St. Cianan of Damliag that has ever been indicated, its publication would be of great interest.

A Life of St. Ciaran of Saigir, different from those hitherto known, has been edited from Codex Gothanus I. 81 (written in England during the 14th century) by P. Grosjean.[3] The text is accompanied by copious notes in which the learned editor compares the parallel Lives of this saint. P. Grosjean thinks it impossible to draw a pedigree of the Lives of St. Ciaran or to reconstruct his primitive Vita ; yet all the texts have much in common, among other things some contamination with a Life of St. Ciaran of Clonmacnois. A special feature of the Vita in Codex Gothanus is the identification with Ciaran of the Cornish saint Perranus or Piranus, resulting in an alleged emigration of the aging saint to Cornwall. The Vita Gothana was probably in existence before A.D. 1350 ; it was abridged by John of Tynmouth and expanded into a " Life of St. Sezny " by the Breton hagiographer Albert le Grand. The Irish Life in MS. Brussels Bibl. Royale 4190-4200[4] is a late translation from a Latin Life similar to that in Codex Gothanus, but free from the Cornish *rifaccimenti*.

Of the two Latin Lives of St. Comgall, the one (*Bibl. Hagiogr. Lat.* 1910) was edited by Plummer from Codex Kilkenniensis and its sister manuscript in Trinity College ; the other (*Bibl. Hagiogr. Lat.* 1909), which is extant in MS. Rawlinson B. 485 and its derivatives and partly also in Codex Salmanticensis, has been presented by P. Grosjean.[5] So far as the text is in Codex Salmanticensis, the MSS. are collated with the edition by De Smedt and De Backer ; sections missing in this MS. are given in full. The Rawlinson and Salamanca texts have a common archetype ; B.H.L. 1909 is derived from a Life of St. Comgall that was different from B.H.L. 1910.

The dialogue of St. Mochae with the bird has been edited with a Latin translation and introduction from MS. Edinburgh Gaelic VI by P. Grosjean[6] ; the *Betha Molaga* from MSS. Brussels Bibl. Royale 2324-2340 and RIA Stowe A. iv. 1 by J. G. O'Keeffe[7] ; poems on St. Senan from the Brussels MS. just mentioned by P. Grosjean[8]. For publications of minor hagiographical texts in Irish see Dr. Best's Bibliography.[9]

[1] See Charles MacNeill, *Analecta Hibern.* I (1930), p. 123 f.
[2] P. Grosjean, *Anal. Boll.* XLVIII. 365-366.
[3] *Anal. Boll.* LIX (1941), pp. 217-271.
[4] *Bethada Náem nÉrenn* I. 113-124.
[5] *Anal. Boll.* LII (1934), pp. 343-353.
[6] *Anal. Boll.* XLVII (1929), pp. 39-43.
[7] *Irish Texts* III (1931), pp. 11-22.
[8] *Irish Texts* IV (1934), pp. 68-97.
[9] See June 1946 issue, p. 232.

Mario Esposito has continued his studies in the Lives of St. Monenna[1]; he deals, among other things, with a Life of this saint in MS. Lambeth Palace 99 (14th century), so far unpublished.

Those interested in the Lives of Irish missionaries on the Continent will find an expert guide in Father Félim O'Briain: *The expansion of Irish Christianity to 1200: an historiographical survey*[2]. The texts, which have been edited so excellently by B. Krusch and W. Levison in volumes III to VII of the *Scriptores rerum Merovingicarum*, have been studied very little ever since. A.-F. Stocq, *Vie critique de Sainte Gertrude* (Nivelles, 1931) has been severely criticised by P. Grosjean.[3] Lately, Dr. John Hennig has studied the legend of SS. Albert and Erhard.[4] It may be mentioned that in the *Vita prima sancti Fursei* in *Scriptores rerum Merovingicarum* vol. IV the paragraphs dealing with the saint's visions have been omitted. A critical edition of the complete text would be desirable.

To a single province of the Irish mission is devoted A. M. Tommasini, *Irish Saints in Italy*.[5] This again is a book of much wider scope than hagiography, but indispensable as a source of information and a work of reference.

San Frediano of Lucca has been deprived of his Irish origin and claimed for the Italy of the third century by Antonio Pedemonte.[6] This author's views have not met with the approval of Tommasini.

I conclude this survey with some references to literature on the two great Irish saints of the twelfth century.

Of St. Malachy of Armagh two biographies were published in the early thirties[7]. What we need first of all is a critical edition of St. Bernard's *Vita sancti Malachiae*. From a list compiled by M. Esposito[8] and from my own research I know of seventy-seven MSS. of this text; among them is a number of twelfth century MSS. from Clairvaux (now at Troyes), which ought to be examined in the first place.

The background for the Life of St. Laurence O'Toole has been sketched by Dr. J. F. O'Doherty.[9] The sources for his Life, indicated with a fair approach to completeness by A. Legris in 1914,[10] have been edited only in part by Charles Plummer and the Bollandists. MS. Sainte-

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[1] *Hermathena* L. 145-151.
[2] *Irish Historical Studies* III (1942-3), pp. 241-266; IV (1944), pp. 131-163.
[3] *Anal. Boll.* LII. 417-418.
[4] *St. Albert, Patron of Cashel*, in *Mediaeval Studies*, December 1945, pp. 21-39.
[5] Original edition 1932; English translation by Rev. G. Cleary 1937.
[6] *I primi vescovi della Paroecia Lucensis*. Lucca 1915 (not in Kenney); *San Frediano*. Lucca 1937. See P. Grosjean, *Anal. Boll.* LVII (1939), pp. 146-147.
[7] Luddy Ailbe, *Life of St. Malachy* (Dublin, 1930) and James O'Boyle, *Life of St. Malachy* (Belfast, 1931); I also mention P. Grosjean's article *La prophetie de S. Malachie sur l'Irlande* in *Anal. Boll.* LI (1933), pp. 318-324.
[8] *Hermathena* L. 161 f.
[9] *Laurentius von Dublin und das Irische Normannentum* (1933).
[10] See Kenney, *Sources*, p. 770.

Geneviève 1833 was prepared for publication by A. Legris in 1914[1], but this edition never saw the light. This account, and others so far unpublished, should be made available in print.

7. *Epilogue*

Looking back on the period under review, we state that Kenney's work has not failed to act as an incentive to Irish hagiographical studies in more than one direction. Response has been feeble at one point only: in the matter of critical editions and interpretations of Hiberno-Latin Lives of Saints. Not a single Latin Life of SS. Patrick, Brigit or Columcille is available in an edition of the same standard as those of most Irish missionaries on the Continent.[2] The admirable edition of the Kilkenniensis collection by Charles Plummer might be profitably supplemented by a collation of the Maynooth MS. and an edition of the Codex Insulensis; a comparative study of these collections could, within certain limits, lead to the reconstruction of the earlier strata underlying the Latin Lives of many Irish saints. St. Bernard's Life of St. Malachy and the Ste.-Geneviève text concerning St. Laurence O'Toole should be made accessible in convenient editions.

The Latin Lives of Irish saints share the fate of Hiberno-Latin literature in general. Is it not surprising to see that no Irish scholar has approached the difficult, but highly interesting problems connected with the textual tradition of the *Navigatio Brendani*, the *Visio Tundali* and the *Purgatorium sancti Patricii*—three Latin texts of Irish origin which counted among the " best sellers " of the Middle Ages?

It is regrettable that the years from 1929 to 1939 were not used more extensively for securing photos of important Hiberno-Latin MSS. in Continental and English libraries. Some of these treasures have since perished, others that have survived will long remain inaccessible, and the shadow of a new and more destructive war is already hanging over our heads. Schemes for the collection and edition of these sources there have been, but they were never put into full effect. I conclude this survey with an urgent appeal to all those concerned to make an effort for the salvation of literary documents of Irish interest abroad, and to make it now. It is the eleventh hour.

LUDWIG BIELER

[1] See Ch. Plummer, *Anal. Boll.* XXXIII. 181.

[2] As a model, I recommend to all prospective editors of such texts the study of B. Krusch, *Ionae Vitae* (Monumenta Germaniae Historica in usum scholarum, 1905). Only the cumbrous, if ingenious, notation of MSS. and classes of MSS. should not be imitated.

IRISH LINKS WITH BISHOP CHALLONER

BY REV. JOHN BRADY

THE recent translation to Westminster Cathedral of the remains of Bishop Challoner has revived interest in the life and times of that great Englishman. Even if he had no links with this country, Challoner would still have an interest for Irishmen by reason of the common bonds of religion and persecution. But there were links; his books were reprinted and were widely read in Ireland: his *Think Well On't* was translated into Irish, and his *Meditations for Every Day in the Year* is one of the books still supplied to every student when he enters Maynooth. Many of his flock were Irishmen; and two of the last priests to suffer in England for saying Mass were Challoner's own priests, both Irishmen, and one of them was his intimate friend. They were Father John Baptist Moloney and Father James Dillon.

It is not surprising to find Irish priests in London at this time, even though it may not always be possible to explain their presence there. There was, of course, a large Irish population in and near London. In 1780 Edmund Burke could say of the London Catholics: "I suppose there are not in London less than four or five thousand of that persuasion from my country, who do a great deal of the most laborious works in the metropolis." In 1773 Father Gerard Shaw, whose name appears in Challoner's will, made a gift of £500, afterwards increased to £700, to found a mission at Bermondsey. The donor made the interesting stipulation that one of the chaplains at Bermondsey should be able to speak Irish as well as English. Seven years later, on the other side of the river, the Irish community showed their presence in a different way. When news of the burning of chapels by Lord George Gordon's mob reached Virginia Street, the Irish labourers of the neighbourhood, who are said to have numbered upwards of 3,000, assembled to protect the remaining chapels; but their offer was turned down by the Home Secretary on the ground that sufficient troops were at hand.

Although the anti-Catholic laws in England and Ireland had much in common, there were a number of important points of difference. In 1559, within six months of Elizabeth's accession, the English Parliament passed the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity. The one proclaimed her Supreme Governor on earth of the Church, and an oath recognising her as such was imposed upon all holders of office in Church and State. The other imposed the *Book of Common Prayer* upon all ordained clergy and made attendance at the State Church compulsory under pain of a fine of one shilling for each Sunday. Indirectly the Act of Uniformity affected every priest, insofar as all clergy were compelled to use the new liturgy and the refusal to use it or the substitution of any other form carried penalties of sequestration, deprivation and imprisonment. The hard-

ships imposed by both Acts were intensified in 1563 by the " Act for the assurance of the Queen's royal power " (5 Eliz. c.i.), which imposed the penalties of forfeiture and life imprisonment for the first refusal to take the Oath of Supremacy. For the second refusal the penalty was to be a traitor's death.

Until 1585 the laws affecting priest and layman were alike, at least in theory. For, provided a man did not use his priestly functions, there was no specific law against him as a priest. But under the Statute 27 Eliz. c.2 the mere presence in England of any priest ordained abroad since 1559 was made punishable by death as treason ; and during the rest of Elizabeth's reign this law was rigidly enforced. Soon after his accession, James I issued a proclamation commanding all Jesuits and seminary priests to quit England before 19 March 1604 under pain of incurring the penalties imposed in the previous reign. Almost a hundred years after, in 1700, the Statutes 11 and 12 William III, c. 4 imposed the penalty of life imprisonment on bishops, priests and schoolmasters found in England and granted a reward of £100 to the informer who secured the conviction.

In 1560 the Irish Parliament applied the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity, already passed by the English Parliament, to Ireland. During the rest of the reign priests were dealt with by martial law and no legislation was passed resembling the English Statute of 1585. A proclamation issued by James I on 4 July 1605 was couched in similar terms to that published in England in the previous year, and it ordered " all priests, Jesuits, seminary priests, or other priests ordained by any authority from Rome " to depart from Ireland before the 10th December and not to return " under pain of his high displeasure and such other penalty as might be justly inflicted on them by the laws of the realm".

In violation of the Treaty of Limerick the Williamite Parliament passed the Act 9 William III, c. 1, which commanded all Catholic clergy to quit Ireland before 1 May 1698. For failure to depart the punishment was imprisonment and transportation, and the priest returning after transportation was adjudged guilty of high treason. Within a few years, however, the legislators realized that it was impossible to enforce the law effectively. Consequently a new Act (2 Anne, c. 7) was passed in an effort to control the number of priests in the country, restrict their activities and prevent others succeeding them. It required that each priest should register himself, stating his place of residence, the parish to which he ministered, the time, place of ordination and the name of the ordaining prelate. He was also required to provide two sureties for his good behaviour. Failure to register after 20 July 1704 rendered the offenders liable to be regarded as " popish regular clergymen " and to be punished as in the Statute 9 Will. III, c. 1.

This registration Act was not a concession ; it gave a certain legal status to a definite number of priests, whose identity was established ;

but it confined their functions to a prescribed locality, and it was the intention of the lawmakers that no newcomers should be tolerated. Its purpose was summed up by Dean Swift when he wrote: "The popish priests are all registered, and without permission (which I hope will not be granted) they can have no successors." But, like its predecessors, the measure was a failure. It was not possible to put all the cumbersome machinery into operation in a land where the majority of the people could and did place so many obstacles to its working. To the credit of some of the authorities it must be said that they did not go out of their way to make priests disclose their identity. There is an interesting example of this in the Annesley trial in 1743. One of the witnesses, Fr. John Ryan, was asked: "Did you follow any business, or are you of any profession?" but, before he could answer, the judge interjected: "You need not answer that question if you think it will criminate you." Nevertheless, this Act was occasionally invoked and as late as 1777 Fr. Simon Strong, a Dominican was prosecuted at the Meath Assizes for being "a regular popish clergyman".

It was different in England, where Catholicism was the religion of the minority—a shrinking minority. No oblique methods were considered necessary to deal with them and the Williamite statute of 1700 was an effective piece of legislation. For over seventy years the clergy subsisted in a state of suspense under the shadow of a law which placed their liberty and their possessions in the hands of any wretch who cared to denounce or blackmail them. In Ireland the office of informer or priest-hunter might be regarded a hazardous occupation; but in England it carried little danger or social stigma, and it was a profitable profession. Thus, for several years one William Payne, a carpenter, exacted blackmail off the Catholics of London and he appeared as chief witness in a number of prosecutions, the last successful one being that of Fr. John Baptist Moloney.

Father Moloney, an Irishman, officiated at a Mass-house in Kent Street (now Tarbard street), London, and it was here that he was arrested on 17 February 1767 for saying Mass. He was indicted at the Surrey Summer Assizes at Croydon on the afternoon of Friday 21 August 1767 on the charge of "unlawfully and voluntarily exercising the office of a popish priest and administering the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to divers persons being reputed Papists after the manner exercised in the Church of Rome and according to the rites of the said Church and unlawfully and voluntarily preaching to the said persons against the Statute" and 12 William III, c. 4. As Fr. Moloney pleaded guilty, the Bench had no option but to convict and sentence him to remain in perpetual imprisonment "in such place . . . within the Kingdom as his Majesty by the advice of his Privy Council should appoint".

On 7 October following, a petition from the prisoner was read before the Privy Council praying for his removal from the common gaol of Surrey

at Southwark, to which he had been temporarily committed, to the King's Bench prison " for the benefit of the air". Two days later, the Privy Council granted his request and on 26 October he was committed to the King's Bench prison. Here he languished for the next three years until June 1770 when Lord Weymouth presented a petition to the Attorney General, which had been laid before the king at the desire of the Duchess of Norfolk. The king asked for an opinion how far he might, with propriety and legality, extend his mercy towards the prisoner and " in what way it is properest to be done". Almost two months elapsed before the Attorney General reported (4 August) that he was of opinion that the punishment was subject to the king's prerogative of mercy and added " Whether His Majesty, upon a general view of the severity of the law in a case not accompanied with any special circumstances, shall think fit to exert his royal authority in putting at present a period to a punishment by a law which is still left in force, is submitted to His Majesty's wisdom."

Nothing further appears to have been done until 19 June 1771 when Fr. Moloney was brought before the King's Bench, where he was informed that the king had been pleased to pardon him on condition that he should enter into a personal recognisance of £500 and two securities of £200 to quit the kingdom within fourteen days of his enlargement and not to return into any of the king's dominions. Fr. Moloney is said to have emigrated to Georgia and, before his departure, Dr. Challoner wrote a warm letter (25 June) setting forth that he had for many years performed missionary work in his district " in a strenuous and praiseworthy manner " and that now after four years imprisonment he was going forth " an exile for Christ to Catholic lands". The letter ended with the words : " As on many grounds he is most dear to us in Christ, we commend him earnestly to all prelates of the Church and other supporters of the Catholic faith."

Encouraged by his success in prosecuting Fr. Moloney, in 1768 Payne swore an information against four priests, one of whom was Fr. James Dillon. The prosecution of the two Irishmen is referred to in a letter written by Fr. James Power, from Weston, to his brother Thomas Power M.D., Clonmel, 30 May 1768. He says : " There are two priests, both Irish now in gaol and will, it is thought, remain there the remainder of their lives, as their sentence is such. They were both very rash and indiscrete in suffering everybody known or *unknown* to be admitted to those places where they performed their functions—in private apartments. Their names are Dillon and Molony, and information was lodged against both by the same person—one Payne, who was known to be an Apostate and Informer by profession."

The trial of the four priests appears to have taken place at the King's Bench, 25 June 1768 and to have opened with the prosecution of Fr. Webb. For the defence it was argued that it was not sufficient to show that

the accused had acted as a priest, and that the onus lay on the prosecution to show that he *was*, in fact, a priest. This contention was admitted by the presiding judge, Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, who declared : " I have considered in my own mind the whole force of the evidence. As for the meaning of those statutes, I own before that affair happened in Surrey (*i.e.*, the conviction of Fr. Moloney) I had not thoroughly examined them. But since that time, all the twelve Judges have consulted upon them, and we have all agreed in opinion that the Statutes are so worded that, in order to convict a man upon those Statutes, it is necessary that he be first proved to be a priest ; and secondly that it be proved he has said Mass." He then directed the attention of the jury to the fact that the only evidence of the prosecution was that of Payne, " a very illiterate man, who knows nothing of Latin, the language in which Mass is said," and pointed out that Payne was witness in his own cause, since he was entitled to a reward of £100 if he obtained a conviction. To the credit of the jury they acquitted Fr. Webb and his companions.

Two years later (30 October 1770) Charles O'Conor, in writing to his friend Archbishop Carpenter, referred to the recent outbreak of persecution in England and said : " An instance of this is very recent in the case of our countryman, Father James Dillon : he has been imprisoned, prosecuted, tried, and only acquitted thro' want of some legal proofs. His afflictions did not end there. His zeal has exposed him to new trials, and he must now quit all his connexions in England, by a local sacrifice of that zeal on the principle of flying to another city *when persecuted in that of his residence*. He is advised to return to his native country, and his zeal as well as trials give him a right to the best reception his country can afford. His family I have known, and they have lived very reputably for some ages in this province,[1] tho' now reduced to the condition of the rest of the Catholic families. I would therefore, with the greatest deference, recommend him to your Grace's protection, and I do this rather to inform than to recommend, as it would be but a waste of words, and indeed an impertinent display of them, to solicit your protection when you can grant it to such suffering merit as Father Dillon exhibits in this day of his distress. I trust that you have some place open for him, such as may give him some repose in this *last* stage of life, to one who acted so good a part on the *first*."

Dr. Carpenter's reply has not been preserved, and we have no means of knowing what his reaction was to the suggestion. Actually, there was no legal compulsion on Fr. Dillon to leave England, and Charles O'Conor may not have realized that the power of Payne and other priest-hunters had been broken by Lord Mansfield's ruling. Payne, too, was slow to realize that the tide had turned against him, and he continued to create

[1] The *AnnualRegister*, 1780, recording Fr. Dillon's death, calls him Richard and states that he was " a younger brother of the ancient family of Preudston, in the county of Meath . . . "

trouble until 1771. His last prosecution was that of Bishop Challoner's coadjutor, Dr. James Talbot, whom " he several times indicted for exercising the Office and Function of a Popish Bishop : as likewise Messrs. Richard Dillon and John Fuller for exercising the Functions of Popish Priests. But as he had indicted them under wrong names, those indictments proved of no effect ; and although in pleading a misnomer to their Indictment, they gave in their true Christian names, yet when he indicted them a second and a third time, he still indicted them under wrong names ; which seemed as if Divine Providence had interfered to infatuate the man." So states Fr. Barnard, the biographer of Challoner, who himself appears to have been uncertain about Fr. Dillon's name ; and his reference to the repeated persecution of Fr. Dillon explains why it had been considered advisable for the unfortunate man to leave England.

At all events, Fr. Dillon remained in London and continued to officiate at the chapel in Moorfields, to which he had been attached since 1744. He is said to have been educated at Douai from 1734 to 1741—in all probability in the Irish College there, since his name is missing from the records of the English College. " During the whole of his London career," writes Canon Burton, " he had been one of Dr. Challoner's most devoted priests and the bishop used often to preach for him."

On Friday, 2 June 1780, began the reign of terror known as the Gordon Riots, and two days later the rioters entered Ropemakers' Alley in Moorfields, where Fr. Dillon's chapel was situated. One who witnessed the scene that followed writes : " My cold I caught by standing the greatest part of Sunday night in a wall near the Romish Chapell in Moorfields witnessing scenes which made my heart bleed without being able to prevent them. It was the most singular and unhappy sight in the world. A mob, encouraged by magistrates and protected by Troops, with the most orderly injustice destroying the property of innocent individuals. Next to Lord Gordon, for whom no punishment can be too great, the magistrates of the City deserve an ample share of vengeance from a basely deserted people, having abandoned their proper authority to their own opinions and sacrificed their duty to their prejudices." Having desecrated and demolished the chapel, the mob proceeded to White Street, where Fr. Dillon lived. Fortunately he himself escaped ; but the house and its contents, the furniture and the books, which he greatly valued, were set ablaze by the rioters. " The shock he received from such barbarous treatment deeply affected his health and spirits, and is supposed to have hastened his death," which took place 5 August 1780. Bishop Challoner was deeply moved by the death of his friend, and five months later he followed him to the grave.

JOHN BRADY

I am greatly indebted to Mr. J. J. O'Reilly, M.A., of the Public Record Office, London, for many unpublished references to Fr. Moloney.

REVIEWS

Biography

EDMUND RICE : Founder of the Christian Brothers. By J. D. Fitzpatrick. Dublin : M. H. Gill. 1945. 8s. 6d. net.

" First things first " would be a fitting headline for this new study of Edmund Rice, offered us by one of his spiritual sons. That a man with no specifically educational training, an upright and successful merchant, should, in middle life, open a school to teach the Three R's to the untamed urchins of the streets might be considered a philanthropic gesture or might be deemed, as in point of fact it was by fellow-merchants of the day, an unjustifiable whim ; but that out of this venture should grow the biggest educational movement for Irish boys, and indeed for many beyond the seas, needs an explanation. Brother Fitzpatrick gives it in this book.

In a Foreword His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin writes : " In the obscurity of Faith, Brother Rice was obliged to use the ordinary means offered by the Church to sanctify himself and to ascertain God's will in his own regard and in respect of his new Society. It is this basic Faith that is the explanation of his life and of his Institute." We are all ready to pay lip service to the saying " First things first," but in private, and notably in public, life, just because it costs to live up to the principle, we ignore it. If any man or woman can be found courageous enough to adopt it, that man or that woman will ultimately make history and will emerge from an obscurity which the mere natural surroundings involve. Every canonised saint has established the fact.

Biographies of educationalists are frequently dull : chalk, blackboard, and the drabness of uninspiring classrooms shroud their memories ; the book under review is singularly free from these shadows. By his skilful marshalling of facts and his use of authorities, the writer gives us a clear picture of the hostile forces at work in the Penal days : " It was not merely the persecution of a religion, it was an attempt to degrade and demoralise a whole nation," wrote the Protestant Lecky. To understand the greatness of Edmund Rice's work and to appreciate the nature of the difficulties meeting him at every stage of his advance, it is necessary to know something of the " Social and Educational Conditions in the Eighteenth Century". The first chapter of the book is an excellent summary. Moreover it has its poignant application to Poland at the present moment. That we travel in motor cars instead of donkey carts, that we listen to the B.B.C. instead of to organ-grinders has no effect on the heart of man himself—except perhaps to harden it by attaching it more and more to pleasure seeking. On reading the chapter we might be inclined to exclaim : " Thank God, there can be no recurrence of such times." We should be wrong. A careful examination of the life and principles of Brother Rice will show us that the demons against whom he struggled are as much abroad to-day as they were in his day—and more openly and more brutally. In the long run the two Cities of St. Augustine are carrying on their ceaseless struggle : for some time past Babylon has been wide awake to educational possibilities. Capture the classroom that you may capture the souls. From the first Edmund Rice realised this.

As revealing the character of Edmund Rice, Chapter IX, " Edmund Rice begins his Work of Christian Education," is one of the most useful. " From the opening day his attitude on the question of the religious training of the minds and hearts of the boys was uncompromising. He insisted that the simple lessons in secular knowledge were to be permeated with Christian principles and ideas. He would fight for those souls and ' neither things present nor things to come ' would make him deviate from the paths which would lead these children to God. This was his reply to the past and his promise for the future " (p. 135).

When in the thirties the National System of Education was offered, Brother Rice, in spite of the fact that Dr. Crolly had affiliated his schools, completely disapproved of a system which involved " the total separation of religious and secular instruction " and which " excluded religious practices for four days of the week". " First things first," and of all first things surely the Kingdom of God comes before all. From this principle of his Catholic Faith Brother Rice never deviated ; and when for the last time in 1836 he addressed his Chapter, he gave them as motto : " Providence is our Inheritance."

Brother Fitzpatrick throws the figure of the Founder against that background, explaining the man and the magnitude of his work.

G. B.

THE SCARLET TREE. By Osbert Sitwell. London : Macmillan. 1946. 15s.

THIS is the second volume of an autobiography the first book of which, *Left Hand Right Hand,* was reviewed in 1945 in the September issue of STUDIES. It is Osbert Sitwell's book ; but it is, in a subtle or perhaps not so subtle sense, Edith's and Sacheverell's as well. Their loyalty and their comradeship light up the changing English and Italian scene just as, through their busy lives, their arts and crafts seem to dovetail into and mutually re-inforce one another. The title echoes the author's previous allusion to the " frail crimson tree " of their blood and so symbolises the continuity from instalment to instalment of this interesting story. A second such symbol of continuity is the reproduction, on the inside covers, of the author's left and right hand prints, indication in him (he already told us) of hereditary and acquired characteristics. The only quarrel I have with the title metaphor is its illustration on the jacket, which seems more suitable for an anatomy room chart than for an artist's book. I say that despite trident and conch, garland and drapery, accessories of the classical figure so, if I may coin a word, tree-disfigured. But one can discard the jacket and put the book within easy reach of one's hand to pick and choose among its three hundred or more pages or to lend it—but only to conscientious friends who, having enjoyed, will return it to its owner.

The *Scarlet Tree* follows the life of its author from his eighth to his eighteenth year in what one might call the various branch houses of his family, including his time at " Prep." schools and at Eton and his annual visits to Italy. Psychologists and educationalists will be specially interested in his account : of an early boyhood spent at too many removes from his natural guardians and perpetually " ambushed " by tutors ; of the alternation of dull routine and acute suffering in the school, " that fashionable place of internment for the sons of the rich " ; of the " listless days " at Eton where " the avoidance of playing games or of watching them being played was at best a negative occupation". The common reader will be entertained by the variety of anecdote, scene and character, and by the imaginative as well as factual reconstruction of epochs now buried deep under the ruins of two European wars. But he will, if I am he, be more than all else fascinated by the reactions of the boy (as father to the man) to Italy, the land of his predilection, his " second country". To his father, Sir George Sitwell—interesting amalgam of parsimony and extravagance, of originality and conventionality, of mediaeval and modern, of Goth and Greek—Osbert Sitwell owed his early visual initiation into a world of form and beauty revealed as well in the contours and colours of this southern pattern of earth, sky and water as in the art structures of its ardent religious, civic and individual life. This personal approach, " through feeling and example," to the classical tradition he claims to have been for him and his sister and brother more fruitful for the development of their art and their taste than could have been the introduction *via* the more usual channels of Greek and Latin scholarship. The classical tradition

thus absorbed had nothing of the static for this trio ; it was a dynamic, urging them to throw bridges over the gulfs of the ages and so link the arts of ancient and mediaeval Greece and Italy with the genius and the talent of a Stravinsky, a Modigliani, a Diaghilew. One can only envy the author his claim and be glad at its evident justification.

In the chapter on Italian towns, where this connoisseur's prose rises on occasion to great heights, art and taste combine to inform the scenes with a grace and beauty that is its own, indeed, but that is also in some measure his who has so finely re-created it. Who that has experienced it early or late will not thrill to its re-capture by the pen of one so fortunately familiar with it? On some future occasion I shall, I hope, be given space to analyse the style of this painstaking artist. For I believe, with old Buffon, that the style is the man and I should fear to seem too flattering if I were, without due examination, to pay all the credit which I feel is due to a literary integrity, to a very individual quality of description, to a habit of accurate observation, to a fine verbal judgment and to a cultivated gift for the happy phrase. The author somewhere in his book reports his father as saying, deprecatingly perhaps : " Osbert reads for style ; I read for information." Is it " left hand, right hand " or is it " the frail crimson tree " that is responsible for the mature Osbert's seeming to me to write for and with both?

I have said before that Art is Osbert Sitwell's Absolute. Despite his occasional early wrestlings with the terrors of Eternal Punishment and despite the theological inadequacy of his father's suggested ultimate Harrowing of Hell by such stout English heroes as Wellington, Nelson and the Black Prince, the dilemma : religion or aesthetics as a way of life : was scarcely posed for the author of this book. His confession of faith is renewed here à propos of the threat to Italy in 1944, whilst his hatred of war and all that makes for war—international stockbroking, politics and politicians—runs like a dark thread through *The Scarlet Tree's* bright tapestry. Yet, according to a newspaper anecdote—imperfectly remembered, I fear—the Italian phase of this war revealed at least one gesture appropriate to the matter of this story and the manner of its author. When the tide of battle ebbed from one of these lovely cities—was it Florence?—and the people could again concern themselves with the arts, one of their missing treasures—was it the Primavera of Botticelli?—was ultimately found intact. It had been sent for safe keeping to Osbert Sitwell's villa. It is the author's pleasant destiny to be, in more places and in more senses than one, the guardian of aesthetic tradition. He has given us a beautiful book, illustrated by John Piper whose art is not wholly unknown to us in Dublin.

MARY M. MACKEN

TO HEAVEN THROUGH A WINDOW. St. Gerard Majella. By John Carr, C.SS.R. London : Sands. 1946. 12s. 6d.

ST. CAMILLUS. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. London : Sheed and Ward. 1946. 8s. 6d.

THOUGH the title of Fr. Carr's book is borrowed from an actual incident in the life of the saint, his escape through the window of the room in which his mother had locked him to prevent his running off with the Redemptorist missioners from Muro, it might be fittingly applied to the unfolding of Gerard's whole life : " Through a window of visions to Heaven." There is nothing ordinary in Gerard Majella. Indeed his life is so extraordinary that the writer, first in his *Introduction* and later in a chapter entitled *God's Wizard*, feels called upon to reassure us thus : " In the pages of this book there is much that may tax the credulity even of excellent Catholics ; and so I feel I should be making an unreasonable demand upon them if I were to serve them up a profusion of wonders and ask them to swallow it without question " (*pp. xi, xii*).

For the rationalist, who closes his eyes to Lourdes, apologetic is futile ; for the " excellent Catholic " it will not be, we fancy, the miracle—(which he rather expects in the life of the saint)—nor even the " profusion," which may cause indigestion, but various items on the menu card. We feel that, in days when we would all psychologise, a little more of the psychology of Gerard would have helped, or some more light on the highways and byways of Providence for individual souls : " For my thoughts are not your thoughts : nor your ways my ways, saith the Lord," Is. lv, 8.

Wonders began when the child was only six. The Divine Child leaving the arms of our Blessed Lady's statue descended to play with him. Fr. Carr remarks that " for a boy of Gerard's years and temperament to *imagine* he saw the Divine Child etc. is quite inconceivable". We agree. But, on turning a page or two, we read that Gerard, pointing to the statue of our Lady and the Child, said to his mother : " That is the little boy with whom I played . . . I thought He was a child like myself." How, we ask, could Gerard have *imagined* that the child who descended from the statue was just like himself. Some light on Gerard's temperament, if available, would have helped here ; as well as later when, for instance, on being told by the rather hot-headed rector, Fr. Cafaro, to " go and put himself in the oven "—apparently an equivalent of " Go to Jericho"—Gerard went into the oven, where he remained until the baker discovered him ; yet we are assured " that he worshipped the very thoughts of his superiors. What is more, he knew these thoughts, knew them when no human agency could have possibly revealed them " (p. 127). Either he was, in the words of the Marchesa Granafa, ' un santo sciocco "—so obtuse that the rector exclaimed : " We must weigh every word we say when dealing with this man " (p. 122)—or rather blind to the mind of his Superiors.

If we pick out these points, it is because, thanks to the truly extraordinary life of " God's Wizard," we should like to know more about his temperament : the temperament which made him induce street urchins to tie his feet together and drag him through the street until his head and shoulders were bleeding. For the youngsters such an act, if not positively sinful, was at least brutalising and calls for some explanation of the mind of the inciter.

Son of a tailor, a tailor himself, after nine years as a Redemptorist laybrother, Gerard died in his twenty-ninth year. He left behind him not merely the reputation of a saint but proof positive that he was one—soon to be established by his canonization. Humility and an intensity of love were the hallmarks of his sanctity—but of a love that was truly southern in its effervescence and, at times, somewhat startling in manifestations " without consciousness of any breach of the proprieties " (p. 140). Fr. Carr thinks that, " if we all loved God as Gerard loved Him, we should all probably behave as he did." The story of a St. Francis de Sales, a St. John Berchmans, a St. John of the Cross hardly justifies the assumption.

The life is written with Fr. Carr's facile pen, which charmed so many in his *St. Clement Hofbauer*. Sceptic and believer alike who begin the work will be carried to the end, and whatever the general reaction may be, they will admit that " every page of Gerard's life showed how he loved God and men . . . And these are things which we all have to do " (p. 479).

Fr. Martindale's *St. Camillus* hurries us at once into a world which we all understand as emphatically the world of men : " Camillus was startlingly young when he took to playing cards, which afterwards became a perfect frenzy." The son of noble parents, he sniffed the battlefield from his youth. His father, whose military career began in 1525 with the battle of Pavia, though a " good Christian," lived for war. Like most soldiers of fortune he gambled and, at his death, he had nothing to leave his son Camillus, only 17 years of age, except " his sword, his dagger, and his honourable name."

The sword and the dagger suited the fiery nature of the young Camillus. The honourable name was strangely destined to become more honourable still in the canonization of one whom certainly nature, whatever about grace, did not mark for the altars of the Church.

There is not a dull page among the 181 of Fr. Martindale's Life of the Saint-in-the-making. Suffering from an open sore in his leg and brought face to face with stern realities of life, Camillus resolved to become a Franciscan. He presented himself at a monastery ruled by his uncle. The old man saw nothing but a passing whim, and dismissed him with words of encouragement. The details of his life are somewhat mixed at this period. Certain it is, at any rate, that he did go to the Incurable Hospital of San Giacomo and that his outlook as a patient was to impress itself deeply on his mind, leading him, after many a struggle, to become the Founder of the Camillans and the Church's Patron of Hospital work.

Diseases were so rampant at the time and hygienic methods so imperfectly developed that the great problem was : " Could the intellectual, moral and spiritual level of the staff be kept up to the requisite standard ? " (p. 13).

On March 30, 1571, Camillus became a servant of the hospital for board, lodging and 2s. 6d. a month. At the end of the year he was dismissed : " He was an appalling hot-head, constantly quarrelling with one or other of the servants. And also because, being so obsessed by card-playing, he would often desert the sick and go off across the Tiber to play with the Tiber boatmen."

Back to the army, he served under Philip II of Spain. He amassed some money to lose all in gambling—even his cloak. He took service under the Capuchins as a muleteer. Finally he was admitted to their novitiate, where he seemed to have ended the old dissolute life. He had, but not in his chosen way. The old leg trouble recurred, obliging him to leave the Capuchins.

He sought San Giacomo again, first as a patient, then remaining as *Guardaroba*. Though he tried the Franciscan life again, his life was to be definitely cast with the sick. In 1579 he was back in San Giacomo as General Superintendent. To-day it is difficult for us to imagine what these sixteenth century hospitals were like. The reader will find a vivid picture in Fr. Martindale's book. Even criminals were employed to serve as part of their punishment. " The great part of the patients were allowed to die without the sacraments and unassisted . . . on the material side men were left without food, or without drink in a high fever : they were known in their desperation to drink slops, or oil from lamps, and worse " (p. 29).

Interested in the sick, on the one hand, and bent on religious life, on the other, it is readily seen that Camillus's mind thought of combining the two ideals in a single one—his Camillans, religious devoted to nursing the sick.

All good work, especially for God, meets with opposition. Fr. Martindale tells the epic, for epic it was, of Camillus in his uphill struggle to establish his congregation. " That Camillus had done a really *original* work we see from this. The Company of Divine Love in a true sense inaugurated a new idea of hospital work, and indeed created or inspired a whole series of ' Incurables ' Hospitals, but this Society did not develop a systematic method of caring for the sick, nor make of it a vocation. Camillus did both."

What strikes us in the life of Gerard Majella is the world of wonders which formed his atmosphere ; what strikes us in Camillus is the wonder of the man who, all his life, " was suffering such physical pain himself that he might have been forgiven had he stayed all his life in hospital as a permanent invalid".

In one case we admire the profusion of gifts which, no doubt, won a faithful correspondence ; in the other case we admire the more than human strength which, by its fidelity, invited more and more of the divine aid. In both cases " God is wonderful in His saints".

G. B.

CLASSICS

VIRGIL. By F. J. H. Letters, M.A., LL.B. London: Sheed & Ward. 1946. pp. 168. 8s. 6d.

THE "Foreword" tells us the purpose of this book: "written in contemplation of the time when a knowledge of Latin would have ceased to be necessary for matriculation, this book is in part an attempt to give the general reader some knowledge, and even appreciation of the most famous of Roman poets."

Mr. Letters displays a wide knowledge of not only the Greek and Latin authors, but also of English and Italian literature. This ensures that the general reader will always feel that he is not on entirely unfamiliar ground. At no point does the book lose interest; and the fifth chapter, which treats of the points of contact between the *Odyssey* and the *Aeneid* and of Dido, is especially attractive. The scholar, it must be said, will find defects in the work; but, then, the book is not for him. It may, however, be asked if the general reader would not have been helped more if he had been given at least a table of contents, if not also chapter-headings and an index.

JOHN J. O'MEARA

CICERO IN THE COURTROOM OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. The Aquinas Lecture, 1945. By E. K. Rand. Milwaukee: Marquette University Press. 1946. Pp. 115. $1.50.

ÉTUDES SUR CICÉRON. By Martin van den Bruwaene. Bruxelles: Édition Universelle. 1946. Pp. 111, 50 frs. belges.

THE Aquinas Lecture, 1945, was delivered by E. K. Rand, Pope Professor of Latin in Harvard University, a worthy successor to Jacques Maritain and Werner Jaeger, who delivered the Aquinas lectures in 1942 and 1943 respectively. Professor Rand has since died, and it is with particular pleasure that we read the gracious tribute to his memory which is set out at the beginning of this slender volume.

The lecture itself is of great interest inasmuch as it lets us see what acquaintance St. Thomas had with the works of Cicero and how he made use of that knowledge. The result is in some ways surprising. Though he seems to have known a comparatively small number of Cicero's works, St. Thomas appeals to these few very frequently, with great confidence, and with little desire to correct. "[In] a section extending from Question 47 through Question 160 in the Second Part of the *Summa Theologica*, Cicero is St. Thomas's constant companion and one of his respected authorities" (p. 32). Again: "There are at least seventy references to it (the *De Inventione* of Cicero) in the *Summa Theologica*, and none of these contains a refutation of any of Cicero's views as wrong, dangerous or ridiculous." This, surely, is high commendation!

Professor Rand's inclination, noticeable in at least some of his other writings, to follow out to the bitter end the details of any metaphor he chooses to employ may cause some slight distress to his readers; but this is more than counterbalanced by the interest and importance of his matter. Read "know" for "knew" p. 92, l. 3.

The second book is a small collection of four essays, of which the first two—"la Dot de Terentia" and "les Édits et le bon Droit dans la Pratique de Cicéron"—deal with legal subtleties; the third, "la Notion du Prince chez Cicéron," deals with Cicero's concept of the ideal ruler and his relation of that concept to the existing political scene at Rome; whilst the last, "Démosthène et Cicéron," deals with the comparison and contrast of the two famous orators. M. van den Bruwaene has a firm grasp of legal usage at Rome in the time of Cicero. Perhaps in the third essay he should not have translated the Latin "*princeps*" by "*prince*". The author is a little unfair, too, to Demosthenes on pp. 98-101: Demosthenes was a practical orator, and was not bound to use terms with strictly philosophical exactitude. We note some inconsistency in the elision of final vowels on p. 96. JOHN J. O'MEARA

Fiction and Poetry

STATUE FOR A SQUARE. By Francis MacManus. Dublin: Talbot Press. 1945. 7s. 6d.

MOUNT KESTREL. By An Philibín. Dublin: Gill. 1945. 5s.

Mr. MacManus's novel is unambitious, but it achieves a larger purpose than will be evident to a careless reader. His hero, Mr. Augustine Fahy a "returned American," is impelled to present a statue to the town in which he has spent some happy years of retirement. Everyone wants the statue, but everyone is intent on getting his own desires realised in its subject. There are plots and counter-plots; but, as no one will surrender his object, the whole project is wrecked. "They want their goodness crooked" says Mr. Fahy.

It is a slight theme, but Mr. MacManus gives it a large significance. He satirises our traditional reluctance to cooperate. He satirises many of our particular enthusiasms—most tellingly of all, perhaps, the oddities of our archaeologists. But his humour is not of the hard and heartless modern kind. Just because he is not primarily a humorist, his humour belongs to the old, comprehensive type as understood by Ben Jonson. It is comic indeed, but it is also moving and full of poetry. It is in fact an appreciation of human values especially in unusual characters. For the discerning, this is a very satisfying book.

Mount Kestrel lacks the skilful characterisation and the wealth of commentary and ideas in Mr. MacManus's novel. But it has its own merits. Its subject is the escape of a Spanish Don from the wreck of a galleon on the Irish coast, his subsequent execution by the English, and the persistence of a legend that, when he returns, Ireland will regain her freedom. The book describes to what extent that prophecy is fulfilled, but it would be unfair to reveal the plot in a review. That plot is presented by a vivid and original method. This is a picturesque novel that will hold the attention of any Irish reader throughout, though he may not long remember much of it. The fine patriotic lyric with which it ends is the most memorable thing in the book.

A. L.

THE BECKER WIVES AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Lavin. London: Michael Joseph. 1946. 9s. 6d.

It is only a very few years since Mary Lavin leaped into fame as a short-story writer with her first volume, *Tales of Bective Bridge*, which won for her the James Tait Edinburgh Prize. It was quickly followed by a second series *The Long Ago*; whilst her third book, a full length novel, *The House in Clewe Street*, was a window-dressing feature in at least one Dublin bookshop last year. In spite of such popularity, the novel was somewhat of a disappointment to her critics and her friends on both sides of the water. This year she has returned to what was felt by many to be her true medium, for the moment at least, and has given us four new short stories under the title of the longest, as it is the most elaborate, of the series: *The Becker Wives*.

Here we have once more in action those qualities by virtue of which the author arrived, without apprenticeship, as it seemed, where others get only after lengthy initiation. There is the immediate and deft presentation of scene; the, despite masses of detail, apparently effortless build-up of background; the visual force of description; the pointing, as it were *en route*, of character by indication and suggestion; the wit of contrasts; the irony and the humour of life, no matter where or on how small a scale it is lived. But whether it is because of a certain monotony in the choice of type and motif or an occasional lack of control in her accumulation of detail, involving faults of language and style, I ask myself whether the author is not producing too rapidly? I get the impression here, too, that the

streaks of cynicism which were apparent in the second and third books have become in some of these stories an atmosphere making for depression in the reader, and depression is not the mood that good art induces. Such depression can take the form of protest when the cynicism seems to deteriorate into smartness at the expense of fundamentals. If the characters and their fates are not worth more than that, it seems a pity to waste on them talents of such a creative order as Mary Lavin undoubtedly possesses. I refer here to the longer stories: "The Becker Wives" and "A Happy Death". The two slighter tales, "A Joy-Ride" and "Magenta", are, except for an occasional error of taste and even grossness in the first of the two, in Mary Lavin's now familiar vein.

MARY M. MACKEN

RIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE. By Robert Farren (Riobárd Ó Faracháin). London: Sheed and Ward. 1945. 5s.

WHEN one thinks of Irish poets today one thinks of Mr. Clarke and Mr. Ó Faracháin first, but not perhaps together. For though both are deservedly distinguished and have enough in common to be the nucleus of a school, they are far from being literary mirror-twins. Mr. Clarke's quality is the more elusive and need not concern us here. Mr. Ó Faracháin's, no less admirable (indeed, to a Catholic, more so), is that of a man determined to be true to himself. Most of his poems, like those of the great lyrical writers of all countries in pre-Romantic centuries—for instance like Catullus, Sappho, Ronsard, or the Irish bards—have actual occasions for their subjects. His aim is always to convey his living thoughts and imaginations on these occasions. And so, not to misrepresent their spontaneity, he expresses them in the idiom of ordinary conversation; though actually this has been stealthily weeded of its crudities. The effect of incantation necessary to poetry he obtains by his fitfully varied rhythms and sometimes by a strange contemplation of his object through images of images that I have elsewhere tried to analyse. Thus when he speaks of "gales like punch-drunk boxers reeling," he has a metaphor in the reeling of the gale with the simile of the boxer superimposed to explain it. Such lines as these are characteristic:

> Man, the wild bee of Time, will try
> to sip the world and blind an eye
> and say there seems no call to die...

This volume ends with the one-act verse-play, *Lost Light*, set in a Dublin drawing-room in 1916. It had considerable success when performed in the Abbey.

A. L.

HISTORY

HISTORY OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH. By Jules Lebreton, S.J., and Jacques Zeiller. Translated by Ernest C. Messenger, Ph.D. Vol. II. 1944. Vol. III. 1946. London: Burns Oates. 18s. net each.

THE EPISTLES OF ST. CLEMENT OF ROME AND ST. IGNATIUS OF ANTIOCH. Translated by James A. Kleist, S.J. Ancient Christian Writers Series. Westminster (Maryland): Newman Bookshop. 1946. $2·50.

IT is gratifying to see that Dr. Messenger's great enterprise in making available for English readers Fliche and Martin's monumental *History of the Church* is meeting with growing success. Already the second volume is out of print, and at the beginning of the third we are promised the steady continuation of the work. It would be difficult to praise too highly what has been already done. The English text reads easily and smoothly, and the few additions made by the translator to the notes serve the purpose of occasional reference to available English authorities. The size and format of the volumes, which average less than two hundred and fifty pages, make them more convenient to keep and consult than the much bulkier French originals.

This is, of course, partly due to the fact that it takes two of the slim English volumes to complete one of the French ; but that is not the only reason: The English type, while close-set, is bold and legible, and the publishers are to be congratulated for the skill with which the volumes are organised and produced. Volume II completes the translation of the first French volume, which brings the narrative down to the time of Septimius Severus and the opening of a new phase for the Church of the Catacombs. Volume III, after two chapters on the Gnostic crisis and the Catholic reaction, which belong to the second century, goes on to deal with the external history of the stormy period from the persecution under Septimius Severus to the long peace preceding the final fury under Diocletian and Galerius.

Throughout both volumes, what may be called the internal and the external history of the Church are distributed between the authors, Père Lebreton, S.J., and Professor Zeiller of the Sorbonne. The first of these acknowledged masters in their respective spheres has for his subject Christian thought and literature, including the development of theology and the controversies provoked by successive heresies and schisms. The second deals with the expansion of Christianity, relations between Church and State, including the great persecutions, and the cognate subjects of ecclesiastical organisation and liturgical practice. Between them they cover every aspect of their vast subject ; and as both are working researchers of the first rank, their joint book is by no means a dry compilation but a living and moving drama in which every phase has been thought out afresh, every document carefully studied, every debate thoroughly re-examined. By reason of its combination of warm sympathy and entire orthodoxy with rigorous scientific method, its close attention to detail and the literary grace and skill of its brilliant team of authors, the great work which Dr. Messenger is so devotedly and successfully translating is assured of a very long life. We would particularly recommend it to all who are responsible for school and college libraries. Even if only read in selected chapters, it makes an admirable work for young students as well as for the maturest scholars.

A warm welcome will also be extended to the promising American venture of which the first beautifully-produced volume lies before us. Two Professors of the Catholic University of America, Washington, have undertaken the tremendous task of providing, in a uniform series, English translations with commentaries of all the works of the Fathers of the Church. The general editors are Father Johannes Quasten and Dr. J. C. Plumpe, and they have enlisted the aid of distinguished scholars from all over the English-speaking world, not omitting Ireland. It is appropriate that the series should begin with the Epistles of Saints Clement and Ignatius, which come directly after those of the Apostles themselves in time and in importance. The translator, Father Kleist, is Professor of Classical Languages at St. Louis University, a veteran Greek scholar and an expert in the *Koine*.

As was to be expected, his translation is fresh, vigorous, and careful. When he differs from previous editors such as Kirsopp Lake, he discusses the point at issue in his notes, which while by no means excessively long are lucid and useful, especially for their constant reference to recent literature. There is a very distinct difference between the Greek style of the Roman Clement—whose Epistle to the Corinthians has the very special interest of being the first Papal pronouncement after those of St. Peter himself—and that of the Syrian Ignatius, writing brief and earnest messages on his way to martyrdom. The Roman retains some of the flavour of the ancient rhetoric and makes free use of Stoic and other philosophical terms ; the Syrian's language is intensely personal, often showing striking resemblances to that of St. Paul, as when he protests that he is " the wheat of the Lord, ready for the grinding". Father Kleist succeeds admirably in conveying to the English reader the difference in expression which accompanies the strong similarity in subject and emphasis

between these two earliest of the Fathers. It is well that this American initiative should be associated with the name of Newman, who in his Oxford period did so much for English Patristic studies. M. T.

MANDARIN AND MISSIONARY. The Jesuits at the Court of China. By Arnold H. Rowbotham. University of California Press. 1942. Pp. 374. $3.00.

THE story of the Jesuits at the Court of Peking is one of the great epics of Jesuit mission history. Xavier found in Japan that his efforts to win the scholars met everywhere with the objection : " If yours be the true faith, how is it that the Chinese, from whom comes all wisdom, have not heard of it? ". He left the work of Japan to be continued by others and set himself to open up mission work in China. Death came to him in December 1552 as he waited on the island of Sancian for a Chinese junk that was to smuggle him into the forbidden kingdom.

His death was a challenge, as his life was an inspiration, to his fellow Jesuits. This work before us tells of the thirty years of effort after Xavier's death to enter the kingdom of China, the twenty years after entrance to win a way to the foot of the throne of the Son of Heaven at Peking, and the two hundred years of brilliant scholarship during which Ricci first and then Schall, Verbiest and a host of other men of learning held the imperial favour, while their brother Jesuits with other missionaries worked for the conversion of the people in the provinces.

There is no scarcity of dramatic incidents. Court intrigue often threatens to undo the Jesuits ; their scholarship is challenged ; the Son of Heaven sets his tests of skill and on each occasion, amid tense expectancy, the forecasts of the Jesuit scientists with their European methods triumph to the confusion of their enemies. Wars come and they must learn to make cannon for the emperor's armies ; floods come and they must plan measures of relief for the homeless as distributors of the emperor's favours ; disputes arise about frontiers and they must act as intermediaries between Russia and China. Within the walls of the imperial palace they must keep pace with the curiosity of the emperor by providing clocks or mechanical toys. The Son of Heaven must have Jesuit artists to paint portraits and scenes even on his hunting expeditions into Manchuria. Court officials follow the example of the emperor, and these Jesuit scholars, decked out in all the favours of the Son of Heaven, must slave day and night to meet the ever-increasing demands on their patience and ability. As one reads the story, one is almost tempted to think the one as inexhaustible as the other.

Across this picture moves the dark cloud of the Rites controversy. Missionaries are sadly divided, and in the end the efforts of the missionaries are crippled by inability to unite on a common policy with regard to the reverence to Confucius and the ancestors. The discord and the bickerings are one of the most humiliating chapters in Catholic missionary history.

On the other hand there is the European reaction to the Jesuit writings about China, her customs and her teachings. For a century the scholars of Europe were enraptured with this new knowledge of a people until then just barely known.

Professor Rowbotham tells the story from the standpoint of a sympathetic non-Catholic. It is to be expected that at times his efforts to interpret words or actions or attitudes of the missionaries should reflect his own background rather than theirs. There are also times where, as in his version of the Jesuit attitude towards Galileo's theories, a Catholic writer would be forewarned by previous experience against accepting generalisations about theological restrictions on scientific teachings. But, apart from such more or less unavoidable blemishes, the author has given us a well-documented study of this important chapter of Jesuit mission history.

There are not wanting abundant works on the history of the China missions in

other languages from the pens of Catholic writers. It is, therefore, to be regretted that so far no considerable work from a Catholic pen has appeared in English. The explanation is probably to be sought in the fact that until recent years the missions of China were manned by Catholic priests from continental countries. Let us hope that the numerous and successful missionary bodies from America, Ireland and Canada who in recent years have opened missions in China, will before long provide us with writers who will do justice to the history of Catholic work in the land of their adoption.

P. J.

THE REPUBLIC OF AUSTRIA. A Study in the Failure of Democratic Government. By Mary Macdonald. Oxford University Press. 1946. 8s. 6d. net

This is an admirable and erudite, if highly priced, book and the reader will find it an invaluable book of reference for inter-war Austrian history. I do not know if the sub-title is quite just. There were indeed defects in plenty in the Austrian constitution as Miss Macdonald very well shows, but did Austria fail through those defects or through an inherent defect in the Austrian character? It is indeed better to have a good constitution than a bad one; but the worst of constitutions can work, as the history of the United States shows, when there is a will to work it, and the best of constitutions cannot work when there is not such a will. Did Austria fail through defects of constitutional mechanism? Or was it not rather true that there was no tradition of a separate independent Austria, divided alike from the Danubian states and from the Germanies, and that such an Austria was from the first doomed to death through lack of a will to live?

Miss Macdonald indeed shows herself most admirably alive to these larger issues and she also, while emphasising the excessive provincialism of the Landes, brings it out well that a relapse into that provincialism was almost inevitable once the Emperor had gone—the Emperor who was the only unifying force not only of the Empire but even of Austria itself.

Miss Macdonald's book is valuable in its correction of common prejudice about the Church in Austria. While in no way exaggerating the devoutness of the population, she shows that it is far from true that the Church in the early days of the Republic was opposed to social reform. She well reminds the reader of the outspoken Pastorals of the Bishops issued in 1925 and 1928 and argues that, if the Church did at a later date to some extent take one side in politics, it was because the anti-clericalism and indeed the anti-religion of the Social Democrats left her with little alternative. In the early days after the war of 1918 some Social Democrat leaders, such as Ellenbogen and Leuthner, argued that anti-religion was a weakness to their party and wished for a reconciliation between it and the Church. But the conventional anti-clericalism won the mastery of the Social Democratic party.

It may be that Monsignor Seipel carried conservatism a little too far; but, from the Catholic point of view, the Christian Socialists had to defend Catholicism against a double attack—against the working class attack of the Social Democrats and later against the middle class scepticism which very largely rallied to the Nazis—simply because, among other things, they were anti-clerical. The result of this double hostility has been to bring grave tribulations upon the Church; but the question that we have to face is whether the mistakes that were made were mistakes for which Churchmen can fairly be blamed or whether it is not rather true that Austrian statesmen were set to solve problems that were in their nature insoluble—were set to solve them then and have now perhaps been set to solve them again.

Christopher Hollis

CONFUSION OF FACES: A Commentary on German History. By Erich Meissner. London: Faber and Faber. 1946. 10s. 6d.

THIS is yet another of the many books that in the war-years sought and in post-war days are still seeking to throw light on the German problem. We have had essays from English university professors of German; a weighty volume from a Sorbonne professor of the same subject; and other volumes less weighty on one aspect or other of the German case. Most of these tend not only to make the German past bear more than its due share of the present-day burden, but also—or so at least it seems to a neutral critic—to make Germany a scape-goat for European imperialist sinning, whether for that now happily past or for that which is being perpetrated afresh.

Dr. Meissner's book however, despite its being only one among many, carries its own justification. It is eminently readable; the English is excellent, whether cool and crisp as it is in general, or warm and passionate on occasion when the memory of public wrongs and private sufferings sets the heart strings vibrating. This German has a command of the telling phrase and a sureness of touch on the language key-board which are remarkable in a foreigner. Rarely, if at all, does his idiom betray him. He is more likely to err in the symbolic significance which he attributes to a work like Sacheverell Sitwell's *Splendours and Miseries*, though a member of the former Salem staff of Prince Max von Baden's public school should have an insight into the aristocratic collector's taste for the macabre. Perhaps because of the peculiarly selective character of that educational experiment, perhaps because of some traits in Erich Meissner that are native or acquired, he seems to me in this book, with all the "saeva indignatio" of some of its chapters, to be "au-dessus de la mêlée". Somehow he wears his European rue with a difference and his point of view seems, despite obvious limitations, to be more universal than that of other contemporary writers on the German theme. He is a German, exiled; but he is a citizen of the world as well. He is certainly a humanist, though perhaps more in the spirit of his secularist hope, John Cooper Powys, than in that of his model academician, Erasmus. For Dr. Meissner hardly seems a convincing Christian, though he may be convinced. His attitude is rather that of the eclectic or of the noble Jew or Pagan who awaits The Coming—be it a first, a second or indeed a last. His allusions to Christianity, "archaic" or otherwise, are not always clear. Neither are they always consistent. They have been challenged.

In his view and despite the tribute which he pays to the "despised churches" in their lone struggle against Totalitarianism, the Christian religions have failed to maintain their hold on man. Dr. Meissner's question asked in his interesting introduction poses his real thesis, which is as much European as German—if indeed it is not a world thesis. Are the Christian Churches justified or do their sins of commission and omission testify against them? "Is secularisation true? Does it correspond to reality?" To these last inquiries Dostoevsky has returned an emphatic negative; but that is in another sphere, the field of literary creation, questionable world of an artist's imaginings. Dr. Meissner in his character as a historian, which he claims to be in this remarkable book, has no answer to give to such interrogations. "A man must know his tools." And so he bids theology put an end to the world's questioning on a vital issue. "Apostasy of individuals and nations," he says, "constitutes a problem that might be successfully explored in the light of doctrine." It is interesting to note the use, by Dr. Meissner and the late Cardinal Count von Galen alike, of the term apostasy in connection with the happenings in their common country. Even the phrases of the heroic Archbishop of Münster coincide with the sense in which the author warns Europe: Apostasy can happen to any one, in any place, at any time.

This thesis of Dr. Meissner, formulated for the theologian, is renounced by the historian. But one is always being confronted with it in the body of the book: the four centuries of German history which emerge "aus der Vogelperspektive". They constitute a very skilful bird's eye view of movements, men and events, with neat thumb-nail sketches of the dominating figures in each epoch. Though the author steadily refuses to interpret the past in terms of the present, a procedure with which he must have been only too familiar in his study of history, he keeps a sense, if not exactly of the inevitability of events, at least of the continuity of history. The might-have-beens in the lives of Luther and Wallenstein, in the European and German settlements of 1815 and 1848 are but side-steppings, but they have their attraction. Is it, by the way, in accordance with any idea of the supra-national that Dr. Meissner calls Wallenstein a German? The condottiere's fellow-countryman, the Czech historian Pekar, gives a somewhat different idea of the mystery man's lack of persistence. I have implied that Dr. Meissner will not paint Frederick the Great with the lineaments of his descendant, the second emperor William. Neither will he let France and, to a less degree, England escape responsibility for fostering the fatal Prussian-Austrian dualism. His historical sketch of Prussia, though not new to students of German, and his suggestion that that social and political entity lost more than it gained by Bismarck's forcing of it into his mould of empire is a refreshing antidote to the slogan: Prussia the only original sinner.

For Dr. Meissner the offences of Prussia are of late date. They precede National Socialism, indeed, but they reach their climax in the surrender—however slow—to its dynamics. The Prussian military machine made the long-drawn-out threats to the European "status quo" tantamount to a declaration of war. But the final response of Europe and America to that declaration was, according to the author of this book, "the blood of innocent people in Dachau, Buchenwald" and elsewhere "crying out to Heaven for vengeance". What are Dr. Meissner's hopes now that the end has come? He gives a warning to the powers: "Metternich said after victory had been won: 'The basis of modern policy is and must be repose.' The words were true at the time when they were spoken; they are also true today. Will normal life return and find its home among ruins? Will it be proved—what so many Europeans have ceased to believe—that power is not evil by nature but can embody the kingly virtue of magnanimity, if it upholds justice and protects the innocent and the weak?"

This is a book to read; perhaps to challenge; in any event to read with attention.

MARY M. MACKEN

A HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH FOR SCHOOLS. Vol. III: Renaissance, Reformation, Age of Absolutism (1418–1789). By Rev. Jerome Mahony, S.J. Dublin: Educational Company of Ireland. 1946. Pp. 243. 2s. 9d.

IN a recent broadcast to the United States (27 October 1946) Pope Pius XII warned American Catholics that the Church to-day was menaced not only by hostile powers from without but also by interior forces of weakness and decline. Indicating the source of this internal threat to the growth and vigour of the Church, he pointed to the failure of many Catholics to grasp in any real way the truth that they professed. The Pope, it is true, was speaking to American Catholics; but the danger, at least, of such failure is not wholly absent nearer home, and the Pope's warning sets one thinking.

To develop a personal appreciation of the truths of faith in the minds of each of their pupils must always be the prime concern of religious educators. No easy task this, for text-book exposition of doctrine in satisfying the demands of accurate

expression tends to become abstract and arid and too often fails to bite home. How best to recover the vital freshness that lies hidden beneath the smooth formulae is the real problem. An important part of the answer, it seems to me, is to deepen the knowledge and appreciation of Church history; for it is in the living Church that we see the transforming power of Christian truth, and even the very formulae in which the truth is expressed seem less dead when we watch them being hammered out in answer to recurring error.

For this reason we think Fr. Mahony is doing valuable constructive work in providing a series of well-planned and attractively-written Church history texts for use in the schools. The volume under review, the third of the series, covers the period 1417–1789. The account of the Renaissance and Reformation, more detailed than in similar manuals, will be found useful not only in Religious Knowledge classes but also as a supplement to the ordinary texts in history classes. The very full treatment of the Church's missionary enterprise, a distinctive and most welcome feature of this book, deserves special praise. In an account running to over forty pages Fr. Mahony gives a vivid picture of the work of missionaries in three continents. Gathered together in one narrative, the heroic exploits of so many intrepid followers of Christ are telling evidence of the fruitfulness of the Church even in a period when her fortunes in Europe were so chequered.

The publishers are to be congratulated on giving us so well printed a book (with eight full-page maps) at the remarkably low price of 2s. 9d.

R. B. S.

THE JESUITS IN OLD OREGON: 1840–1940. By William N. Bischoff, S.J. Caldwell (Idaho): The Caxton Printers Ltd. 1945. Pp. 258. 3 dollars.

FEW episodes in the history of the Church offer more striking evidence of her vitality than the growth and development of Catholicity in the United States. In this fascinating sketch of Jesuit activity in the Pacific Northwest, Father Bischoff gives a vivid picture of the pioneer missionaries whose sweat and tears watered the Old Oregon country and, after many disappointments, made it fruitful.

It is difficult for us to realise that little more than an hundred years ago the Northwest was thought of by most people as the Great American Desert—"placed by Providence," as one traveller noted, "to keep the American people from diffusion and ruin". Officially it was Indian country closed to the white man. Trappers and traders had already blazed trails through it to bring their precious bever pelts to the buyers at St. Louis, but fickle fashion dealt them a heavy blow in the "thirties" by popularising the "silk hat". Too soon, however, the covered wagons of the emigrants and, later on, of the gold diggers began to press along the trails; and, as every year passed, the white men closed in more and more on the Indians.

How the Indians first brought the Jesuits among them is a moving story. Some Iroquois, who had left their homeland on the shores of the Great Lakes, had settled in the country between the Rockies and the Pacific and had married into the "Flatheads". For the rest of the story I can do no better than quote Bishop Rosati of St. Louis writing to Father John Roothan, General of the Society of Jesus, on 20 October 1839: "As they (the Iroquois)—converted by the early Fathers of your Society—were well instructed in the Catholic religion, they have continued to practice it as much as it was in their power, and have taught it to their wives and children. Their zeal goes even further: becoming Apostles, they have sown the first seeds of Christianity in the midst of the infidel nation among whom they live. These precious seeds begin already to bring forth fruit, for they have caused to spring in the hearts of the Indians the desire of having Missionaries who would teach them the divine law."

Four times between 1831 and 1840 deputations of the Flatheads journeyed to St. Louis to beg the blackrobes to come to them. After a preliminary survey in 1840, Father Peter De Smet set out with two priests and three brothers in the spring of 1841 to found the first mission-station. As their pilot he chose the Cavan man, Thomas Fitzpatrick (" Broken Hand " or " White Hair," as the Indians called him), the famous scout and former partner in the Rocky Mountain Fur Co. The missionaries joined the Bidwell-Bartleson group, the first emigrant party to make the Oregon Trail, with Fitzpatrick acting as guide to the whole expedition. Readers who relish the authentic flavour of the Trail will appreciate Fr. Bischoff's pages in which he recounts the varying experiences of De Smet and his fellow-workers.

Unfortunately the high hopes raised by their early successes were never fulfilled. To meet the spiritual needs of the thousands who had poured into California in the Gold Rush, priests were diverted from the mountain missions among the Indians to the boom towns of the South. Then, too, as contact with the white men increased, the Indians became demoralised and soon began to dwindle rapidly in numbers. To-day they are a dying race, preserved like some museum piece to tell of a vanished age. It is a tragic story after so fair a beginning, one more example of those glorious failures which make the Society of Jesus, as Mgr. Ronald Knox pointed out recently at Oxford, a home of lost causes. But if the dream of a prosperous Christian community of Indians has failed, the Jesuits may look with thankfulness at the wonderful progress of their many works for the settlers.

The author adds an interesting biographical appendix in which he gives short sketches of some thirty-eight of the pioneer workers. An analysis of their origins is not without interest, as it shows how workers from all over Europe co-operated in building up the Old Oregon mission : of the thirty-eight there were twelve Italians, nine Frenchmen, four Germans, three Swiss, three Dutchmen, three Belgians, a Mexican, a Sardinian, a Maltese and an Irishman (Mackin).

Fr. Bischoff's study is well documented and furnished with a series of excellent maps. He has arranged his material in geographical units, making each account complete. Personally I think his story would read better were it told as a whole in more or less chronological order. It is certainly a story that was well worth the telling, and the author deserves hearty congratulation on his skill in piecing it together with such care.

R. B. S.

ANALECTA HIBERNICA. No. 16. March, 1946. Dublin : Stationery Office. 1946. 7s. 6d.

THE Irish Manuscripts Commission continues its good work, and the latest volume of the *Analecta Hibernica* is for several reasons an exceptionally notable one. For the first time the Commission has extended its labours to the Vatican archives and presents a preliminary report on documents there relating to Ireland. Another special feature of this volume of the *Analecta* is that its editor, Father Eric MacFhinn, submits his report in the Irish language. His task, so excellently performed, must have been no light one—owing, for one thing, to the fact that no Nuncio was maintained in Ireland till our own day. The consequence was, as the editor states, that documents relating to this country are scattered here and there throughout the Papal State papers. It is pleasant to think that such work as this of Dr. MacFhinn's is helping to lay the foundations of native Irish archives, from which historians and others can draw material to counter the prejudiced contents of the foreign State Papers that fill the shelves of our repositories. And one hopes that the good work so well begun will be gradually extended to other continental centres where, lying untouched during the centuries, so much material relating to Ireland lies mouldering—

material whose publication would fill many gaps in our history and would help to give a new and better picture of our past.

Readers of the *Archivium Hibernicum*, published more than twenty-five years ago, will remember that the late Dr. Hagan, Rector of the Irish College at Rome, contributed to that periodical a valuable series of documents relating to Ireland and drawn from the Papal archives. Dr. MacFhinn in his report refers to these as well as to the untiring work of the late Father Costello, O.P. From the MSS. of the latter the Catholic Record Society published *The Annats of Ulster* and *The Annats of Dublin and Kildare*—works which throw much light on pre-Reformation Ireland. In this volume of the *Analecta Hibernica* Dr. MacFhinn, with his calendaring immensely more comprehensive in its scope, continues the work of these pioneers. He gives an analysis of the Irish material contained in the various sections into which the Vatican archives are divided. From an Irish as well as a European standpoint the most important of these sections is that of the Secretary of State with its six thousand volumes. A comparatively small sub-section of this is made up of thirty-one volumes labelled *Inghilterra*, which are in the Nunziature section of the Secretariat. Here and there in these latter are documents and letters of Irish interest ranging from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. The first two volumes, for example, deal in part with the activities of that heroic soldier James FitzMaurice at continental courts towards the end of the sixteenth century, and they contain letters from Thomas Stukely, enigmatic figure of the time. The last volume (thirty-first), too, has an important letter from FitzMaurice to Father David Wolfe, written in 1576 on his arrival at Saint Malo as he was starting on that adventure which was to have such a tragic ending. To the salient events of the following century—the Confederation and its aftermath, the Jacobite debacle, etc.—much correspondence is devoted.

In addition to the letters bearing directly on Ireland for the eighteenth century, as calendared by Dr. MacFhinn, one is glad to see included by him a certain number relative to the priests of Scotland at the period of the Forty-Five. Specially mentioned are Father Alan MacDonnell, Prince Charles Edward's private chaplain (described as " a man of knowledge and piety "), Father Colin Campbell, uncle of the gallant Protestant chief Lochiel, the Jesuit Father Peter Gordon and others. In the last decade of the eighteenth century, when there was " fear of an Insurrection in Ireland after the example of France," an Englishman Sir John Hippisley, was temporarily appointed unofficial representative of the British government at the Vatican. Many of his letters at the time are here catalogued. His name again appears frequently in the immense correspondence, calendared in detail, regarding the veto controversy—the part he played in that vexatious question earned him the title of " the busy baronet of vetoistical notoriety".

This first volume of Irish material in the Roman archives gives a pleasant foretaste of others which, it is hoped, will follow in due course from the same rich source.

This number of the *Analecta* is enhanced by a detailed and scholarly analysis of the " Black Book of Christ Church " (Dublin) by Father Aubrey Gwynn. From internal evidence Father Gwynn proves as almost certain that the book was brought from England to Dublin by the Augustinian canon Henry La Warr in 1300–1301 when he became prior of Christ Church. Its immediate Irish interest lies in the fact that local Dublin traditions and records were added to its contents from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. Father Gwynn also contributes many illuminating pages on early mediaeval Irish ecclesiastical history.

The volume of the *Analecta* ends with a minute report by Mr. R. C. Simington on the Annesley MSS., sixty-two volumes of which were loaned for photographing to the National Library of Ireland in 1944.

R. H.

INTRODUCTION TO CONTEMPORARY CIVILIZATION IN THE WEST: A SOURCE BOOK. Vol. I. New York: Columbia University Press. London: Cumberlege. 1946. 33s. 6d.

For the past quarter of a century Columbia College has been carrying out a very interesting experiment in the teaching of contemporary history. All freshmen in the College are required to attend a course in "Contemporary Civilization" as an attempt to secure some unity of cultural background in the various faculties of the College. For the past five or six years this course has been reorganised as a study of selected source-texts, and a series of twenty-four separate fascicles were published from 1941 onwards, from which the present handsome volume of 1,100 pages has been compiled.[1] These fascicles were produced by a team of lecturers working together as a "Contemporary Civilization Staff". The present volume is the work of a committee, with Dr. Justus Buchler as chairman, which has revised and reorganised the texts included in the earlier fascicles. Some of the names of lecturers on this College staff are well known to all students of modern American education: M. Jacques Barzun, for example, and Harry J. Carman. As might be expected in a College which holds pride of place among the many teaching units from which Columbia University is composed, the team of lecturers is cosmopolitan. Names such as Donald W. O'Connell or William O. Shanahan have a familiar ring on this side of the Atlantic; but they belong apparently to a minority. Paul Beik, Eugene O. Golob, Louis M. Hacker, G. Adolph Koch, Ernest Nagel, Herbert W. Schneider, Robert E. Tschan—these are names that suggest a background very different from our own, in Dublin or in Cork.

A first glance at the volume reveals a bias towards the study of a materialist civilization such as might be expected from New York's most representative University. "The Medieval Heritage" of our European culture is studied under such headings as Magna Carta, Papal Revenues, Church and State, Charlemagne's Capitulare de Villis, the Ordinances of the Merchant Guild of Coventry, the Articles of the Guild of London Hatters, the Grimsby Provision and the Ordinance of Labourers. But this concentrated attention on the economic basis of medieval society is not wholly exclusive. This first section ends with twenty pages of extracts from the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas, dealing with the lawfulness of selling an article for more than its just price and with a discussion of the sin of usury. The next section brings us back to St. Augustine, and we get some fine extracts from the Saint's *Enchiridion* (giving his doctrine on grace, free-will and predestination) and a few eloquent passages from his *City of God*. These are followed by the complete text of the Rule of St. Benedict; and more extracts from St. Bonaventure (the *Itinerarium Mentis ad Deum*), St. Thomas (on faith and reason) and Dante. There is also a long extract from Bernard Guis's Manual for Inquisitors.

From the Middle Ages we go back to Aristotle and Cicero; then to Machiavelli and the beginnings of modern capitalism in the Italian Renaissance. The rest of the volume can be summarised more rapidly: Martin Luther; Erasmus; Sir Thomas More; Wyclif; Calvin; Ignatius Loyola; Council of Trent; Bacon; Galileo; Descartes; Newton; and so onwards, through the Mercantilist State and the Absolutism of Richelieu and James I, to Hobbes, Locke, Voltaire, Kant, Hume, Frederick the Great, Adam Smith and the doctrinaires of the French Revolution. The volume ends (oddly enough) with Napoleon's proclamation of 19th Brumaire and the Milan Decree of 1807, by which the Emperor sought to enforce his Continental System.

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[1] There is an accompanying "Manual" of 154 pages containing an outline commentary on these texts.

A Catholic critic will find much to query in this selection: above all, many omissions. Why, for example, is there no mention of the Sermon on the Mount in a volume which is so predominantly concerned with Europe's social life? Were there no Catholic thinkers after Descartes? But there is no great advantage to be gained from making isolated criticisms. One obvious question must rise to the mind of any teacher who has experience of our own twentieth-century undergraduates. Can nothing similar be done, on lines more in harmony with our own cherished traditions, in this country? Is it not possible to treat European History as a subject more likely than any other in our Arts courses to give that common cultural background which used to be given, in theory at least, by a study of the Classics? Can we not devise a course such as this very practical New York course, which would open the minds of our young undergraduates to wider horizons; and at the same time give us a valuable opportunity of coordinating the courses of our young boys and girls in Religious knowledge with the general background of their studies in Arts, Philosophy or the Natural Sciences?

A. G.

POLITICS AND SOCIOLOGY

SYSTEMATIC POLITICS. By Charles E. Merriam. University of Chicago Press. 1946. $3.75.

WE are told by the publishers that this book "sums up the results of more than forty years' political thought and experience". Mr. Merriam has not merely been a professor of political science, but has had practical experience of politics, both in Chicago and, in an advisory capacity, under many presidents. We are apt, therefore, to anticipate a blend of theory and practice which is missing in purely academic books. The reader who comes with such expectations is likely to be disappointed. There is astonishingly little reference to practical problems, and it is difficult to trace the influence of the author's social and political experience. Possibly it finds expression in the supreme caution with which Mr. Merriam approaches problems and in his apparent unwillingness to come to definite conclusions. He constantly tells us what is commonly thought or said on one side or another. But he rarely comes down with definite answers to the problems he raises. The book suffers from a kind of diffused vagueness on many important questions—a vagueness which may be defensible from the complexity of such questions or may come from that kind of practical experience represented by Sir Roger de Coverley's principle: that there is much to be said on both sides. It may be that certain kinds of practical experience are not so helpful as one might suppose, since the great speculative principles of politics which divide men rest on deeper differences of an ethical and philosophical kind, and the practical man, in accordance with Disraeli's jibe, is frequently the man "who repeats the mistakes of his grandfather".

Still Mr. Merriam's book is eminently sensible, moderate and well-informed. His discussions, naturally enough, have an American orientation: "Theodore Roosevelt once said to me, 'Merriam, in case of a choice between order and justice, I will always be on the side of order, wouldn't you?' 'Perhaps not,' I replied. 'I belong to the Sons of the American Revolution'."

This answer gives us the quality of Mr. Merriam's mind. For him there seems to be no clear and unambiguous answer to the problem of priorities among such ends. Historically states have been set in "the culture pattern" of their time. "Sparta was a warrior state; Athens a welfare state; Rome a justice and order state." If we take a short historical view, the state might be considered as an instrument of exploitation. But it is Mr. Merriam's contention that slowly justice and freedom "break through the crust of custom and selfish interest".

" With the dawn of human dignity the faint precursors of equality, justice and freedom find their way through the gloom, moving toward the light of better life—but even then with unending limitations, restrictions, equivocations, and ambiguities that broke the pledges given." . . . . " Government of the creative and constructive type is slowly being ground out with infinite pains and with vast and widespread accompaniment of effort, often with temporary disillusionment " . . . . " Adaptation to the presence of vast authority and the recognition of its broad social purposes may be expected to unfold gradually in the consciousness and in the institutions and in the ideology of men. Authority may then appear as an instrument of mankind, not as its master, as a means of enlarging the capacities of the group rather than as a brutal limitation."

There is in all this a fine, bracing optimism—possible, perhaps, at the moment only to an American. It is not easy to gather on what kind of evidence this optimism is based. In his final chapter on " The Future of Government," although Mr. Merriam disclaims the possibility of certainty in such forecasts, he still speaks with considerable assurance. His experience and reflection seem to show him that, with the help of science and the growth of reason, a finer democracy is about to prevail. It may be so, but Mr. Merriam's reasons are very unconvincing : " We know that we enter an era of creative evolution, and we look forward to adventurous participation in the constructive betterment and transformation of life-conditions."

But how do we know all this and what does " creative evolution " mean ? It has been demonstrated *ad nauseam* that evolution does not necessarily mean progress, and to call evolution creative is an attempt to solve the difficulty by means of a question-begging term. After all, such " creative evolution " as there is in history has already produced some extraordinarily objectionable personalities and governments ; so that it seems—if it exists at all—to adjust itself impartially to the good and to the bad. Can any convincing reasons be produced to show that it is likely, in order to suit our convenience, to change its *modus operandi* in the future ? It is difficult to resist the conviction that Mr. Merriam at times is a victim to his own facility in word-spinning.

" The greatest of all revolutions in the whole history of mankind is the acceptance of creative evolution as the proper role of man, for this will eventually transform the spirit and the institutions of education, of industry, and of government—opening a broad way to the realization of the highest and finest values of human life, in a form of association where leaders no longer scream and curse and threaten and where men no longer shuffle, cringe, and fear, but stand erect in dignity and liberty and speak with calm voices of what clear eyes may see."

This sounds pleasantly, but it affords us no criterion for distinguishing between the " creative evolution " which expresses itself in the plough and the steam-engine and that which unfolds itself in the machine-gun and the atomic bomb. If all is to be right with the world, it may, perhaps, rather be because God is in His heaven than because man is creative in these various ways.

D. O'K.

A NATION OF NATIONS. By Louis Adamic. New York : Harper. 1945. $3·50.

THE main argument of this exceedingly informative and interesting book is that the United States must not be regarded as an Anglo-Saxon country with a White-Protestant-Anglo-Saxon civilization struggling to preserve itself against infiltration and adulteration by other civilizations brought by negroes and hordes of " foreigners". It is Mr. Adamic's contention that the pattern of the United States is not essentially Anglo-Saxon, although her language is English. It is a blend of cultures from many

lands. It is a new civilization, owing much to the English and Scottish heritage but owing at least as much to the heritage of the numerous immigrants who have poured in from so many different sources. Diversity is the very stuff of which the American pattern is made—and from which it derives its resilience and strength. In order to prove his point Mr. Adamic produces a vast mass of well-documented evidence showing the contribution made to American civilization by all the main groups of European immigrants. His book is a valuable counterblast to the Protestant anglophile bias of many of the best known American historians.

The chapter devoted to Irish immigration is of great interest and value. Mr. Adamic challenges the " Scotch-Irish myth "—which, he says, dates from about 1870 when the descendants of the earlier Irish immigrants wished to prove that they were somehow different from the impoverished hordes that sought refuge in the United States in the years following the Famine. He argues and establishes beyond dispute that there were very large numbers of Irish, Northern and Southern, Catholic and Protestant, in the American colonies in the eighteenth century, that the Irish played an important part in the War of Independence, and that they greatly influenced American politics and society. Mr. Adamic is very sympathetic to the Irish but does not turn a blind eye to some of their shortcomings.

The book contains an interesting discussion on the important part played by Irish-Americans in the Catholic Church in the United States. Most of the Catholic organizations have Irish leaders, but they are becoming more Catholic than Irish. Their interest in Ireland has definitely declined since the Treaty. " The old country sentiment comes back to them only sporadically. The old issues have lost meaning. The old leaders are dead or heavy with years. The strength of the old-line organizations in the United States has steadily decreased. The Irish newspapers are of negligible circulation and influence." Interest in Irish affairs may be expected to weaken still more as the volume of immigration from Ireland becomes, as it will, a mere trickle.

G. O'B.

PHILOSOPHY

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER: PHILOSOPHER OF PESSIMISM. By Frederick Copleston, S.J. London and Dublin: Burns Oates. 1946. 12s. 6d.

THIS work gives one of the most complete expositions of the philosophy of Schopenhauer yet published. Comparing it with the book by Volkelt, which is its best-known rival, it is fuller and more leisurely in treatment and much more thorough in discussion and criticism—though, perhaps just for that reason, heavier and less attractive. This study is, in fact, so careful and thorough that one is inclined to wonder whether the subject is deserving of so much trouble. The mere fact, however, that Schopenhauer's philosophy has had such a persistent habit of coming back is evidence that it has an intrinsic and permanent interest. It was only towards the end of his own lifetime that his system attracted wide-spread attention. After a further period of neglect it came into fresh vogue about the 'seventies. Volkelt, introducing his book on Schopenhauer in 1900, remarks that the whole trend of thought at that time was antithetic to Schopenhauer's point of view. His philosophy is a metaphysic; whereas the tendency then was strongly empirical and anti-metaphysical. It was also a time of optimistic self-satisfaction and confidence in the future; whereas Schopenhauer is the philosopher of pessimism. Its tendency was democratic and levelling down; whereas Schopenhauer's system is aristocratic, holding a very low opinion of ordinary humanity and extolling only geniuses and saints. Volkelt considered that a re-study of Schopenhauer was timely as a corrective and counterpoise.

In one respect the present time is very different: its mood is attuned, more perhaps than ever before, to a pessimistic philosophy; and Schopenhauer's stand against the Hegelian view of history is acquiring a new appropriateness. That Schopenhauer is an upholder of metaphysical philosophy, in line to some extent with the Platonist tradition, fits it in with the needs of the time.

The chief cause, however, of Schopenhauer's popularity has always been not so much his philosophy as his attractive style. After Kant, Hegel and, in fact, German philosophers generally, he is easy reading. His doctrines are not closely reasoned out, but presented in a kind of philosophical table-talk. One forgets the extravagances and contradictions of his metaphysics, as he can entertain with so much shrewd observation and especially with such polished prose.

The present work aims at and succeeds in presenting Schopenhauer's philosophy quite objectively; expounding not what he might have said, but what he did say. As well as expounding, the author subjects the system at every point to a trenchant criticism, showing deep internal inconsistencies; so that the 'total system appears bizarre and fantastic in the extreme'. He resists the temptation to interpret the system so as to find in it a consistent kernel of meaning. Especially, he rejects strongly the view of some eccentric people that it is an esoteric version of Christianity.

The book begins with a useful survey of the philosophical development which preceded and led up to Schopenhauer. A detailed sketch of the philosopher's life follows: this is justified on the ground that his personal character and circumstances had much to do with his philosophy. A series of weighted chapters deal in turn with Schopenhauer's idealism, his pessimism, his aesthetics, his ethics. As well as giving a very full exposition, with detailed criticism, the author discusses the main problems on their merits and suggests solutions for them. In this way several valuable philosophical discussions are introduced: *e.g.*, on the relation of will to intellect, the problem of evil, determinism, the objective basis of aesthetics, the possibility of a natural mysticism.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of Schopenhauer's system is the third book of his chief work, dealing with art. Here we get a vigorous defence of objectivity in art, which, if in many respects fanciful, obviously springs from genuine aesthetic experience. This could not be said of his predecessors, Kant and Schelling. Schopenhauer's views are amply illustrated by examples. His theory, while giving a metaphysical basis to art, allows sufficient scope to the empirical factors. Fr. Copleston makes a brave attempt to get at the exact meaning of the theory, comparing it with modern theories of 'significant form'; but perhaps it would be fairer to regard it as a broad literary impression, not to be analyzed too closely.

In the final chapter Schopenhauer's system is compared with some later types of view which seem to resemble it: *e.g.*, his Will as Life is compared with Bergson's *élan vital*. Probably some readers would have liked a comparison with Freud's theory. J. S.

L'EXISTENTIALISME EST UN HUMANISME. Par Jean Paul Sartre. Paris: Nagel. 1945. 87 fr.

It seems that M. Sartre was a captive of the Germans for sharing in the resistance movement when he felt his vocation to be Heidegger's Apostle to the Gentiles. Existentialism has profited by that circumstance. Since last century what the soldier says ain't evidence; this century what the soldier does ain't crime. There is even a tendency to admit that what the soldier thinks ain't wrong. And M. Sartre helped the soldiers.

Here then we have M. Sartre's Epistle to the Bourgeois, which has already en-

grossed the attention of the French intellectuals. It is an effort to correct the misapprehensions of existentialism current in France. Typical of them is the remark of a lady who, having let slip an unladylike word, cried " I must be becoming an existentialist ". And M. Sartre proceeds to propose his philosophy with a brilliant adroitness and a vivacity that do far more than justice to its clarity. Let us number his points, so that our answers may be referred to the right questions.

(1) Existentialism, says M. Sartre, should have started with Descartes. In the *cogito ergo sum* the *ergo* is superfluous because the other two words are synonymous. That a man is exactly his own conscious experience is a first principle of existentialism. But since consciousness presupposes existence, it follows that a man's existence precedes his essence. This is the central doctrine of existentialism.

(2) Freewill is another essential doctrine. A man makes his own essence by his own choice. But this choice entails the anguish of responsibility, for in choosing what is good for himself a man chooses what he is committed to consider good for all men. Here one recognises the Kant of the categorical imperative as another source of existentialism.

One must not ask the question whether for oneself the existence of others is subjective or objective. For the phenomenologist, who accepts what he knows as phenomenal and ignores the very question whether its existence is dependent or independent of himself, the difference between subjective and objective is not mentionable. To mention it is to drop a brick in his drawing-room.

(3) Hence there is no universally binding moral law. Since the experiences of different men are different in kind, so are the essences of these men, and hence each is the determinant of a different law.

(4) Nevertheless there is such a thing as lay morality. There is a motive inclining us to form a right rule of action for ourselves and it is good faith. If we deny our liberty in our actions, refuse to accept responsibility for them by putting the blame on others or on circumstances, we live a lie and that is worse than acknowledging any truth in action.

(5) The despair that existentialists hold is the necessary result of acknowledging the truth of their doctrine need not be misery. It means indeed that that we have no reason to hope for any cooperation with our purposes from things outside us ; but it leaves us with hope in ourselves, in the power of our own determined wills to secure our success.

(6) Sartre calls his and Heidegger's philosophy Atheistic Existentialism. But he contends here that it does not deny God's existence, but rather prescinds from it. Whether God exists or not makes no difference to the existentialist philosophy.

The book finishes with an account of certain objections put by M. Sartre's friends (notably one Marxist) to his doctrine. The discussion is long and seems to conclude rather like that of the Kilkenny cats.

M. Sartre's philosophy is therefore a very, very cautious advance upon universal scepticism. Perhaps we can take it a few steps further. For instance (1) a man's knowledge of himself is not any kind of self-consciousness but self-consciousness understood by reason. And reason finds that we are *discovering* ourselves. We exist (and *we* means our essences) *before* we know ourselves. Existence is prior to essence in the sense of another philosopher apparently unknown to M. Sartre who asserted that act is prior to potency. But in this sense it is the Creator's existence that is presupposed as the ground or foundation of all created essences. (2) If, however, a man does make freely his own essence (that is, his experience with its environment) it follows that he is bound to wish for others what he wishes for himself, for since the

possibility of moulding one's own conditions is equal for all men, the greatest good of one is the greatest good of any. But if a man's conditions are mostly presupposed to knowledge, they may differ for different men independently of each one's choice. Then one man choosing to enter religion need not believe that this would be the best choice for any man. (3) As for M. Sartre's moral doctrine, the truth is that morality needs a law to obey as well as liberty to obey it. M. Sartre, who gives liberty without a law, leaves us nothing worth while to do with liberty. (4) When he tells us that moral evil is only bad faith, he reduces sin to a mistake: the only sin is the willing suspension of belief. Yet many of us will continue to hold that this is not always even a mistake. It is sometimes wisdom to hope against hope.

(5) In virtue of his explanation of despair M. Sartre claims that his doctrine is one of optimism, not pessimism, because it is in our power to fulfil any choice. But he passes over the logical conclusion from his doctrine that in an unintelligible world this fulfilment cannot serve any good purpose; for a good purpose must be orderly or intelligible. In an unintelligible world liberty can only be the power to choose between disasters.

But, in fact, M. Sartre has the good salesmanship to dissimulate the uninviting implications of the philosophy that Heidegger has confessed with such naive imprudence. The unintelligibility of the world, Heidegger's explanation of anguish, though implied throughout this book, is never admitted in so many words. The futility of reason, the arbitrariness of abstractions, though it is fundamental to his existentialism, is never mentioned. Tolerant ruler of his own universe, M. Sartre does not object to the existence of God, though elsewhere he has cogently shown that it is inconsistent with the good faith of existentialism. One must dress one's window *pour épater les bourgeois*. But in doing so has not M. Sartre, according to his own principles, committed a — mistake?

A. L.

Miscellaneous

THE ART OF NEWMAN'S "APOLOGIA". By Walter E. Houghton. New Haven: Published for Wellesley College by Yale University Press. London: Cumberlege. 1945. pp. viii x 116. 16s. 6d. net.

This brief study of the *Apologia*, which emanates from one of the largest women's colleges in the United States, is a valuable addition to the ever-growing body of Newman literature. It is not concerned with controversial issues, nor is it a purely literary work. Mr. Houghton's thesis is that the nature and method of the *Apologia* were not dictated solely by the exigencies of the encounter with Kingsley, but that "there already lay in Newman's mind a series of long-standing, though dormant and unrelated, thoughts and attitudes which were capable potentially of combining for action, let the right stimulus occur; theories of rhetoric, conceptions of man and the psychology of faith, ideas about the art of style and the nature and methods of biography".

The first two parts of the book develop this thesis in seven short sections. Newman's approach to problems of thought was psychological rather than epistemological. As a biographer, he was in advance of his time in seeking to penetrate the inner consciousness of his subject, and his own remarkable powers of memory and introspection gave him a peculiar aptitude for such a task. He was keenly alive to the influence of antecedent states of mind on the working of particular methods of thought. He had laid down in many passages his belief that the greatest styles flowed out of the passionate convictions of the writer. His acknowledged power of rhetoric lent itself peculiarly to the task of personal vindication. These characteristics, which are illustrated by copious and well-chosen extracts from his works,

are held by Mr. Houghton to have determined inevitably the form of the *Apologia*. Granting, as Mr. Houghton fairly grants, that such a form was also best calculated to meet Kingsley's attack and to penetrate the mind of the average Englishman of the day, the thesis seems well sustained.

The third part of the book is devoted to an evaluation of the *Apologia* under the headings " Difficulties and Limitations," " Did Newman Tell the Truth? " and " How Good is Newman's Analysis? " With the criticisms contained in the first and last of these sections most students of Newman will find themselves in agreement. The *Apologia*, for modern readers, suffers by the extent to which familiarity with current theological controversy is presumed, and by its concentration on the theme of Newman's religious difficulties over a definite period of his life, to the exclusion of a mass of facts required for a knowledge of the complete man. In this connection, Mr. Houghton's call for an annotated edition of the *Apologia* is well justified, though it would require very special abilities in its editor. Nor can it be denied that the *Apologia* bears marks both of the pressure under which it was written and of the complexity of the mind from which it emanated, and that its greatness is due to the vividness of the personality it exhibits rather than to its organic perfection.

In the second section, however, Mr. Houghton is on less sure ground, though even the most ardent Newmanite will be satisfied with the sincerity and sympathy of his analysis. He deals at some length with the view of Canon F. L. Cross, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, that " the Church was disgusted with Newman ; the only step open to him in retaliation was to disown the Church ". This is, of course, a somewhat blunt statement of the contention of the majority of non-Catholic writers,[1] from Dr. Abbott to Mr. Geoffrey Faber, that the motives of Newman's conversion were largely subjective. Whilst acquitting Newman of all conscious dishonesty, Mr. Houghton agrees with Canon Cross that the total picture given in the *Apologia* is out of focus, and that it is true only in the sense that Newman is so frank and accurate in his chronicling of fact that he supplies the reader with the means whereby to correct the focus. The arguments given by Mr. Houghton in support of this view are singularly slight, and are based on the emphasis which he detects on the outcry against Tract 90 and the bishops' charges against Newman. But this neglects the long history of the crystallising of Newman's views, his early grasp of the " dogmatic principle," and the necessity for a visible Church, his conviction that such a Church must be founded on antiquity, the elaboration of the theory of the *Via Media* and the gradual manifestation of its unreality. Mr. Houghton refers to this history as a " dramatic build-up ", but it would be more accurately described as a telling record of facts amply proved even by the documentation given in the *Apologia*, not to speak of countless other sources. Nor does Mr. Houghton seem to grasp that the primary result of the storm against Tract 90 and of the bishops' charges was not to hurt Newman, but to show him, beyond all question, that the *Via Media* was a " Church on paper ".

This limitation being made, Mr. Houghton's study deserves the attention of all students of Newman. It is admirably clear both in theme and exposition, and sheds new light on one of the greatest autobiographies of all times.

F. McG.

NEUROSIS AND THE MENTAL HEALTH SERVICES. By C. P. Blacker, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P. Oxford University Press. 1946. 20s.

THE coming into force in Eire of the Mental Treatment Act on the 1st January next is calculated to increase and improve the facilities for the prevention and

[1] Among the exceptions, Dean Church and R. H. Hutton stand out.

treatment of mental disorders. Medical Practitioners, Public Health Officials and Social Workers will require to know precisely what is being done at present in the realm of psychiatry and, also, to what extent scope will be given to enable all concerned to obtain the very desirable end set forth in the title of the Act. The report issued annually by the Inspector of Mental Hospitals briefly outlines the work of the Public and Private Mental Hospitals and associated institutions subject to the Local Government and Public Health Department's control. After that, if one wishes to be enlightened on the general trend of psychiatric thought and development there is no alternative but to study the mental health services in operation elsewhere.

Dr. Blacker's book is an up-to-the-minute and most comprehensive survey on neurosis and the mental health services of England and Wales. The pages are teeming with facts and suggestions; no matter how senior the reader is in his psychiatric experience, he will find something to learn.

The chapter on neurosis in industry is important because, with the rapid development of industry throughout the world during the past century, the lives of millions have been changed, and are still being changed, thus setting up a host of new industrial psychiatric problems.

" Proposed Mental Health Services for a Population of a Million " is a chapter which should appeal to persons concerned in this country. Stress is laid on the importance of adequate outpatient services for psychiatric cases both in mental hospitals and general hospitals. The child-guidance and child-psychiatric problems are reviewed at length and valuable recommendations are made, although we might venture to suggest that on the whole these problems are not so acute in this country as in England.

In pointing out the need to educate the public to the true nature of mental disorder, Dr. Blacker insists on the clearing up of disparities existing between many mental hospitals and general hospitals, asking that the standard of institution psychiatry be raised to the highest levels.

The problem of congenital mental deficiency is clearly seen to be one requiring the harnessing together of the legal, educational and medical sciences. Despite the operation of the Mental Deficiency Acts during a lengthy period and despite the provision made for the care, supervision and control of the intellectually sub-normal, Dr. Blacker indicates that considerable improvement could be effected in this direction.

It is obvious that psychiatry will occupy a much more important position in the curriculum of the medical student than in past years. Dr. Blacker also makes it clear that on the training of mental nurses the future development of England's psychiatric services will depend almost as much as upon the future equipment and quality of psychiatrists.

The chapter on prevention of mental infirmities is taken up a good deal with birth control and sterilization, the author tending to lean in the direction of these methods. Besides coming into conflict with the Church's teaching on these subjects, no really satisfactory evidence is set forth to prove that the methods referred to are likely to obtain the desired results.

Features which make the book particularly attractive to the busy reader are the General Summary, Recommendations and the Main Findings given at the very beginning of the book.

Dr. Blacker's book is a notable contribution to the science of psychiatry. Workers in every field will be encouraged to help in elucidating the great problem of mental disorder, which touches at the present day not only individuals but also nations.

FRANK MCLAUGHLIN

SEND FORTH THY LIGHT. By Robert Nash, S.J. Pp. 200. Dublin: Browne and Nolan. 1946. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a book of meditations—" spare " meditations, the author tells us, supplementing the ordinary subjects treated in our standard books of mental prayer. They are, let it be said at once, thoroughly Ignatian meditations, both in spirit, which is the more important, and also in form. For each of them is divided into " points " and provided with preparatory prayer, setting, " fruit ", and " tessera ". These latter aids to prayer are not set down merely as a matter of routine, but are carefully and thoughtfully set forth.

The meditations themselves are very well chosen, every one of them embodying some important teaching or aspect of the spiritual life. And they are admirably presented. Far from being random outpourings of piety, they are carefully thought out—which is not to say that they are drily doctrinal or didactic. On the contrary they are imbued with a deep spirit of devotion and earnestness. But each is developed so logically and naturally throughout that the book can serve as spiritual reading even apart from its use for mental prayer.

The author's style is very well suited to the subject, inasmuch as he says clearly and on occasion forcibly exactly what he wishes to say—and *that* is always to the point. Moreover he illustrates his subject by apt quotation, especially from scripture, and by examples from daily life. As a book of meditations this little work is surely not far from the ideal.

S. J. B.

WORLD POWER AND ATOMIC ENERGY. By H. Wimperis. London: Constable. 1946. pp. viii + 87. 6s.

SOME decades ago a hurricane of unusual violence swept the south coast of England. Not even a lifeboat could venture out into the Channel. All communication, except by cable, was cut with the mainland of Europe. That evening placards of London newspapers carried big headlines : " Great Channel Storm : CONTINENT ISOLATED," I am put in mind of this impressive tail-wags-dog outlook by not a few things in the little book before me. The author speaks of world power, but it is British power which holds the centre of his mind. He talks of atomic energy, but most of the time he is thinking of the German V weapons and what they did to England, not of the atomic bomb and what it did to Hiroshima. In this way the content of his book is very much less than what one would expect from the title. The treatment does not measure up to the subject.

So much by way of negatives and correctives to a misleading title and to publishers' blurb. It would be wrong to infer that the book is insignificant. It is the unwordy but worthy enough expression of views of a former director of scientific research in the British Air Ministry. It seeks to help form British public opinion about the impact of new weapons on foreign relations. The most interesting section deals with the menace of the new weapons in war, and this part of the book gives a pretty full account of the flying bomb (V1) and the rocket bomb (V 2), the account being accompanied by clear and instructive illustrations. It is worth noting that the author foresees the employment of a diabolical combination of rocket propulsion and atomic bomb in future wars.

The author surveys briefly the nature of atomic energy, and he refers to the promise it holds for a vast increase of material prosperity. He stresses the need for control by responsible authority. His idea of such authority will not satisfy everyone. To some it will appear to be just a servant of sectional interests, chiefly Anglo-Saxon, and lacking in a sure foundation and forgetful of the true source of all human authority.

P. J. McL.

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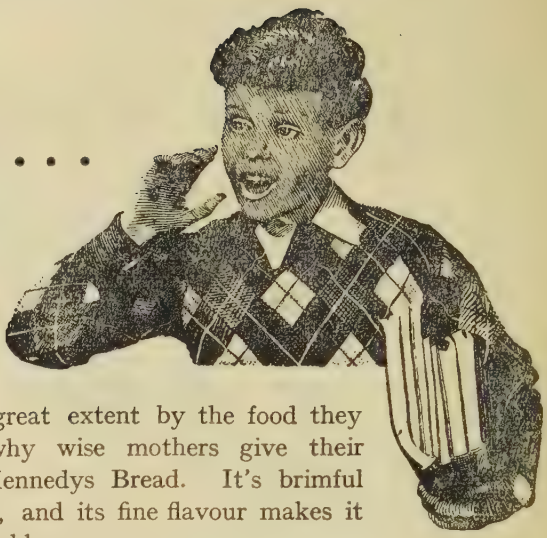

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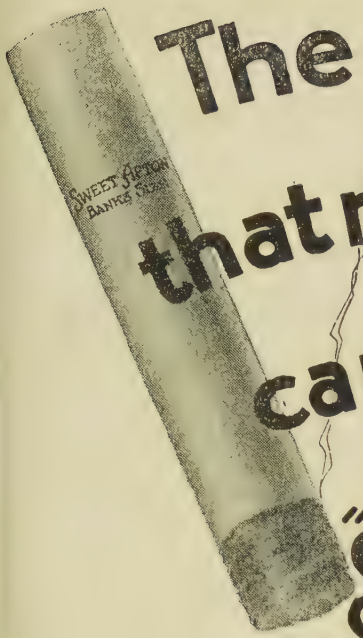

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